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THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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MOONLIGHT BY THE SEA.

The radiance of the moon
Soft kissed the rolling deep,
While sobbing mournful tune
Which bade the listener weep.

Each whirling breaker dashed
The cold crag's sullen crest,
Then ebbing, seaward washed
And lulled the sense to rest.

The pathway through the wood
Dim flickered in the light,
In silence as I stood
I loved the pensive night.

And strolling o'er the way
That led the traveller home,
I saw the shadows play
As light as flying foam.

—'99.

A COLLEGE WATERLOO.

"I SAY, Con, come on down town. It's Vic's treat to-night. What! Plugging? Well, I never! What's happened? Oh, the math exams! Right you are. Go in and win. We'll set you up in sodas for a week."

The speaker pushed his cap back on his head and leaned over his studious comrade, who sat with his feet on the table and chair tipped against the wall.

"Pah! what nonsense!" he continued. I thank my stars, I didn't elect the stuff."

Just then the door flew open and a crowd of students burst in.

"Get a move on, if you're going with us. Hello! studying? Put up the trash and come on. Don't be a cad."

"Well, I never thought this of you, Con. My son, don't you know that cramming for a test is highly injurious?"

"Oh, let him alone, boys," exclaimed the first comer. He's got his eye on the Welby prize. He'll get there, too, don't you think?"

"Why, sure! Con's been a star in mathematics and no mistake. Pitch in, old fellow. I'd like to see Kunnerby whipped. He's such an unsociable chump."

"And stingy!"

"My mamma's dear little pet mustn't treat naughty boys," and Shocky, the clown of his set, tiptoed across the few inches of space available, in the manner of a modern dude.

"And you're the one hope for the Delta Tau boys, Con. We are not a prize-swiping set as a rule."

"No! Ambition's starry crown has lured us not—"

"Out with you, you lunatic asylum!" Con sprang to his feet and waved his book frantically. "Leave an honest man to his toil. And don't build any castles on the Welby prize for me! Kunnerby is sure of it. I wouldn't lift my little finger, if it wasn't for Delta Tau. It isn't that I care for the prize, but I'd like the honor for fraternity."

"That's the spirit! Whoop her up for Con, boys!" and with a rousing cheer the noisy crowd disappeared, and the room settled into quiet again.

"I'd like to know what there is about working for a prize that makes a fellow feel so mean. I wish the pesky things had never been invented. 'To stir ambition and create an interest in the different branches of knowledge.' Pah! I guess the only interest it creates is in how to make the Profs think you know it all. And the greatest ambition is to get ahead of the rest. I'm thoroughly sick of the whole business."

Con kicked viciously at the text-book which had fallen to the floor, and began to walk rapidly up and down.

"There's the pater writing every month on how he expects me to come off with honors. Anybody'd think a fellow was no account at all, if he didn't get some kind of a prize. And ma, how her eyes would shine if I brought the Welby home!"

He snatched up the despised Calculus and set to work again with a groan.

The day of the mathematic examinations was torrid. Thirty or forty students gathered at the appointed hour. Con worked feverishly. His head seemed on fire. Suddenly he turned pale. What did the eighth question mean? His mind seemed a blank. If he could only think of the figure! He ran his fingers through his long, thick hair in vain. No clue came. He passed to the two remaining and answered them rapidly. Then back to his Nemesis! But still no clue.

"Hung up? Which one, pard?" the low murmur came from Shocky. His face was toward the professor, and he was evidently studying the questions on the blackboard.

"The eighth," Con scarcely articulated. Shocky wrote on diligently. Con stared at the blank page before him. Suddenly Shocky shifted his papers, and, holding them carelessly upright in his hand, with the written page toward Con, studied the blackboard again. Con looked straight at them. The page flashed before him. The figure, the formulas, were all as clear as day.

He moved uneasily in his seat, sharpened the point of his pencil, and began work again. The blood in his cheeks throbbed and burned. The test was rapidly finished. Con folded it neatly and left it with the professor. But as he walked away, a thousand accusing thoughts sprang to life. Half the distance across the campus he spoke aloud, "Conrad Houston, you're a sneak."

He started guiltily and glanced around, but no one was near him. A look of utter self-contempt passed over his face. "I'd never have believed that I'd have done it. I wish the Welby prize was in Hades."

He slouched on a few steps farther. "It's too late to take the thing back now."

Plunging into a small grove on the right of the university buildings, he continued his soliloquy:

"What would Kent say?" Kent was an upper-classman, a Christian gentleman, and Con's hero at that time.

"And ma"—here he threw himself on the ground in misery.

After a time, voices from the other side of the clump of fir trees, beside which he lay, were distinctly audible.

"I say, I hope Con will pull in that Welby racket, though. Our frat is dead slow on those things. All the reason we lost Nat Redclif was because the Alphas worked the prize gag on him; said we never won anything—so on." It was Ralph Smith who spoke. Another familiar voice answered him:

"Oh, I guess Con will get it, all right. He won old Crickett's heart long ago. Nobody can help liking Con, you know. He's so ready to smile on a fellow and help him out of a scrape. There's no conceit about him. Bless his curly pate!"

"He's solid, too," said Smith. "No snide games or underhand work where he is. If he wins, he wins fair."

Con rolled softly over and over, away from the speakers; and, having reached a safe distance, rose to his feet and fled.

Several days later, as Con was walking down town alone, Professor Munson, alias "Old Cricketts," overtook him. He smiled cordially, and placing a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder, said, "I want to congratulate you, Mr. Houston, on the fine work you have done in mathematics this year. Your last examination was one of the finest I have ever received. There has been a close contest in your class for leadership in this branch. Much more depended on the last test than is usual in such cases. I have looked over the matter carefully, and find with pleasure that to you belongs the Welby prize."

Conrad flushed hotly, and stammered as he thanked the Professor. He was glad when the latter left him, saying blandly, "You will not mention this matter, of course. It is not to be made public until the other awards are made, probably in two or three days. Good morning."

Poor Con! All the old pain and self-accusation, suppressed in the past few days, now struggled anew.

"Must I confess?" he asked himself. "No, no! It would be absurd. Such a little thing—a glance at Shocky's paper. All the fellows do it, nearly all." He thought of his friends—of Smith. "No, Smith would not do it. Burton might."

"I did a mean thing, but I don't deserve this. Why, Cricketts would never forgive me! I should lose the prize and my standing beside. Oh! I can't face old Cricketts. He might make me apologize before the class. He's mighty hard on a fellow that's tricked him. What a prig the frat would call me—a perfect soft! And Kunnerby! I can see his supercilious smile when he pulls in the Welby. If I keep quiet, no one need ever know. No tortures could drag it from Shocky. Oh, bah! why can't I let things slide?"

Con was restless and cross all day. The fellows wondered mildly what had struck Houston; but laid his temper to over-work.

After supper the young mathematician strolled away by himself. He passed a house where several divinity students roomed. They were singing in the dusk, "Follow, follow, everywhere He leads me I will follow on."

"But I don't want to," said Con to

himself. "How can I, a pretending Christian, own up to being a cheat? Dad will be angry; he won't understand how I could have done it. And ma—yes—she'll care most to have me do the square thing."

Con straightened himself with a jerk, and faced about.

"If the Lord leads to Cricketts's, I ought to follow. It'll be tough; but I guess it will be more comfortable in the end—and it's the only Christian thing to do, any how."

Five minutes later Con was seated in Professor Munson's library, rapidly telling his story. He made no excuses, and implicated no one beside himself.

The old professor listened in grieved dismay. When the speaker ceased, there was a long, long silence. Con's heart beat laboriously, and he was very pale.

At last the gray-haired man arose; and placing his hand reverently upon the thick curls of the penitent boy, said gently: "My friend, there are rewards more to be desired than the rewards of ambition. There are battle-fields grander than that of Waterloo. You have lost the Welby prize; but I congratulate you on having gained a triumph far more enduring."

M.—, '98.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is as a fleeting shadow,
Which, when pursued, flies far,
And pauses not, nor stays
For eager grasping;
But when unsought,
The fickle sprite returns—
Companions with us. —*Ex.*

A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

THE snow had fallen softly all that night. The morning sun, peering over the top of the old mountain, vanished suddenly behind a cloud as if half frightened at the scene which met his gaze. But, quickly recovering himself, he came boldly forth again, and, taking a second look, beamed joyously down upon the little village nestling at the mountain's foot.

It was indeed a pleasant sight. The brown rusty herbage and withered leaves of the day before had disappeared, and over hill and valley, far as eye could see, lay everywhere the glistening snow. The trees which yesterday had tossed their bare, gaunt arms mournfully in the raw east wind stood to-day wrapped in mantles of ermine, bespangled with myriads of diamonds, and held out their hands in blessing above the heads of the passers-by. The air was crisp; a blue film of smoke curled up lazily from every chimney top. The village was astir. A flock of sparrows, pecking, chirping, twittering, scolding, were trying to get their breakfast as industriously as the rest.

The sun climbed slowly higher. A peaceful calm had settled down over the whole landscape. There was no need of the Sabbath bell to proclaim the day of rest. Yet on this morning, of all mornings, the old bell would not fail to do her duty. Pealing out through the frosty air the clear notes came, tumbling over each other in their impatience,—merry, almost rollicking in their tone, as if the bell herself had forgotten her message in the intoxica-

tion of the morning sunshine. A little pause, then more soberly came the invitation, pleading, tender, almost solemn,—"come! come! come!" And answering to the call, up through the village street walked the sober line of worshipers. The sedate matron with bonnet-strings tied primly under her chin; by her side her stalwart son, whose clear eye and ruddy cheek told of health and a conscience at rest; the maiden decked with ribbon and feather, casting demure glances up at the youth by her side; the aged sire, with bowed shoulders and halting step, leaning heavily on his staff; the small boy slyly aiming a snowball behind his mother's back at a squirrel on the low stone wall beside the road,—all these and more passed within the open doorway of the little church, and, under the impulse of a common need, knelt and prayed together. Then there rose and fell, with that strange blending of pathos and gladness, the cadence of a familiar hymn. The audience sat expectant. The aged minister went slowly through his "thirdly" and "fourthly" to his "finally, my brethren." The sunlight, streaming in through the windows, formed a halo about his head, and, as the people rose to receive his parting blessing, fell upon the heads of the congregation, dismissing them with a benediction of its own.

Quietly the audience dispersed. The streets were again deserted. Save for an occasional far-away tinkle of a sleigh-bell the stillness was unbroken. The afternoon shadows lengthened. The air grew sharper. The sun set in glory, casting a ruddy glow on the snowy landscape. One by one the stars came out and the night grew holy. Once more the bell rang out its summons. Once more the worshipers wended their way to the little church, prayed and sang and talked together, and then turned homeward again. One by one the flickering lanterns of the returning people disappeared, and only the stars looked down calmly and peacefully. The day was ended. The village slept.

MABEL C. ANDREWS, '97.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Around me is the forest, drear and lone,
Where shadows lurk, and sad wind-voices sing
Of Autumn's vanished glories, and the time
When Summer's angel-touch made all things new—
When birds at twilight sang, and all the winds
Were laden with the scent of woodland flowers.
But now where once a mossy carpet stretched,
The deep snow lies—the cold white shroud of death,
Which Nature spreads o'er Autumn's lifeless form.

As here I stand within this woodland path,
Faintly, like distant music in a dream,
A sleigh-bell's tinkle sounds from far away,
Then fainter comes, and dies upon the air,
And all is lonely silence, save at times
When in a pine tree's shadows hoots an owl,
Or from the deep recesses of the swamp
A hound's clear baying wakes the sleeping night,
While the great forest sends the echo back.

Lonely it is within the darkling woods
On such a winter night, when all is still;
Yet as I look I see the solemn pines
Point straight to heaven, reminding me that God
Guides all my ways, and I am not alone.
And from the sky the twinkling stars look down
Like sleepless eyes, that through the years of time
Ne'er closing, keep their watch o'er all mankind.

—L'ECRIVAILLEUR, 9-.

NO CHRISTMAS IN HEATHEN AFRICA.

SUNDAY evening, December 27th, several of the Sunday-schools of Lewiston gave their annual Christmas concerts. I, in company with three young men from the college, went to the Pine Street Congregational Church. On our entrance into this large church, we found it well filled with a crowd of people of all ages. The kind usher who met us at the door seated us in the left aisle about five seats from the stage, which could be plainly seen by every one in the church and from any part of the church. The moment we took our seats I was led to admire the unusual number of boys and girls, of the primary department, who were to participate in the Christmas concert. Nearly all the front seats were occupied by fathers and mothers, anxiously watching to see the child-like simplicity shown by their dear little ones in their first attempt to announce to the world the birth of the Prince of Peace, which the angelic host of old announced over the plains of Bethlehem. As each boy or girl rose to render their assigned part, I could discern in each one's countenance that spirit of freedom, love, and joy which are the chief characteristics of the sons and daughters of America.

Of all the exercises of the evening, the part performed by half a dozen lads made the deepest impression on my mind. While I was gazing and listening to the dear little ones, whose faces seemed radiant, as it were, with the splendor of the "Christ-child," a friend whispered to me, "Those boys will never forget the impression of this evening's scene." All that night while lying on my bed, half-awake and half-asleep, this thought kept pressing upon me with an irresistible force, — No Christmas in Heathen Africa. That very night I was led to reflect upon my past heathen life with such vividness as I have never before done since I left the shores of benighted Africa.

Whenever I was aroused from my dreaming that night, I questioned myself whether, in reality, I was now living in a civilized land, or whether I was still in the jungles of the Dark Continent, lying on my hard bamboo bed, dreaming of some great and glorious civilization with which I might never come in contact. But if this is only a fanciful dream, why does not some gentle, swarthy countryman come and awake me, in order that I may relate it, and, as decreed by the gods, having dreamed of things not seen by mortal eyes, in obeisance to their injunction descend to the ancestral shades. Alas, how true it is that half of the world does not know what the other half suffers! That same night, while men and women, boys and girls, of all Christendom were joining in celebrating the advent of the Babe of Bethlehem, the heathen world was groaning under the tyranny of heathen savagery.

In a vision I saw myself a boy of seven or eight years, in company with several of my unfortunate dark comrades, sitting at the feet of a heathen sage. This good old pagan saint is always ready and willing to sing to us, from out of his boundless store of legends, the heroic deeds of our ances-

tors. Here out in an open shed (called kitchen) you will observe, around a well-blazing fire, from two to three hundred boys and girls, sitting on their mattings, surrounding this wonderful story-teller. In fact, for years and years up to the present day, this is the only system of schooling we have had. These mythical narratives are always full of interest and enthusiasm, and at the same time conveying in a certain degree some of the queer characteristics of the past history of the various tribes of Africa. The grandeur of some of these legends can be favorably compared with the narratives of Virgil's "Æneid" and Homer's "Iliad."

Having imbibed these precious words which fall from the lips of our simple sage during the night, the next day, at early dawn, we boys take up our bows and arrows and hasten to the woods in pursuit of birds, squirrels, and other small game. The lad who succeeds in killing the greatest amount of game is crowned the hero of that day. This young hero is always conducted to the village on the shoulders of a dozen of his young countrymen. On such occasions our little hero carries a naked sword in his right hand and leads in chanting a familiar pæan. The whole village often unites to do honor to the young warrior. But this happy picture of our merriment on this seeming Christmas day of ours is destined to be marred by some superstitious monstrosity. Oh, how suddenly the vision is changed!

Again I behold myself a young man, nineteen years old, sharing the same fate as my unhappy brothers and sisters in that far-off land. Here we are on this 25th day of December in a little prosperous town with its six or seven hundred inhabitants. During the late rainy season panthers, leopards, tigers, and other beasts of prey have carried off chickens, goats, sheep, and other domestic animals; women and children on their way to draw water have often been attacked and killed by these ferocious animals. The chief and all his principal men are alarmed at this condition of things, since such a disastrous affair is always said to have been caused by the so-called witch-citizens of the villages or towns. After a lengthy consultation the chief and his advisers resolve to find out who these witches are and to put an end to this calamity. So on the following day a witch-doctor who has been summoned comes to rid the village of its supposed witch-foes, thus adding more woes to ignorant and superstitious heathen life.

The magician, with the aid of the chief and his advisers, appoints a day for the trial to commence. The night before the trial comes off all the citizens are commanded to retire and put out their fires in the very early part of the night. All through that night the poor citizens' peaceful sleep is disturbed by the doleful shrill of the false doctor's whistle. The next day about nine or ten A.M. the people are arranged in a circle, in order that every one may be plainly seen by the witch-doctor. Then he takes his position on a matting in the centre of the circle. Before him are arranged in order a basin of sacred water—made out of the sap of different herbs and barks—two magic horns, and four shells.

Now the false doctor with a small brush sprinkles the sacred water on every one present, and then proceeds with his operations of discovering the witches. First he sprinkles himself with the holy water, then he takes up the shells and lets them drop one by one on the matting; he blows his magic whistle and places one of the horns under each arm and holds the third in his right hand. He is now supposed to have entered the witch world. For fifteen or twenty minutes everything remains quiet. As soon as he emerges from this transitory state he summons all the people to step forward orderly and shake hands with him. At this crisis, as soon as this old deceiver discovers that he has succeeded in working the poor simple-minded people up to the very height of excitement, he calls the chief and a few of his favorites and points out to them the witches.

Many of these innocent men and women yield readily to their punishments without murmuring a word, while the strong-minded ones sternly claim their innocence, and prefer death to acknowledging themselves guilty of this diabolical crime. The tortures of those who refuse to have their names disgraced by this belief in witchcraft are always increased seven times more. Again and again I have seen very large villages and towns and cities deserted within twenty-four hours, because they were claimed to have become the seats of witchcraft. To realize the dreadful ravages of this belief in witchcraft upon the simple-minded people of Africa one needs only to turn his attention to its influence upon civilized men as illustrated by the atrocities committed by the people of Salem.

Friends and schoolmates, do you ask,—Is this a record of actual events which doubtless occurred in Africa on that Christmas day, or is it only a dream? Ah, no! It is only too true. I was a boy in that long-benighted yet dear Africa, and in my boyhood days I experienced these things which I have here frankly recorded. When heathen life presented to me its very worst side, and the light of civilization dawned upon my vision, I came to your shores that I might with you participate in the glorious gains resulting from that greatest Gift to man; which Gift you celebrate upon your Christmas day. And as the time draws near when I shall return to my beloved Africa, the hope grows strong that when the bonds of superstition and ignorance shall have been broken, I shall with my people join with you in celebrating the advent of the Christ-child.

LEWIS P. CLINTON.

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE city of Victoria has a population of about 20,000, and is charmingly situated on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island. Westward it looks out through the straits of Fuca to the Pacific Ocean, and eastward beyond the Gulf of Georgia to the mainland. The climate is very much like that of the South of England, and this, along with its attractive situation, has invited many of old England's wealthy gentlemen. It almost seems like a section of that country trans-

planted, climate, people and all, perhaps more vigorous and enterprising because of the transplanting.

Now for a few moments, if you will, go with me to Beacon Hill—it is situated on high ground and will afford us a better view. Just across the straits are the beautiful Olympic Mountains. To the east a glimmering white cone arises. It is Mount Baker, 60 miles away, and 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. Then, looking toward the west, and this time not very far, but right at our feet, there is a busy scene. We are some 500 feet above the city. I want to show you that Victoria not only has beautiful scenery to attract, but is also a place of business.

Down at the water's edge are long wharves. Here the local steamers from Vancouver, New Westminster and Puget Sound, tie up every night to land passengers and discharge their cargoes for the Queen City. Besides these are the steamers from China, Japan, and San Francisco, Australia, and Alaska, which arrive nearly every week.

A railroad extends seventy miles northeasterly along the shore of this island to the vast fields of coal at Nanaimo. From these mines every city on the coast is supplied.

Here and there all around the inlets are great saw-mills, where steamers and sailing vessels load timber for China, Australia, and even England.

Ship-building is also carried on here, but only to build local tug boats and sealing schooners, which sail to the Behring Sea to catch the famous seal, for which the United States has so much pity. This is very profitable business for the Victorians. One firm, who sent out three small schooners last year, returned after a voyage of eight months with sealskins enough to yield them the handsome profit of $90,000. Whether this is justice to America or to the seal they care but little, so long as they don't get caught.

The wealth of the province is chiefly centered here. The great ware-houses, crowded streets, and busy wharves must prove to you the extent of her trade, to say nothing about its being the capital of the Province, a fact which accounts for many public buildings and splendid private residences of the officers, wealthy gentlemen, and retired Caribou miners.

Overlooking this scene we can see the electric street cars loaded with passengers every half hour running to Esquimalt.

Here we see the dry dock which is occupied nearly every day in the year, it being the only one, I think, on the coast; also the North Pacific Naval Station, an ironclad or two, and perhaps some old friends from the East. Now before we part, let me advise you when you visit Victoria, "take your trunk along," for I am sure you will be in no hurry to come away.

C. S. Calhoun, '99.

Alumni Department.

Founding of the Student.

A RETROSPECT.

By the First Editor.

THERE is a biographical hint dropped by Bacon, somewhere in his famous essays, which lets the reader into the secret that "when Elizabeth had first come to the throne and he was in the flower of his youth" the philosopher enjoyed an agreeable impression of the Creator's six days of labor related about in the Book of Moses. In recalling the founding of The Bates Student, far back in the period when Grant was President and those associated in its beginning had more or less the freshness of one flower or another in their appearance, the rosy-tinted retrospect indulged in by Bacon lingers a moment in the memory. One of those associates had returned to Bates in the autumn of 1872 after passing the summer as a reporter on the New York *Sun* and taking a reporter's part in the exciting political campaign which resulted in the defeat of Horace Greeley and the election of General Grant to a second term as President. This reporter, as soon as he was safely back within the somnolent precinct of his college, was seized with a burning desire to be an editor, to control an "organ" of influence. It was one rainy Saturday afternoon in October. Time hung heavy; and the landscape of the campus (with the stumps that used to be) looked dreary enough while this student stood at one of the windows of the reading-room looking out on the surroundings. There was only one other person in the room—Henry W. Chandler, a classmate in the Class of '74. "Chandler, let's start a college paper," suggested the other man, just for the sake of proposing an idea that might employ the lonesome afternoon. Chandler soon made it evident that he was interested in the notion. Then the one who wanted to be the editor slumped both hands into his pockets, looked out the window again, and considered. "There was a piper had a cow," relates an old Scotch rhyme, "and he had nocht to give her. He took his pipes and played a spring, and bade the cow consider." And, now, presto!—that October afternoon in 1872, in the lightning flash of time, has vanished, is only a tradition at best. The publication proposed is in its twenty-fifth volume; and the first editor is requested by one of the present editors to tell how the thing got into existence.

There had always been more or less agitation about the starting of a paper or a magazine which might represent Bates among the several college publications. The President—Dr. Cheney—had a strong desire for one or the other. But no one had pushed such an undertaking forward with any result until

the fall of 1872. The influential spirits in the Class of '74—then in the first term of the Junior year—were labored with individually and in private until a general enthusiasm over the scheme appeared to be prevalent. Then the class got together in council in one of the recitation rooms in Hathorn Hall and agreed to assume the responsibility of a monthly magazine; the responsibility of its literary feast every thirty days, and—what was harder to bear—the responsibility of liquidating all debts that might be contracted. Dr. Cheney and the Faculty were glad to offer the permission of a free press, to grant substantial subsidy in the way of subscriptions and advertising; but the President made it plain that the Faculty must assume the right to select the title of the publication and the editors. Dr. Cheney suggested immediately that "The Bates Student" be the name of the magazine. It was pointed out that Amherst had a publication known as "The Student"; but, in the language of the picturesque present, that "didn't cut any ice" with the Doctor. Argument was like unpleasant friction to him when he had made up his mind. The Faculty next went into executive session in the library; and after a half-hour the President came out to announce the choice of the editor. It was left to him to select his associates and to fashion the publication according to his own taste. Up to that moment the student who had been singled out and loaded with the undertaking had enjoyed the most genial relation with every member of his class. It had been his good luck to be popular; but now it looked as though this pleasant condition was to be somewhat strained in the near future. After painful meditation the editor decided that as the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines of equal pretense, got on with one editor, an assistant, and a business manager, THE BATES STUDENT might be able to exist with the same limited number of directors. It was his object to make this periodical the chief exponent of what Bates College could represent in literary culture and thought by the contributions of the professors, the alumni, and the students. As for the college news and gossip, that was a minor consideration and relegated to small space in the rear of everything else. Everybody connected in any relation with the college seemed to be interested in the success of this venture. The students of all the classes appeared to be keenly alive to the width of the swarth that ought to be cut with the New England colleges. The time had arrived when it was necessary to blow some sort of a blast which would let them know that, though young in years, Bates had some strength of maturity to display. Such was the talk of the period; and there were those in the three other classes who struggled hard with themselves against the misgiving that the editor had "bitten off more 'n he could chew," and that the thing should not have been intrusted to the Junior Class anyhow. But it is declared that those whom the Creator has evidently designed to be truly great never doubt themselves; and the Junior Class was not disturbed by these weak brethren of little faith. What troubled

them individually the most was the selection of the assistant editor. There were a dozen of them who wanted to be chosen. As each and all of these were the editor's personal friends it was clear to him that he must give offense to at least eleven members of the class. The thing kept him awake at night, and he dallied with the predicament several days. Finally he went about it the way he had observed the ward politicians work in New York. Henry W. Chandler had been his choice from the moment it was left to him to choose. Chandler was a good scholar without effort. He had opinions cut and dried; and he had the power to express them forcibly and often wittily. The editor believed that Chandler was the one of them all best able to assist him; and he went to all the other eleven privately and solicited advice about who should be selected. Happily there was still some modesty in the world at that epoch. No man liked boldly to recommend himself. So the name of Chandler was suggested confidentially and his merits discussed. Consequently in the end the class really selected Chandler as their own candidate. Thomas Spooner came to the position of business manager as the natural sequence of the good management he had displayed in raising the necessary cash for several class suppers. In the art of providing money to supply a long-felt want I doubt if Bates has ever had a genius equal to that of the late Rev. Thomas Spooner. Happy was the moment that witnessed him installed as financial manager of the new publication! On two or three occasions, when extravagance with the printers and an engraver had plunged the class in a slough of debt that made the future and graduation dreaded, Spooner displayed sublime nerve; and once he entered into a financial speculation that cleared off hundreds of dollars of debt in a day.

The initial number of this periodical was issued, as can readily be observed by looking at the first volume, in January, 1873. The mid-winter vacation had provided an opportunity to devote much time to the undertaking by those having the direction of it. One of the difficulties that was anticipated at the start of course was the securing of contributions which, it might be hoped, would attract some attention. Twenty-four years ago the alumni were few; and the graduates from whom literary aid might be expected could be scored on the fingers of one hand. But, somehow, the first number soon began to take shape; and then it grew as far as the galley proofs. Most of these were duplicated on fine, crisp paper and sent off to the authors of the contributions who happened in vacation to be absent. And how attractive those first proofs looked! The first editor has never set eyes on any so fascinating, although he has been reading proofs all his life from that day on. Finally the first "make-up" day came; and at the office where the type-setting was done there was a gentleman (a gentleman by instinct, education, and good taste) who displayed a wide latitude of patience with the exactions of the new editors. His name was Parker; and he died many years since. With his trained aid the number came off the press with an

appearance that immediately excited surprise and favorable comment on sight. It was put on sale at the bookstores in Lewiston and Auburn, in Portland, and at one notable store in Boston. Mr. F. L. Dingley wrote a long notice of the number in the *Journal*. Notices appeared in the Portland *Argus* and *Press*. E. P. Whipple, then the leading literary critic in Boston, gave it two-thirds of a column in the *Globe*, a daily of high literary pretension in those days. Within a week anybody who had not seen THE BATES STUDENT was behind the times; and Manager Spooner had disposed of the first edition and ordered a second. Before long the exchanges from the colleges began to come in. *The Amherst Student* had this to say: "THE BATES STUDENT stands, we think, at the head of our college monthlies. It does great credit to the class that conducts it." The Cornell *Era* expressed itself as follows: "We will not assure the editors that we hope their magazine will succeed, for it is already a great success." All this spontaneous encouragement helped along the enthusiasm necessary for the editors to proceed. It was amusing also to observe the interest stimulated by the guessing who the contributors were to the number, for each and every contribution was anonymous. Perhaps any one turning over the pages of the first volume even now may not be wholly without some curiosity in that respect. On the cover of the first number, the contents with the writer's names would have read as follows:

My Chum and I.—I. . . . F. B. Stanford.
The Truth Seeker. . . . G. H. Stockbridge.
The Novel in Society. . . . C. A. Bickford.
Here and There While Abroad.—I.
Prof. T. L. Angell.
The Man with a Reputation. . The Editor.
Editors' Portfolio (Salutatory). The Editor.
Other Editorials. . . . . W. H. Chandler.

Among those who contributed to the other numbers included in the first volume, mention should be made of Frank E. Moulton, one of the editors after the first six months, who wrote "Letters from a Log House," an experience he had in Canada while a book canvasser; N. W. Harris, who contributed the series, "The College Club"; and Edwin A. Smith, author of the essay, "Memorable Days." Mr. Stockbridge and Mr. Bickford were the two contributors, however, the editors depended on chiefly for something readable for every number; and their contributions are numerous in the first volume in essays, poems, and stories. After the publication of the February number it seemed to be taken for granted that this college periodical had become an established fact. Thomas Spooner, however, was accumulating experience which promised to give him premature wrinkles. Although the money came in lively for subscriptions, the advertising, a big half to be reckoned on, was shy and coy. Bills for printing looked formidable. Then the President insisted that the March number should be embellished with a Forbes engraving of Benjamin E. Bates. The cost was sixty dollars; and the question was asked timidly of the President if he saw that amount anywhere in sight? He believed he did; but the fact is it never materialized from the source it was anticipated; and the cost

for that engraving worried Spooner many a month in the lump with other accumulated indebtedness. All this is ancient history now; "and the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away." But those cares were real and mighty annoying once. The only one concerned who never gave himself a moment's trouble about money was our sanguine friend, H. W. Chandler. He always exhibited sublime faith in the splendid abundance of the future. Something would be sure to turn up in the nick of time, and the little comedy of errors would be certain to end happily. Spooner proved that Chandler was right. One day he went to Boston and ventured on his own hook to promise John B. Gough, one of the most popular lecturers of that period, three hundred dollars if he would visit Lewiston and lecture in the City Hall. Gough lectured to a crowd that packed the house at a dollar a head, and Spooner came out three hundred dollars in pocket. That money wiped out the debts of the magazine the first year. It was handed over to the Class of '75, a legacy free and clear of all encumbrance.

Twenty-four years ago! I sit late at night conjuring this retrospect of a pleasant past. The house is so quiet that the stillness is distinct. Only the ticking of a clock in another room reminds me that even the present moment must soon be lost in the gulf of time which yawns wide always. But in memory I hold the twenty-four years in defiance. I can still see Chandler's light, midway in the third story of Parker Hall, while I pick my way in the dark over the crust and ice on the campus, going to him one December night in '72 with the proofs. I can see him straighten up his six feet of stature and let out one of his door-shaking laughs over some bit of nonsense. The shadows that Stockbridge and Bickford and Moulton cast in their youth are just as easily recalled. And the youth without a beard, who wanted to be an editor, is still standing at the reading-room window trying to see the way clear.

F. B. Stanford, '74.

BATES AND THE MAINE PEDAGOGICAL CONVENTION.

DURING the recent Christmas vacation the annual convention of the Maine Pedagogical Association was held in Lewiston. It is certainly true that questions of so great importance were discussed that no one will doubt the value of this association to the schools of Maine.

Throughout the entire session there was a marked and increasing interest, the final exercise being the most largely attended, and its discussions the most enthusiastically presented.

It is interesting to every student of Bates to know that the alumni of Bates stand in the front ranks of the educators of the State. Glancing at the officers of the Maine Pedagogical Association for the year just ended, the President, Mr. I. C. Phillips, and the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. P. Irving, are Bates alumni. In the year just entered upon, the Vice-President, Mr.

S. I. Graves, the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. P. Irving, and, as in previous years, many of the various committees, are Bates alumni.

The excellence of the programme of this convention was due in no small degree to the scholarly presentation of the following subjects by Bates alumni: A Report of the Committee on Arithmetic; a paper by S. I. Graves, '94. "Is the Present Preparatory English a Success?" opened for discussion by President Chase; "The German Schools," by Professor Hartshorn; "Rural Schools: Their Claim on the College," by President Chase.

Among the alumni present, at least thirteen different classes were represented, ranging from '67 to '96, and over thirty-four of their members were seen, of whom we mention the following: Professor Rand, '67; President Chase, '68; G. B. Files, '69; Professor Jordan, '70; Phillips, '76; Daggett, '78; Professor Frisbee, '80; Miss McVay, '84; Professor Hartshorn, '86; Dunton, '87; Libby, '89; Miss Snow, '90; Chase, '91; Blanchard, '92; Gilmore, '92; Small, '92; Irving, '93; Moulton, '93; Sturgis, '93; Miss Cummings, '94; Miss Gerrish, '94; C. C. Brackett, '94; Graves, '94; Brown, '95; Miss Foster, '95; Springer, '95; Files, '95; Miss Roberts, '95; Gerrish, '96; Hilton, '96; Thomas, '96; L. G. Purington, '96; F. H. Purington, '96; Miss Miller, '96; Miss Bonney, '96; and Knapp, '96.

We might also add that several of the students of the college were regular attendants upon the exercises.

F. A. K., '96.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the Bates College Alumni of Boston and vicinity was held at Young's Hotel, on December 18th. At the business meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, E. C. Adams, '76, of New Britain, Ct.; Vice-President, H. S. Cowell, '76, of Ashburnham, Mass.; Secretary, C. C. Smith, '88, of Boston. About seventy of the alumni and their friends attended the banquet. The younger classes were largely represented, '93 and '96 being especially prominent in point of numbers. The guest of the evening was Rev. Charles G. Ames, D.D., of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, who received his degree from Bates a year or two ago. He made an inspiring speech. Professor Strong was also a guest and made a few remarks. The other speakers and their subjects were:

President Chase, '69.
The Progress of the College.
Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75.
Life at German Universities.
William Prescott Foster, Esq., '81.
The Teaching of English.
Mrs. Ellen Little Clark, '83.
Life of the College Girl in the Eighties.
Rev. A. N. Peaslee, '90.
Bates Men in Graduate Schools.
N. W. Howard, Esq., '92. Bates Athletes.
Miss Grace P. Conant, '93.
The College Girl of the Nineties.
L. J. Brackett, '94.
The College Man in Business.
R. L. Thompson, '96. The Undergraduate.

N. W. Howard, '92, presented resolutions urging the college athletic committee and athletic association to adopt and demand adherence by Bates athletes to certain rules of training which

were embodied in the resolutions. These were unanimously adopted, and will be printed in the next STUDENT.

The regular monthly dinner of the Bates Hub Club will be held on the last Saturday of January. A large attendance of the young alumni is anticipated. Older graduates will be welcomed. Several matters pertaining to college athletics will be presented.

The College Club has now forty-six members, three having been suspended on January 1st, for non-payment of dues.

PERSONALS.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost has been installed as temporary pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Augusta. He will remain until spring.

'74.—A preparatory Latin composition, by F. P. Moulton, A.M., of the Hartford, Conn., High School, has just been published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

'75.—Professor G. W. Wood is editing a weekly, the *Maine Statesman*, along a new line. It is a political symposium. The matter is taken from the leading publications and commented upon in scholarly and bright editorials. The paper is designed to economize the time of those who are interested in the nation's progress and have not time to devote to an exhaustive treatise.

'82.—Rev. C. E. Mason of Challis, Idaho, has been chosen city missionary by the Congregational Church in that city.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield has tendered his resignation to the Rockland city council, as a member of the school board.

'88.—W. L. Powers was recently chosen secretary and treasurer of the United Ornithologists of Maine.

'90.—Eli Edgecomb has resigned as principal of the Camden High School.

'90.—William H. Woodman, Esq., has taken offices in the new Tremont Building, Boston, with O. C. Scales, Bowdoin, '91.

'92.—In the Franklin S. J. Court, C. N. Blanchard has been admitted to the bar. Mr. Blanchard is representative to the legislature from Wilton, and will practice law in that town.

'94.—E. J. Hatch, who has been teaching for some time in Dow Academy, Franconia, N. H., has decided to enter the ministry.

'94.—Miss Bessie W. Gerrish has been unanimously elected to the position of assistant in the Cony High School at Augusta, in the department of modern languages.

'95.—W. P. Hamilton and Miss C. M. King were married December 24th, at Fort Fairfield. They will reside at Hope Valley, R. I., where Mr. Hamilton is teaching.

'95.—At the last annual meeting of the Sagadahoc Teachers' Association, R. F. Springer was elected Vice-President.

'96.—I. P. Berryman has been elected principal of the High School at Steuben.

'96.—L. P. Gerrish has been chosen to finish the winter term of the High School at Lisbon.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

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THE BATES STUDENT with this issue commences another year of life. Its past has been helpful and encouraging. The incoming board kindly wish the departing editors God-speed, and turn with earnest enthusiasm to the untried duties before them.

A college magazine should truly reflect the college life and thought in its various phases, and present a high standard of literary and scholarly work. We realize that in order to attain this, the editorial board must have the active sympathy of its own class, of all the classes; the active sympathy of Faculty, alumni, friends. A sympathy which simply says, "I hope you will do well," is of little value. A sympathy which says, "I will do what I can to aid," is of great value. A desire to assist the new board in making our magazine all that we wish, is already manifested with a good will that presages success for the coming year.

This is as it should be. We wish all to feel a personal interest; to be paying subscribers; to aid by reporting events of interest to our local department, by sending in items of interest to the alumni. We shall be glad to receive for acceptance, contributions of a literary character. Thus working together earnestly and in harmony, we may expect a successful year for the STUDENT which shall enlarge its value and enable it to keep pace with our rapidly developing, beloved Bates.

THE New Year is popularly accepted as the time for the beginning of reforms. By the Bates students one reform in particular may well be inaugurated,—that of putting a stop to harsh and unjust criticism of the college and its interests. There are some of the students who, be it said to their shame, whenever Bates is mentioned, sneer at the institution as though it lacked every good quality. If derogatory remarks were made to other students alone, to members of the same family as it were, they would be less reprehensible, but when a student makes such remarks to strangers to the college, thus prejudicing them against it, he deserves to be rebuked. We can fortify ourselves against attacks from without, but it is hard to deal with an enemy within. He who would betray his college is no less a traitor than he who would betray his country.

AT the opening of the present college year, for the first time, our Y. M. C. A. offered to the young men of the college, irrespective of their connection with the association, a progressive course in devotional Bible study. That in so doing, it was adding another to the many interests that demand the student's time and thought, was fully realized, but the importance of this work in a well-rounded education was felt to be such as to warrant its introduction among our other activities. During the fall, some were prevented from joining the classes by reason of the pressure of athletics and other work. At the beginning of this term, which has fewer outside duties, we ask such to consider whether this work should not receive a share of their interest.

WE publish in this number an article from the pen of Frederick Benjamin Stanford, '74, the founder and first editor of the STUDENT. Journalism has been his chosen profession, and since graduation he has been on the editorial board of several papers, and is at present connected with the *Brooklyn Citizen*. We feel sure that our readers will be interested in his account of the early days of the STUDENT.

THE new year brings with it bright hopes for Bates. The old year was full of promise, its many signs of growth betokened still greater advancement for the coming year. Our entering class was the largest in the history of the college; there was a marked gain in the total number of students; the Faculty has been strengthened by the addition of a permanent professor in the chair of history and economics, and of an assistant in chemistry and physics; the curriculum has been broadened; the facilities for work in the different departments have been improved; the number of scholarships has been increased; even the tuition, most conservative of all, has conformed to this spirit of progress, showing an advancement of nearly 40%.

AS we, the Class of '98, look back over the period of our connection with the college, we feel that our lot has indeed been exceptional. Early in the fall of '94 we gathered here, the largest entering class of the college. We were looking forward to four years of pleasant association, and wishing, as does every entering class, that our ranks might be unbroken. But that was not to be. At the beginning of nearly every term we have learned with regret that some have left our class to enter their various walks of life. It is with peculiar sadness, however, that we mention the losses that have been ours in the last few months. Friends have gone out, not to other cares and duties, but to the far beyond—whence there is no return. We, who were their daily companions, are left to mourn. We miss the pleasant smile and the hearty hand-shake, but memories of their friendship will always be ours. As we so often think of them, joy shines through the gloom of our deepest sadness. We know that it is better with them there.

In Memoriam.

CHARLES EUGENE WELLS.

IT was nearing midday, when over campus and through halls flew the words, "Wells is drowned!" The message went hither and thither through the city, and flashed along the wires to the quiet old town by the ocean, where the family of our friend lived. As a thunderbolt out of clear sky came the awful message to them.

Never was there a June morning more beautiful; never were the fields and trees brighter and greener; never our hearts lighter. On us falls the shock, and the beautiful day and bright fields darken; our hearts are full of pain.

The sun has gone down in the glowing west, and the shades of evening are gathering around us as we sit on the rugged, tree-clad bank of the Androscoggin, and watch the dark boats of the searching party go to and fro on the bosom of the river. Now and then a voice floats across the water. The hushed sound of oars mingles in sad harmony with the mournful song of the hermit thrush. Deeper shadows fall on the calm waters. When twilight is entirely gone, we leave the cold river and the search.

. . . . . .

A little time has passed. The flowers on our classmate's grave have withered away. But the memory of that smiling, happy face has not faded. With all the freshness of that June morning it remains printed indelibly on our minds.

But sad memories must not carry us away from our object—to write a brief sketch of our departed friend.

Charles Eugene Wells was born in Wells, Maine, February 19, 1877. He was descended from some of the oldest and best families of the town; on his father's side from the Wells family, which was among the early settlers of York County; on his mother's side from Major Pope, a soldier of the revolution. His grandfather, Theodore Wells, was at one time a trustee of the old Maine State Seminary, at which William S. Wells, the father of our classmate, was educated. His mother, a woman of singular purity and strength of character, and above all a sincere Christian, was taken from him in his early boyhood, but not before she had instilled in him a love of truth and purity rarely equaled in any young man. He early determined to be a well-educated man, and thought much about the studying of law after the completion of his college course. With this end in view he went to Berwick Academy, from which he was graduated in 1894. In the fall of that year he entered Bates College. Here he rose steadily, both in his classes and among his fellow-students. He was modest and never pushed himself forward, but his merit, worth, and ability were recognized, and our friend was loved and honored by his fellow-students much more than falls to the lot of most of us.

The early teachings of his Christian mother still lingered in his heart. The strong influence of Christian friends made them more potent, and last winter he became an open follower of Christ.

We had scarcely found out his worth and ability when, at the close of his Sophomore year, June 18th, the sudden separation came. Now that we see no more his bright, sunny face, we can measure our loss and wonder why this noble soul was taken from us.

But, though our loss is great, how infinitely small is it when compared with that to the home circle. A vacant spot must always remain there. Most sincerely do we offer our poor consolation to you. Most gladly do we tell you that we who knew him best are better because of knowing him. O, friends, let us be thankful that the ever-flowing stream of time is bearing us away from the past! In its tender embrace it takes us from the terrible day. The harsh outlines of our great sorrow begin to soften. Now the sunshine of his beautiful, happy life and the shadow of our grief blend a little, and its brightness steals away some of the darkness ere we are aware.

—'98.

CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, In the providence of God, our honored and beloved classmate, Charles E. Wells, has been suddenly taken from among us, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '98, deeply lament the loss of him whom we have learned to esteem so highly for his noble manhood and promising genius;

Resolved, That we extend to his parents and friends our heartfelt sympathy in this their bitter affliction and sudden bereavement;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

R. H. TUKEY,
H. HAWKINS,
BERTHA F. FILES,
Committee.

FRED WASHINGTON FOSS.

AGAIN the Class of '98 has been called to mourn the death of one of its members. November 2, 1896, Fred W. Foss died at Denver, Col., whither he had gone seeking to recover his health in a more favorable climate.

Mr. Foss was born at Strafford, N. H., June 30, 1874, and was the son of George W. and Mary J. Foss. He fitted for college at Austin Academy, and entered Bates in the fall of 1894. Here he completed two years of his course, but during that time the confinement of his studies brought on a lung trouble which ended in consumption. Although of a retiring disposition, Mr. Foss, by his kindly spirit and regard for others, early won the good-will of his classmates. During his second year in college he opened his heart to the love of Christ, and henceforth in his unassuming way he sought to exemplify the teachings of the great Master. He was always upright and honorable, scorning to do a base act. None of his friends ever had reason to complain of unfaithfulness on his part, or to doubt the integrity of his life.

—'98.

CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom, has taken from us our beloved classmate, Fred W. Foss, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '98, are deeply grieved at the early death of one who was a true friend and a faithful student;

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and friends in their affliction;

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that a copy be published in the BATES STUDENT.

R. H. TUKEY,
J. P. SPRAGUE,
ELLEN W. SMITH,
Committee.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

All over Maine you may find them,
From Berwick to the Canada line,
Bates students masquerading as teachers,
In school-houses of brick or rough pine.

Even grave Seniors regretfully banish
Thoughts of Psyche and dear Chemistry,
And timid and verdant young Freshmen
Pound into dull minds A, B, C.

The polo crank is here.

Some one said the glee club was to be reorganized.

The Theological School took a week's recess at Christmas.

Wentworth, 1900, has gone to Bowdoin Medical School.

During vacation Saunders, '99, kept guard over Parker Hall.

During Hinkley's absence Parsons, '98, has charge of the book-store.

This is the time when the ghosts of murdered New Year's resolutions arise to haunt us.

Miss Peckham and Miss Mitchell, both formerly of '99, will continue their course with 1900.

Bruce, '98, is occupying the lower tenement at 243 College Street, where he is monarch of all he surveys.

The sign on the electrics, "Good Skating at Lake Auburn," has proved almost too alluring to many students this winter.

Hon. Alonzo Garcelon, M.D., gave an interesting lecture before the Divinity School, Friday afternoon, January 8th, upon his recent visit to Mexico.

During vacation Miss Knowles, '97, taught in Greeley Institute, Cumberland, taking the place of Miss Pennell, '94, who was absent on account of illness.

A student, who is not responsible for all that he says, is going about boasting that he left his pocket-book at his room and then went down town and got his hair cut on his face.

A course of short addresses on "The Spiritual Life" is being given at the Divinity School by the professors and the clergymen of the two cities, every Monday at chapel exercises.

The Class of 1900 gladly welcomes its new members: Mr. Urban Willis, Mr. Ernest Call (Bowdoin, 1900), and Mr. Ralph Morse (Bowdoin, 1900), all graduates of Maine Central Institute.

Our physical director, Mr. Bolster, spent a portion of his vacation pursuing deer. At the last account the deer were in the lead by about seventeen miles, headed toward the Canada line.

Professor Stanton kindly furnishes the following list of sons and daughters of the alumni who are now in college: Miss Baldwin, Miss Emma Chase, Miss Muriel Chase, Mr. Clason, Miss Donnocker, Mr. Emrich, Miss Bertha Files, Miss Ethel Files, Mr. Goddard, Miss Jordan, Miss Peckham, and Miss Sleeper.

The base-ball outlook for the coming year is very encouraging, in spite of the fact that we lost three good men last year: Gerrish, c.; Douglass, 2b.; Berryman, sub. p. Mason, '99, and Purinton, 1900, will no doubt do the catching, and can be relied upon to do good

work. Wadsworth, '99, Calhoun, '99, Lowe, 1900, and Goddard, 1900, will be valuable men. Manager Marr has already arranged games with Tufts, Dartmouth, University of Vermont, and other strong teams out of the state.

Mr. Austin H. Evans, a graduate of Colby, has been secured as instructor in Latin and English. Mr. Evans was born in Cambridge, Mass., and fitted for college at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. While at Colby he took a prominent part in many of the public exercises, was editor-in-chief of the *Colby Echo*, and won high honors in scholarship. The fall after graduating, Mr. Evans was retained as instructor in Latin and Greek for two years. He was then elected principal of Waterville High School, but resigned on account of temporary ill health. He comes to Bates with the highest recommendations from the institutions where he has been engaged as instructor.

The following books have recently been added to the college library:

Report of the American Conference on International Arbitration; Joint Metallism, by Stokes; Christianity and Social Problems, by Lyman Abbott; The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria, by G. Barnett Smith; The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860, by Charles Duke Yonge; American Church History, Vol. 5; and Commentaries on the Liberty of the Subject and the Laws of England Relating to the Security of the Person, 2 vols., by James Patterson.

Also the following books for the Department of English have been presented by the College Club:

Hamilton Mabie's My Study Fire; My Study Fire, 2d series; Short Studies in Literature; Essays in Literary Interpretation; Under the Trees and Elsewhere; Essays in Nature and Culture; Essays in Nature and Books; Augustine Burrill's Men, Women, and Books; Obiter Dicta; Obiter Dicta, 2d series; Res Judicatæ; Edmund Gosse's Jacobean Poets; Critical Kit Kats; Geo. Saintsbury's Essays in English Literature; Mrs. Ward's Sir George Tressady, 2 vols.

The Freshman Class have chosen their subjects for debate next fall. The questions and disputants are as follows:

First Division.—"Will Bismarck be a Greater Historical Character than Gladstone?" Affirmative: Clason, Coffin, Miss Ford, Miss Cole, Foster, Emrich, Powell. Negative: Miss Files, Stackpole, Ayer, Pendexter, Summerbell, Robbins, Miss Trask.

Second Division.—"Should a Court of Arbitration be Established for the Settlement of Disputes between Nations?" Affirmative: Parsons, Chase, Goddard, Miss Beal, Miss White, Dunham, Miss Parker. Negative: Richardson, W. S. Jones, Miss Marr, Pottle, Roberts, Sturgis, L. W. Glidden.

Third Division.—"Has Greece Done More than Rome to Advance Civilization?" Affirmative: Miss Joyce, Hussey, Staples, Miller, Poor, Miss P. M. Small, Catheron. Negative: Miss M. F. Mitchell, Miss Peckham, Miss Getchell, Johnston, Murphy, Miss Avery, L. G. Glidden.

Fourth Division.—"Has Arctic Exploration been Justified in its Results?" Affirmative: Littlefield, Miss Sears, Lowe, Miss Skillings, Miss Lambe, Miss Thompson, Miss Baldwin. Negative: A. M. Jones, Miss Sweetser, Davis, Miss True, Miss Dresser, Rogers, Briry.

Fifth Division.—"Is the English Government Superior in Form and Operation to the Government of the United States?" Affirmative: Miss Ludwig, Healy, Miss Hutchinson, Miss L. G. Small, Dennison, Johnson, Whitman. Negative: Miss Tarbox, Miss R. E. Mitchell, Elder, Griffin, Stinchfield, Miss Proctor, Wing.

Sixth Division.—"Ought the United States Further to Restrict Immigration?" Affirmative: Wentworth, Miss Perry, Rich, Packard, Wagg, Miss Lowell. Negative: Miss Summerbell, Thurlow, Fernald, Purinton, Manter, Butterfield, Courser.

College Exchanges.

THE college magazines of last month give to us, each of its little store, something of that seasonable "Peace on earth, good will to men." Some indeed are attractive in holiday attire, and many with a cheery greeting gladly rivet more securely the chain of common interest which binds all college men and women together.

Seek and you shall find, fails not even to the College Exchange Editor. For, while much of the matter printed in college papers is useless to those outside of the immediate college life, yet, in the midst of this, the productions of thoughtful, fanciful, and sympathetic minds contain new thoughts and new expressions which we may, with profit, assimilate into our own lives.

The *Mount Holyoke* deserves a place among the first this month. It contains a bright, interesting article on "The Vein of Mystery in Literature," and a story entitled, "The Bells of Yss," written in a dainty style, like the chiming bells, full of the music of the sea and the soft sobbing of human woe.

The *Smith College Monthly* contains two good articles, "The Independent in Politics" and "Reminiscences of an English School."

Prize orations, "Measuring Units" and "The Great Victory," add much to the value of the *Colorado Collegian*. Best things always find readers, and to those of other colleges such articles afford a means for judging the standard maintained by the students in their sister colleges.

The *Sioux* is resplendent in a new cover and greets us with a short poem, the simplicity of which gains for it a place here:

TRYING TO FORGET.

Trying to forget! And yet!
In the breaker's wild delight,
Memory floats upon the sea;
The spectral passions of the night
Are filled with dreams of thee.

Trying to forget! And yet!
These falling tears their story tell
Of days and years, a scene now past;
The murmuring peal of Sabbath bell
Turns me back, where I saw you last.

Trying to forget! And yet!
I linger at the winding creek,
To view each fond remembered place,
Where smile and sunbeam on thy cheek,
Wooed thy love-alluring grace.

Trying to forget! And yet!
I pluck the mystery of each reverie,
I brook the phantoms of night's array—
O! thou immortal memory!—
I cannot forget thee for a day.

—*W. Kent Haugh.*

The Buff and the Blue contains a decidedly interesting and instructive treatment of the influence and lives of Zoroaster, Mohammed, Confucius, and Gautama, the Buddha, by different authors. They are collected under the title of "Moulders of Creeds," and are valuable to the student because concisely written.

The *University Monthly* has a good essay, "Psychology as the Basis of Educational Theory and Practice," but more than a page is given up to a composition on "Frogs," which, although probably used to fill up, detracts much from the paper.

The *Tennessee University* and the *Yale Literary Magazine* both contain readable matter. The following from the *Yale Literary Magazine* is an attractive setting of an old truth:

"FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY."

"The burn runs swiftly, my dainty lass,
And its foam-wreathed stones are mossy,
An I carry ye ower to yonder shore
Ye will na think me saucy?"

"I thank ye, sir, but a Scottish lass
Recks not of a little wetting.
Will ye stand aside, sir? I can na bide, sir.
The sun o' the gloaming's setting."

"Yet stay, my pretty, the stepping-stones
Are a bridge o' my ane hands making.
An ye pay no toll I måun be so bold—
—The sweeter a kiss for taking."

"Farewell, ye braw young Highlander,
Tho' first ye sought to mask it;
Unceevil 'tis to steal a kiss,
But muckle maur to ask it."

—*Charles Potter Hine.*

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human life is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

—*The Owl.*

DECEMBER.

The Old Year totters to his doom,
But anxiously he waits to see
One more bright scene, a merry time,
The children round the Christmas tree.

His wizened face lights up with joy,
While to be young he vainly tries;
But feeling now his waning strength,
In silence he creeps off and dies.

JANUARY.

From beneath the time-worn mantle
Of the Old Year, stern and gray,
Steps a slender, timid figure,
Called by name the New Year's Day.

Stands he there with smiling features,
Every virtue at command,
Scattering new resolutions
With a careless, lavish hand.

—*The Mount Holyoke.*

Brutus—"Say, Cæsar, how many oysters do you eat for supper?" Cæsar—"Et tu, Brute."—*Ex.*

Inscribed on a professor's desk:

"It always seems to me,
That Homer's Greek is bad.
It's either *odd I see*,
Or else it's *ill I add*. —*Ex.*

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone. —*Ex.*

A FRESHMAN'S LAMENT.

Must I go, and empty-handed?
Must I attend the contest so?
Not a girl to sit beside me,
For the matron has said "No!"

—*Ex.*

Thomas Hood died while composing a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished "to urn a lively Hood." —*Ex.*

Appropriate sentiment found on the fly-leaf of a Psychology text-book:

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book will still be dry. —*Ex.*

MY LADY'S FAN.

My lady is fair, my lady is sweet,
My lady is wondrous shy;
Or daintily scornful, from exquisite feet
To down-cast, azure eye.

My lady's fan is a flutter of gray,
With paintings in Watteau vein;
That frivolous fan, by its indolent sway
Speaks only her disdain.

The little Marquise with a Watteau crook
I'll swear has a smile for me;
The cavalier, helping her over the brook,
She doesn't seem to see!

Ah! little Marquise with your powdered hair,
And your saucy smile at me,
Pray look at the gallant young gentleman there
And smile for *him* to see!

—*Katherine Whiting, in the University Beacon.*

A Chat About New Books.

AS I take my pen to salute you for the first time, O readers of this modest corner, feelings overwhelm me akin to those which froze my blood when as a trembling Freshman I made my first bow to a college audience. But it is not a Freshman "dec" with which I test your patience; it is simply that I wish to chat with you about some new book friends I have learned to know this month.

Most of the books come in dainty green dresses, as if recompensing us for the absence of summer foliage.

John Burroughs's *A Year in the Fields*[1] is even more delightful than I anticipated. The illustrations are from photographs by Clifton Johnson. They bring one very close to the grand old man who talks about his neighbors of the fields. First is the snow, "the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow." There is a little gray rabbit that lives under Burroughs's bark-covered study. The nuthatches and woodpeckers rap at his door, and a little red owl sleeps in his apple-tree.

Leaving his winter friends, he tells us of the hepaticas, the violets, the meadow lark, his spring chickens, brook trout—until one can scarcely wait for spring.

The essay on weeds is full of helpful lessons. His summary is cheerful: "And in human nature, too, weeds are by no means in the ascendant, troublesome as they are. The good green grass of love and truthfulness and common sense is more universal, and crowds the idle weeds to the wall."

Burroughs's autumn acquaintances are the thistle-down, the witch-hazel, the flying-spider, etc.

But this big-hearted writer has room for other friends beside those of the fields. Quotations and references to Burns, Walt Whitman, Agassiz, Lowell, Wilson, etc., enrich the book throughout.

Field Flowers[2] is a beautiful edition of Eugene Field's poems, published and illustrated without charge. The purpose is to create a fund for the family of the poet, and the monument to be erected in his memory.

W. L. Taylor, Frank O. Small, Alice Barber Stevens, W. A. Rogers, Frederic Remington, are among the illustrators.

"Sweetheart, be my Sweetheart," "Jes 'Fore Christmas," and "Little Mistress Sans Merci," need no introduction to your hearts. The book is a treasure.

A little volume of short stories by Cornelia Pratt is aptly named *A Book of Martyrs*.[3] The diversity of subjects for martyrdom convinces one that the world is full of them. The ineffectual little minister who fled from his comfortable home and well-regulated parish to shovel coal for a living, because "I couldn't stand it. I had to have a change. I was rotting away," wins our sympathy. He became a martyr by taking up the responsibilities of his position again. The young man who,

having unconsciously acquired the morphine habit, fought the consuming fire to the end of his slow, torturesome death, is a pathetic figure.

The authoress puts in the mouth of a clever writer, suddenly face to face with death, "I wanted to become as one of the gods by knowing, and the appointed path is by loving. To be human and to love is to be divine."

She causes the old countryman to touch on an oft-proved truth, saying: "Huh! My son, I've seen smart young men strike out for themselves 'fore ever you was born, and I've seen their fathers swim out after 'em—and sink."

The Modern Readers' Bible, edited by Prof. R. G. Moulton, appeals to every Christian worker. The series is presented in modern literary form, with appropriate titles. *Biblical Idyls*[4] contains Ruth, Esther, and the apochryphal Book of Tobit. It opens with Solomon's Song of Songs. I never understood or appreciated this beautiful lyric until I read it in this work. The introduction, headings, explanations, notes, etc., are especially valuable. Altogether the edition is very practical and attractive.

The friends of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin have long known that she was as talented musically as in other ways. In *Nine Love Songs and a Carol*[5] the public will have a chance to become familiar with several of the exquisite melodies of Mrs. Wiggin's composing. From various sources, from Herrick to Amelie Rives, Mrs. Wiggin has selected and set to expressive music the charming love poems.

There are two Scotch songs among the number, Jean Glover's "O'er the Moor Amang the Heather" and Amelie Rives's "My Laddie." The music of these is particularly good. Mrs. Wiggin has given them the real lilt of Scottish song.

A sweet little thing is the "Lullaby" from the Spanish, with its suggestive rocking accompaniment and its crooning refrain. In "A Plantation Christmas Carol," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Wiggin has given the music the real colored swing. One can almost hear the soft patting of hands and feet that accompany many of the negro melodies.

Two old love songs, "Phœbe," by John Byron (1719), and Robert Herrick's "To Electra," take a new lease of life in the dainty, fresh, and tripping music in which they are clothed.

In these days of cheap music and trashy sentiment a book with so much that is good and genuine will be appreciated by every real music lover.

[1] A Year in the Fields: Selections from the Writings of John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.10.

[2] Field Flowers: Poems of Childhood. Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 180 Monroe Street, Chicago; $1.10.

[3] A Book of Martyrs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents.

[4] Biblical Idyls: From the Modern Reader's Bible Series. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents.

[5] Nine Love Songs and a Carol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.25.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

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The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. FEBRUARY, 1897. No. 2.

THE NORTHWIND AND THE SUN.

A lake, as happy as she could be,
Lay softly washing a wooded lea;
While fir and poplar, in sweet content,
Lovingly toward her bosom bent.

The rough Northwind came over the hills,
Carelessly laughing at pains and ills.
He beat the breast of the smiling lake;
She moaned, and quivered, and sighed in his wake.

The sun looked down with pitying eyes,
And gently spoke in sweet surprise,
"Why do you beat the lake, O wind,
Can it be she has ever against you sinned?"

"What do I know or care, ha! ha!
I am a mighty power, tra! la!
Shall I turn from my path for the sake of a lake?"
So he went on his way with a careless shake.

The lake threw her white arms up to the sky,
The tall trees shivered as he passed by.
Echoed far his gay "Tra! la!"
And his careless laugh, "Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

With a tender smile the patient Sun
Soothed them all ere the day was done.
"My power is mighty, too!" he said,
"Sympathy and I are wed."

SUCHE.

THE BRIDGE OF YEARS.

"THERE, Elizabeth, no more tennis for me to-day. This is the third time I have been defeated," and Lawrence Dupree tossed his racket far from him as he spoke.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," quoted Elizabeth lightly. "The next game may be the tide in your affairs, Laurie."

"On an ordinary occasion I should surely try it and see. But have you forgotten, Beth, that this is our last day together for a whole year? To-morrow I shall be out upon the bounding deep. Oh, if you were only going too!"

"Home is best," Elizabeth replied.

They were sitting on the rustic garden seat now, beneath the arching elms that for centuries had kept guard over Melbourne Hall.

"The only reason why I should care to go at all is that you are going."

"That I am going?" repeated Laurie softly. "Do you really care so much for me, then?"

Elizabeth laughed a provoking little laugh and said, in the most prosaic manner possible, "Why, if I were going, there would be plenty of baggage to look after, and if I remember rightly you are an adept in that line. Wasn't it in your Freshman year that you changed checks with your traveling companion and so got the wrong trunks?"

"Dont tease now, Beth," pleaded Laurie, gazing earnestly into Elizabeth's blue eyes. "In half an hour I must go, and to-morrow there will be time only to say good-bye."

The smile had left Elizabeth's lips, and in its stead was a tremulous quiver that told more eloquently than words could have done that it would not be easy to say good-bye to Laurie, who had been her knight from earliest childhood.

"A year is a long time, Laurie," she said presently, "you may change a great deal before its end."

"Very likely," was Laurie's complacent reply. "But whatever else may change, my love for you must remain the same. With me it will be *semper fidelis.*"

Laurie spoke with intensity. There was a ring of unwonted sadness in his voice. Could he but look beyond into the dim future and know that before another week had rolled away, Elizabeth's grandfather, the aged sire of Melbourne Hall, would be sleeping in the quiet church-yard; that through some default in the will the immense fortune and even the old homestead would have passed into the hands of strangers, and Elizabeth be left homeless and alone. All this Laurie could not know, but even so it was.

One morning the early sunbeams stole in through the lattice window, where they were accustomed to smile on Elizabeth, only to find the dainty chamber empty and forsaken; its fair young mistress was miles away in a dingy sea-port town, the presiding genius of the district school.

Just how it happened Elizabeth herself could hardly realize. She remembered as in a dream those dark days when Melbourne Hall was shrouded in the blackness of a great sorrow; when its honored master went out from the home of his fathers, never to return; when "strange faces filled the dear familiar places," and unhallowed feet echoed through the time-worn halls; when friendly homes and loving hearts were opened to receive her. Most vivid of all was the memory of the weary hours she watched and waited for Laurie's first white-winged missive of love and sympathy, that never came.

The wise women of the world had whispered that Elizabeth had ceased to be fair in his eyes now she had neither lands nor money. At first she had indignantly scorned the idea, but as autumn donned the hoary crown of winter, and winter's snows gave way to spring-time flowers and sunshine, even Elizabeth's loyal heart grew faint with fear. Thus it was when Sally, the little serving-maid who had left Melbourne Hall at the entrance of strangers, urged Elizabeth to go with her to her quiet country home and be installed as the village "school-marm" there. Elizabeth consented, and so awoke one morning to hearken to the billowy waves as they dashed around the rocks at Pippin's Peak.

"A dreary sort of life you'll find it, I'm thinking, missy," said the genial fisherman at whose house the district teachers had boarded from time immemorial. "When the summer comes it isn't so bad. The city folks swoop down on us like a flock of butterflies and make things lively. But just now there ain't much society for those who ain't used to us. There's young Earl at the farm and old Pete's girl. Old Pete is the fellow that runs the store.

When he first came here he couldn't keep enough steak on hand to supply the place, while no one would eat the rest of the critter. Of course such a state of affairs was damaging to business, and Pete was nobody's fool. So one day he has soup-bones for sale, and you can't get nothing else for love or money unless you want to travel twenty miles across country to the village. Another day 'tis roast meat, and then again 'tis biled. When everything else is gone, old Pete brings out the steak. 'Tain't no arthly use to go visiting here in hopes of getting better fodder, for when Aunt Polly has soup we all have soup;" and the fisherman laughed heartily at his own story. Elizabeth smiled in sympathy, while there crept into her heart a yet keener realization of the contrast between the life that lay behind her and that existence upon which she had just entered.

Elizabeth was no coward. Her heart was as steadfast as a hero's, and resolutely closing her eyes to the alluring dreams of the past, she bravely took up the duties of the hour. To teach the sun-browned scholars in the dingy school-house soon ceased to be a trial to her, for her bright, sunny ways won the responsive hearts of the children, and love conquered where harsher measures might have failed. In the warm-hearted people of the place, Elizabeth found many friends who, though they sorrowed for her bereavement, yet never ceased to thank a kind Providence for sending her to them to brighten their humble lives. Among them all none worshiped more devotedly at Elizabeth's shrine than did Eric Earl, who, like herself, had known the gay delights of city life; who had turned his back on fame and fortune to minister to the wants of his widowed mother, who would not leave the home of her childhood for the busy whir of the turbulent town.

As time went on, Earl's regard for Elizabeth became more and more marked, till even those least blessed with penetration began to look forward to the day when she should reign over the little white cottage in the valley. Earl, however, was not so confident. He had heard Elizabeth's story and knew that, though three years had elapsed since Laurie had sailed for England, and that during this time she had received no tidings from him, yet her heart was as true to her childhood's knight as in the days of yore.

With this knowledge haunting him ever, it was with but little hope, one summer's evening while the moon was shining across the sea, making a silver pathway over its waters, that he told to Elizabeth the story of his love. She listened to him reverently. A human soul was pleading for her to make its joy complete. Laurie was dead or faithless. Supreme happiness could never be hers again. Why not sacrifice herself for Earl? Musing thus, Elizabeth slowly drew from her finger the glittering circlet which Laurie's own hand had placed upon it and gave Earl her promise.

. . . . . .

It was the eve of Elizabeth's wedding. Another June had come in all its glory, bringing with it the usual tide of summer visitors. The large

hotel on the hill-side had opened wide its doors to welcome back the sons and daughters of wealth and fashion.

Eric Earl was sitting on the yellow sands, lazily leaning against a huge boulder. Suddenly his attention was attracted by voices on the other side of the rock.

"Well, Laurie, how do you think you will enjoy your summer here?"

"As well as I should anywhere without Elizabeth," was the answer.

"Will you never forget your youthful fancy?" The query was spoken almost impatiently. "Elizabeth has probably married long ago. When her fortune went as it did and she received no letters from you, she concluded you loved her for her money; and who can blame her? Besides, if she hadn't wished to conceal herself from you, your earnest search these four years must have revealed her. In these days of enlightenment people are not buried alive."

"I see nothing to hinder one from being entombed in this desert. How we ever stumbled upon it is a mystery to me. What a place it must be in winter!" and Laurie shivered as though he already heard the monotonous wash of the waves on the ice-clad rocks. "If it hadn't been for that contemptible fall that landed me, first thing, in the hospital without what few senses I'm supposed to possess, Elizabeth would be mine now. Oh, mother, I can't give her up."

Earl waited to hear no more. Silently he slipped from his secluded corner and walked slowly along the shore. "I can't give her up." Laurie's words had become Eric's now. "I could die for you, Elizabeth, but to live without you is too much to ask."

It was night when Eric wandered back to the little town. The sun had gone down among angry clouds, portending a storm on the morrow. He thought not of sullen sea or tempestuous wave. His face was illumined with the light of a great purpose. "I love you enough, Elizabeth, to wish your happiness before my own. May the church-bells ring their merriest peal for you and Laurie. Let us part as friends."

'Tis not for me to tell you more; the tale is not yet ended. Some day, should you wander to Boston town, you may behold the stately mansion where Laurie and Elizabeth reside. Far away in sunny Italy dwells Eric Earl, shaping from snowy marble that which will make his name renowned among the names of men. Were this but an idle song your tears might fall for him, but fact is ofttimes kinder than romantic fiction. Just across the way is a merry, black-eyed maid whom, some day, you may greet as Mrs. Eric Earl, and then my story shall end as the fairy tales of yore, "and they all lived happily ever afterwards."

—'97.

O Mother Earth, to thee
Omnipotence did grant
A lavish part of his
Vast treasury,
To teach thy children waiting here,
The priceless lessons—
Love, kind Beauty, Truth.

—'98.

THE OLD FIRE-PLACE.

Where the waters of old ocean
  Dash against the shifting sands
Stands a cottage, 'midst whose rafters
  Ruin and decay clasp hands.
And the filmy webs of spiders
  Curtain now the windows small,
While the chilling winds of autumn
  Shrieking go through room and hall.

In that cottage by the sea-shore
  There's a fire-place worn and old,
Where the moss grows in the stone work,
  And the bricks are damp and cold.
Strewn the hearth and black with ashes,
  Relics of a faded past,
And of days so bright and happy,
  Days that were too good to last.

The crane for the old brass kettle
  Is rusty, and worn, and grey.
No fire has burned in that fire-place
  For many a long, long day.
No light has shone through the darkness
  Since the days of long ago,
When, a child, I played by the sea-shore,
  While the boats plied to and fro.

When the sun shone on the water
  And turned it to beaten gold,
As, like towers of grim destruction,
  The huge waves shoreward rolled.
Or, indoors with the other children,
  All safe from the winter snow,
I would play before the fire-place
  In the ruddy hearth-fire glow,
Till the very beams and rafters
  Of that cottage by the sea
Would re-echo with our laughter
  And our happy, childish glee.
But at length, when all was quiet,
  And the fire had burn'd down low,
We could hear the restless pacing
  Of the waves, as to and fro,
Marching up and down the beaches,
  They kept watch upon the sand,
Like some faithful, sturdy watchman
  With his musket in his hand.

. . . . . .

Sitting in the deepening twilight,
  Building castles in the air;
Often dreaming of the future,
  When it seems to me most fair,
Turn I then from scenes entrancing,
  To the past which lies behind,
And the thoughts of moments wasted
  Seem to fill my soul and mind.
Words, which could I but recall them,
  Still unspoken would remain,
Deeds, that if I had the power,
  I would soon undo again.
And I feel a deep desire
  For my childhood once again,
As I think of long-past hours,
  And of that which might have been.
For with all my hopes and longings
  I would gladly once more be
Sporting by the great brick fire-place,
  In that cottage by the sea.

B. B. S., 1900.

A PICTURE.

IN among the myrtle and the velvety grass, some lilies-of-the-valley bravely grow toward heaven. Over their modest heads a great elm towers. Through its leafy branches God sends his sunlight, falling, now upon the pure lily cups, now upon the cool dark myrtle leaves.

The morning dew sparkles, and we seem to hear the faint, laughing music of the tiny bells, in exquisite harmony. A fragrance fills the air sweeter than roses. Not the perfume of the shy arbutus nor of strawberries among new-mown hay—for this is a village garden—but grateful, nevertheless, to the senses of the child kneeling there, touching with reverent hands the fairy flowers. Her shade hat has fallen beside her unnoticed. The hair is moist upon her forehead. Her eyes are bright with pleasure.

Around a corner of the white house, into the garden, race a troop of rosy playmates. A moment, and the spell will be broken; the child, gone.

SUCHE, '98.

DISCUSSION.

Do Young Men Now Have Equal Opportunities for Entering Upon a Successful Career as Those of a Generation Ago?

NEGATIVE.

BEFORE we enter into the discussion of this question, let us first see if we understand the meaning of the word opportunity. Looking to the dictionaries for our authority, it appears that the word opportunity is derived from the Latin words *ob* and *portus*, the literal meaning being at or before the gate. The figure which may be presented to the mind is that of a ship, richly laden, fully manned, with sails ready hoisted, waiting at the gate to be admitted; admitted, it will bring in that which shall enrich the city. Thus it is of opportunity — it is a favorable train of circumstances, waiting at the gate of that vocation for which we have fitted ourselves.

My opponents may and doubtless will show that there is an urgent demand in the country to-day for great leaders and rulers of men, but to the average young man this demand is no opportunity. You might as well offer to an invalid a chance to join an Arctic expedition as to tell the young man of average intellectual powers that he has an opportunity to become a second Daniel Webster or a James G. Blaine. While this last may be a possibility, it is not an opportunity, for opportunity is a favorable train of circumstances, enabling us to enter successfully upon a chosen career, and to enter now, not at some future time.

Before proceeding further in the discussion, please notice carefully the phraseology of this question: "Do young men have *equal* opportunities?" Does not this admit that the most my opponents are expected to do is to prove that the opportunities are the same to-day as a generation ago? Furthermore, if it was the intent of the framers of this question to arrange it fair, just, and impartial, then this language conclusively shows that argument is necessary to prove a bare equality of opportunities.

No, gentlemen, the framers of this question did not think that opportunities had increased; the most they thought was that perhaps they are the same now as a generation ago.

Is it possible that among all the changes of the past generation, opportunity alone has not changed? With the power of steam now applied to every conceivable form of work; with electricity captured from the heavens and harnessed to the wishes of man; with the very air a motive power in propelling machinery; with all these giant powers apparently striving to supplant the living, breathing laborer, is it possible that opportunities have not changed in the least? No, no; competition has increased, rivalry has become keener; and it follows as an inevitable result that opportunities have decreased and diminished.

If time permitted, we might make a specific and careful comparison of the opportunities now and those of a generation ago; but on account of the limited time which is allowed we are forced to be content with an inquiry into those occupations where are found the largest numbers, not the particular

and favored few; as it is the young man in general, not particular, that concerns us this evening.

There is no occupation which reflects a truer condition of a nation's welfare than farming. Daniel Webster, in speaking of manufacture, commerce, and agriculture, said: "These all stand together; but they stand like pillars in a structure, the largest in the center, and the largest is agriculture." Allow me to read a moment from that great illuminator of the mind—the newspaper. I read from the *Boston Journal*, and quote the Chicago current price of grain and provisions: wheat, 80 cents a bushel; corn, 24 cents; oats, 19 cents; pork, $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound; lard, 4 cents; delivered in Chicago markets.

Gentlemen, this market report is a plain, simple, undeniable statement of the present opportunity for the western farmer. Did I say opportunity? I hasten to amend; for the quotation demonstrates beyond a peradventure the impossibility of the farmer's obtaining a comfortable livelihood. The cause of the free silver agitation which, within a few months, has upheaved a great political party and sustained a movement unparalleled in the annals of American history, is found in the condition of the farmer. This condition is expressed simply, plainly, and truthfully, when we say to the young man, truly farming offers no opportunity.

But this decrease of opportunity is not confined to the farmer. From all pursuits comes the cry of industrial depression. And what, I ask, is industrial depression but lessened opportunities? It was on account of the increase of competition, the inability of the laborer to find employment, and the decrease of wages to many of the employed, that the Treasury Department at Washington, anxious as it ever is to assist the honest laborer, appointed the present immigration committee.

The work of this commission is clearly set forth in the third paragraph of the rules which were to govern their work. It reads as follows: "What effect, if any, immigration has had upon the wages for labor or the opportunity for employment in the United States, and whether or not the industrial condition is in any degree attributable to the influx of foreigners." Please notice, in particular, the second clause of this paragraph, which reads: "What effect, if any, immigration has had upon the opportunities for employment." Do you think, gentlemen, that the Treasury Department, burdened and overburdened with work as it is to-day, would be making such an inquiry as this if there had been no change in opportunity?

I wish at this point to bring to your attention a contrast—direct, plain, and concise—of the opportunities now and those of a generation ago. In 1864 an act of Congress was passed to encourage immigration. An agent was stationed at New York to assist immigrants in transportation and to protect them from imposition. Steam, which was to revolutionize the world, was then hardly grown above its infancy. The Union Pacific Railroad, which was to unite the great West and the East, and to provide favorable sites for large cities and towns, was then in process

of construction. The farmer sowed his seed in the spring-time, confident that the autumn would bring him a fair return for his labor. The great wheels of the factories were set in motion. The mountains were being tunneled. The rivers were being spanned by bridges. Engineers were busy in surveying favorable sites for towns and cities. Truly, then there was much to be done and but few to do it. Opportunities were many, and the national Congress sent broadcast the invitation to all nations to come over and help us.

But, to-day, how changed! The great railroads have been completed, and magnificent bridges, which excite the admiration of the world, overleap the great rivers and perfect a system of travel and transportation scarcely within the conception of a past generation. The cities and towns have been located and populated. Steam, electricity, and the application of machinery have now taken fixed places in the industrial economy of the nations. The voice of the nation, as uttered by the Congress of 1864, proclaimed abundant opportunities, and opened wide the bars of immigration; yet the utterances of the Congresses of 1894 and 1895, in the efforts to shut out the foreigner, is no less the voice of the nation, this time proclaiming the serious and alarming decrease of opportunity. It is idle to evade the issue. We are confronted by a condition, not by a theory. These are facts, not arguments.

Pursuing our inquiries as to the present status of opportunity, we are next brought to notice the opportunities for the young man to enter successfully into business. On the top of the building of the American News Company on Chambers Street in New York is the likeness of a newsboy, carved in marble. This statue points out to those who may chance to see it the way that the present manager of this immense business began. It also is an incentive and a lesson to the newsboy. But while this is a noble incentive and an inspiring lesson, it is not true that the opportunities are the same now as then; for what was then the union of a few newspapers for common convenience, has become so powerful a concern that combination after combination, backed with capital and managed with skill, have gone down in the attempt to break or share the monopoly. Then it was competition among newsboys; to-day the newsboy must compete with large companies, for it is a fact that the best positions for distributing papers are owned and controlled by companies. Candies and periodicals are sold on the train by employees of the company.

Plainly visible on every hand is the march of concentration. The small store-keeper is becoming a salesman in a large store; the small merchant a clerk or book-keeper in a large establishment. In fact, so fierce has become the competition among clerks in large establishments that their wages to-day are less than those of an ordinary street laborer. A generation ago it was possible for a few printers to go into some rapidly growing city and start a newspaper; but to-day the newspaper has become an immense

machine, requiring large capital, and must be closely connected with the Associated Press.

Never before in the history of civilization has the use of money been so keenly understood as to-day. Companies, corporations, and monopolies, backed with large capital, stand alert on every hand to grasp those opportunities which, a generation ago, were open to energy, push, and economy. During the past generation we have been overrunning a comparatively new country. The introduction of steam and the application of machinery have brought about great industrial changes, and it is idle to suppose that opportunities, open when steam and machinery were beginning their concentrating work, have remained open.

We have already brought to your attention what we consider to be a plain and truthful comparison of opportunities now and a generation ago, in those pursuits affording employment to the large majority of young men. If, from this comparison, it holds true that opportunities have decreased in the pursuits mentioned, it must follow that opportunities are not equal now to those of a generation ago; for it is the young man in general, not in particular, that we are discussing this evening. But, on account of the many references which my opponents have made to the great increase of educational facilities, and in consequence, as they claim, an increase of opportunity, we do not deem it wise to close our discussion without a brief notice of this point.

No one of our opponents can go beyond us in praise of those noble men who in their works of charity have builded even grander than they knew. But it does not follow that increased facilities for obtaining an education brings increase to opportunities in like proportion, except there be no change to all the circumstances connected. Each community will sustain a certain proportion of educated brain workers. Now if this proportion be exceeded, competition increases and opportunities diminish. Increase of high crime denotes idleness of educated men and lack of opportunity in legitimate work.

Again, the schools strive to supply the needs of the man who is to start in the race; but the immense amount of study now necessary to fit for the professions closes, or tends to close, the gate-way of opportunity. For this we have partial compensation in the facilities for study. As civilization goes forward, development proceeds on fine lines; more careful and thorough equipment for the race is needed; competition increases and opportunities diminish; hence increased facilities for education acknowledge at the outset the demand for more thorough equipment, and this demand is only necessary because the ordinary lines of mental work are filled to the overflowing. The large increase of the percentage of women as teachers and workers in the professional fields, and the competition among professional men having become so keen as to force many who had prepared for the profession into lower grades of work, has almost wholly closed the gate-way of opportunity

which a generation ago was open to the college graduate.

We have seen at the outset, the phraseology of the question indicates diminished opportunity. In the comparisons which we have mentioned:

1st. We have heard the just complaint of the farmer, who a generation ago was happy, contented, and prosperous.

2d. We have heard the testimony of the business man, complaining of the impossibility of small capital succeeding against large capital, and the closing of the gate-way of opportunity by the march of concentration.

3d. We have seen how opportunities open a generation ago to the college graduate have been almost wholly closed by the great increase of competition.

4th. We have heard the voice of the nation, our boasted independent nation, whose government is of the people—yes, we have heard the voice of the nation, a generation ago proclaiming abundant opportunities, and opening wide the bars of immigration; to-day we hear its voice in its endeavor to preserve opportunity from further encroachment.

It is now proper in conclusion to inquire in this great march and onward movement of man, whither is he traveling? If we rightly read the lessons of the past from the overthrow and decay of nations which had their birth before the dawn of history, onward to the wealth, power, and standing of the nations of to-day, through all these pages of history this one great fact appears, man's onward movement has been and is an upward movement. If an upward movement, then as the summit is approached, like the sculptor who brings his statue to perfection by finer touches, we must interpret and define future progress. But future progress brings increase of stress and strain; hence we shall say with greater emphasis than ever, he who would outstrip his fellows in the race should fail not to count the cost and lay aside each hindering weight.

W. S. Bassett, '99.

A WINTER VISITOR.

Chill winter brooded over all the land;
The flowers to Earth's warm bosom gently pressed;
The brook crept softly 'neath its icy roof,
And all the things of nature seemed at rest.

But myriad snow-flakes fluttered from the sky,
O'er rock and tree they laid their mantle white;
I stood alone, when lo! with modest chirp,
A snow-bird stood revealed in misty light.

O child of winter, hither borne by winds
That sweep the northern plains and icy seas,
Why comest thou yearly from thy northern home,
But to return with summer's gentle breeze?

Why build thy nest in that cold, dreary place,
Where man goes not, nor grass nor flower grows?
Thy fellows of this clime will gladly share
The gifts that lavish nature here bestows.

Another chirp, and he was hid from view;
But from the misty flakes he seemed to call,
"God's love sustains and shelters me,
His tender care protects us each and all."

A. D. T., '98.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

WORK is the birthright of the human race. It is not a curse but a benediction. It is not a mark of degradation nor of servitude, but a badge of royalty. We live in a day when poet and philosopher combine to sound the praise and dignity of labor. All the universe bears witness to the fact that intense, ceaseless activity is the law of life through all its physical and moral realms.

"The latest gospel in this world," says Carlyle, "is, know thy work and do it." He who would live must work, there can be no growth of mind or body without it. We are placed in life's great workshop, endowed with godlike powers in embryo, but in embryo they would remain, moulder, and die, were it not for the strength and nourishment from the fertile soil of labor.

Through labor this old world was sent whirling out into space, and by its effect nation after nation has sprung up to populate its surface, and send many a thrill coursing through its pulse. Greece, working with her own hands, built for herself a monument which has stood before the eyes of the world as a pattern for centuries since her glory declined. Rome, by incessant labor and many a bloody struggle, once made herself proud mistress of the world. We stand back and gaze with enchantment upon the achievements of our own age, and our souls cry out, wonderful! grand!

Steam was as mighty in the days of Abraham as it was when George Stephenson yoked it to his engine to do the world's work. Electricity has been waiting for some practical mind to use it since the very dawn of the world, and who can tell what may yet be unfolded to the man who gives the pass-word of labor and enters into the wonderland.

Yonder stand three men upon the hill-top. The first is a dealer in real estate. His trained eye enables him to estimate the fertility of those broad acres in the valley, and the value of those forest-covered slopes, or the possibility of making the slight eminence, upon which they stand, a suburban settlement where men may build homes away from the noise and smoke of the city. The next is a geologist. His eye takes in the nature of the soil, the rock formation, the scattered boulders, the outlines of hills and valleys; and he sees how through unmeasured ages the forces of nature have been bringing to its present form the region of country spread out at his feet. The third is a painter. For the possibilities and utilities of the valleys and hill-sides, or the process by which they reached their present form, he cares little. He looks with an artist's eye. His soul swells with an artist's joy, and he longs to capture for his canvas these valleys of verdure; the river, which like a silvery ribbon seems carelessly thrown down among the green; the wooded hills, which rise one behind the other and grow blue in the distance; the white houses away up yonder in the valley, which seem like scattered pearls in a setting of emerald, and a hazy sky which throws a veil of dreamy softness over the whole landscape. Each looks

with eyes that have been trained to see. Each thinks with mind that has been developed in channels of thought, and nourished to growth by application and labor.

Yes, in all the history of the world, labor is the key-note of success. Men are not born masters, but every true genius is self-begotten. Review, if you please, the history of men who have ascended to great achievement, such as Homer, Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Vergil, Shakespeare, Galileo, Isaac Newton, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Spurgeon, Henry Ward Beecher, and hundreds of others whom we might name. Did the goddess of fame voluntarily crown these? Did honor come unsought to make their names live on down through all ages? A thousand times, *no!* It came to them as it comes to all who find it,—while working out the one purpose of their lives. It came as the soul, filled with ideal life and beauty, strove in writing to portray this grandeur to kindred souls. It came through years of thought, as the mind dreamed and awoke to apply the great laws of nature. Yea, it settled in a halo about the head of him who was led by his untiring effort to face old ocean and from its tumultuous roar deduct lessons of oratory.

The beginning of excellency lies in the determination to make the best use of one's self. We must make our own fortune if we would be honest and honorable, and have a well-developed manhood. Life is full of golden opportunities, but only wisdom sees them, and labor reaps the harvest. There is, then, one pathway to all that is upright, honest, and noble; one pathway for young manhood and young womanhood to tread. Labor, either of the heart, of the mind, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

W. A. Robbins, 1900.

LIFE.

THE glory of the setting sun falls like a benediction over an old man, standing on a bare mountain-top. He is looking sadly down and thinking of the rugged path by which he came. Far beneath lies a beautiful valley, his starting-point on the journey. At first his way led through flowery meadows gemmed with dew, and by streams, whose low murmurs invited him and his young companions to linger on their banks. Yet something—he knew not what—urged him ever forward.

From a gentle slope the ascent grew rougher. The burning noon-day sun beat down upon him, but here and there he passed through mossy nooks where giant trees spread protecting arms above him and sweet-voiced birds bade him welcome. One by one his companions vanished into the dense mist which surrounded him. The way grew more desolate. The songs of birds no longer cheered him, and the flowers had disappeared. With faltering steps he reached the rocky summit, and now he has paused to take his well-earned rest. The sun is sinking below the horizon. The old man stretches his trembling arms to heaven and cries out: "Great Father, I have gained the mountain-height. Oh, take me to Thyself!"

Max.

Alumni Department.

COLLEGE CLUB.

THE College Club announces the following appropriations for the year 1896–7:

1. Twenty-five Dollars to be expended for Charts in the Department of Geology.

2. Twenty-five Dollars for the Library of the Chemical Laboratory.

3. Fifteen Dollars for the Library of the English Department.

4. Ten Dollars for a prize to be awarded to the winner of an Interscholastic debate, if one can be arranged between the Androscoggin Preparatory Schools.

5. Twenty-five dollars to the Foot-Ball Interests.

6. Ten Dollars to be added to last year's appropriation for a class trophy for the best Class Drill at the Winter Gymnastic Exhibition.

7. Ten Dollars to be expended under the direction of the College Club Committee for Track Athletics.

8. Six Prizes are offered for excellence in Athletic Sports:

1. To the Freshman winning the most points at the College Field Day, provided he wins eight or more.

To the winners of the following events, provided they equal the standards set below:

2. 440 Yards Run, 53 seconds.
3. High Jump, 5 feet 6 inches.
4. Throwing Hammer, 100 feet.
5. Putting Shot, 37 feet.
6. Broad Jump, 20 feet 5 inches.

Officers for 1896-7.

President, Scott Wilson, '92; Vice-President, J. F. Fanning, '93; Treasurer, S. I. Graves, '94; Secretary, William F. Garcelon, '90.

Members.

Rev. W. H. Bolster, '69; Rev. F. W. Baldwin, '72; E. J. Goodwin, '72; George E. Smith, '73; N. W. Harris, '73; H. S. Cowell, '75; L. M. Palmer, M.D., '75; F. L. Washburn, '75; O. B. Clason, '77; W. H. Judkins, '80; Reuel Robinson, '81; W. F. Cowell, '83; J. L. Reade, '83; W. B. Small, M.D., '85; Rev. S. H. Woodrow, '88; I. N. Cox, '89; F. S. Pierce, '90; Rev. A. N. Peaslee, '90; F. L. Day, M.D., '90; H. V. Neal, '90; W. F. Garcelon, '90; F. W. Plummer, '91; N. G. Howard, '91; F. W. Larrabee, M.D., '91; W. B. Cutts, '91; F. S. Libby, '91; Scott Wilson, '92; N. W. Howard, '92; E. W. Emery, '92; A. F. Gilmore, '92; W. B. Skelton, '92; A. P. Irving, '93; C. H. Swan, '93; J. F. Fanning, '93; C. C. Spratt, '93; R. A. Sturges, '93; S. I. Graves, '94; L. J. Brackett, '94; E. F. Pierce, '94; D. F. Field, '94; J. W. Leathers, '94; B. L. Pettigrew, '95; W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95; F. S. Wakefield, '95; O. F. Cutts, '96; A. B. Howard, '96.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford, Editor of the *Morning Star*, sends very pleasing reports of his extended European tour. He will be absent some months longer. His address at present is Founders Court, London, E. C., England, in care of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co.

'74.—F. L. Noble has again been nominated for Mayor of Lewiston. He has already served three years.

'75.—A. M. Spear has been recently chosen First Vice-President of the Maine Sportsmen's Protective Association.

'76.—R. J. Everett is superintendent of schools and principal of the high school in Poland, Me.

'76.—Rev. G. L. White has been re-elected pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Pittsfield, Me.

'77.—N. P. Noble has been chosen to deliver the Memorial Day address at Phillips, Me.

'77.—The high school at Lisbon Falls, under the charge of L. H. Moulton, who has been the principal for the last six years, has grown in membership from twenty-two to sixty-seven. There are twenty-five in the college preparatory department.

'79.—C. M. Sargent is at present traveling among the teachers of this state for the purpose of securing members for the Maine Teachers' Reading Circle.

'80.—Professor I. F. Frisbee has recently united with the society of the Founders and Patriots of America. He is eligible to membership in this society by virtue of his descent from the old Huguenot family of Richard Frisbee, which settled in Virginia in 1619. Professor Frisbee has been invited to deliver an address at the reunion of the family association of the Hon. William Pepperell at Kittery, on the 250th anniversary of that town, which occurs this year.

'82.—The Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist Church in Boston, of which O. H. Tracy is pastor, has been sold. The place of worship has been removed to Roxbury, and Mr. Tracy has assumed his duties at that place.

'83.—At the Supreme Court in Auburn, J. L. Reade was lately admitted to the Androscoggin County Bar, after a most creditable examination. Mr. Reade has passed most of his life in journalism, having had honorable connections with such papers as the *New York Tribune*, the *Boston Globe*, the *Lewiston Journal*, and has been editor of the *Lewiston Daily Gazette* and a night editor of the *Lewiston Daily Sun*. He is a careful, accurate, and reliable correspondent, and as an attorney he will have the same ability for direct and judicious work.—*Lewiston Journal.*

'87.—Rev. Roscoe Nelson will deliver the address at the dedication of Powers Hall, at Maine Central Institute, on February 22d.

'91.—Rev. W. L. Nickerson has resigned his pastorate at Dover, Me., to take effect the first of May.

'94.—Rev. W. W. Harris was recently installed as pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Somersworth, N. H.

'96.—Frank Plumstead has been teaching during the winter at Wiscasset, Me.

'96.—O. E. Hanscom has entered the Maine Medical School.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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CHANGE seems to be a constant factor of growth. Through various changes in the past the STUDENT has been bettered; but those changes were brought about by the various editorial boards and managers. We wish now to call attention to a wise and useful change which ought to be made by the students themselves. We refer to the method by which literary articles are obtained.

Now, the editors are obliged to solicit all articles. This method has several objections. It is hardly possible to know the literary taste and ability of all the students. Many good writers of poems and sketches are over-modest in letting the fact be known. Articles are likely to be requested of students whose natural ability would lead them to deal with different subjects. After copy is solicited and handed in, it is often found to be not adapted to the needs of the STUDENT, and then it must be returned with regrets. As a result of this method, our magazine ofttimes suffers from a lack of interesting, readable articles.

It devolves, therefore, upon the students to change this state of affairs. Write down your best and happiest thoughts and send them in, without further invitation, that we may have an abundance from which to choose. The mail box of the literary editor, in the outer hallway of Roger Williams Hall, will always be ready to receive contributions at any time, day or night.

COLLEGE life ought not to be an isolated life. More than any one else, the college student should be familiar with the great issues of the day, and should know what men are occupying public attention in the different worlds of politics, science, literature, and art. The only way to accomplish this is by careful reading. If, during our course, we make the acquaintance of the best magazines, it will prove to be of infinite value at the time, and we shall be forming a habit which cannot easily be abandoned after we leave college walls.

The young men have access to the reading-room in Parker Hall; but as yet the young women do not avail themselves of that. This lack of periodical literature might be partially remedied by the formation of magazine clubs. The expense to each member would be small; and three or four such

clubs would be broadening in their influence upon individuals, and do much to produce that symmetrical development of the mind which is the aim of a liberal education.

UNFORTUNATELY this year the annual debating contests, participated in by the members of the Sophomore Class, were not open to the public. For this reason we have been requested by one, who has always shown a hearty interest in our public debates, and to whom we owe more than to any other our successes along these lines, that we publish one or two of these debates. Accordingly, in this issue, we offer our readers a debate written by one of the young men, and hope in a succeeding number to print one given by one of the young ladies.

BILLS have been introduced into the legislatures of several states providing against Rugby foot-ball. They make participation in a game of foot-ball a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of from $10 to $100. This attempt to banish foot-ball will doubtless be a failure. However, the fact that the attempt has been made, is of interest to the college world. Foot-ball is a college game and finds the greatest support among college men. It seems hardly probable that these men who are and are to be our law-makers will take a determined stand against foot-ball; yet this may be only the begining of a struggle which will finally result in victory for the anti-foot-ballists.

WE wish to call attention to an article in the *Forum* on Intercollegiate Debating, by R. C. Ringwalt, one of the victors in the Harvard-Yale contest. He speaks of other American debating leagues; but in particular, of the rules of procedure adopted last May by the Harvard-Yale-Princeton league.

Mr. Ringwalt's account of the period of preparation should be read by every Bates student. In brief outline we give the method after the contestants are chosen and the question decided upon. First, hard reading over apportioned ground, and report of that reading to the other debaters. Second, the making of a brief of the whole question. Third, assignment of positions and preparation of particular parts. Fourth, practice debates, in which old debaters, alumni, and any friends, who have any knowledge of the topic, are called in to take the place of the opponents. These practice debates take place daily, before unsparing critics. Mr. Ringwalt gives as a result that the debaters are "masters of themselves and the whole line of proof."

College News and Interests.

THE THIRD SOCIETY.

FOR several years past, as the number of students in the college has increased, the certain need of a third society, to work with Eurosophia and Polymnia in promoting and fostering literary work among the students, has pressed itself upon all. Plans have been repeatedly formulated for such a society, but until a few weeks ago no definite steps have been taken. At the beginning of this term, however, it was recognized as absolutely impossible for the two existing societies to handle another class of the size of 1900. The winter term was also felt to be the only time when society work of the nature required could be carried out.

So at the third meeting of the two societies of the term a joint committee of eight, four from each, was appointed to superintend the formation of a third society. This committee consisted of Stanley, Sprague, Calhoun, Dennison, Misses Knowles, Skillings, Blake, and Sweetser, with Professor Hartshorn as ninth member.

This committee at once took measures to form a nucleus of membership. Everywhere was met the feeling of reluctance to part with the old societies, but almost invariably those who were asked, consented to go.

It was desirable that proportion should be maintained in the formation of this society as to the number taken from the existing societies, from the different classes, and from the young ladies and gentlemen. Now that a nucleus is formed, the lists of membership are open as far as the old societies agree to the taking away of their members.

This society held its first meeting in the Y. M. C. A. room on Friday evening, February 12th, with an attendance of forty-five, and at once took steps of organization. Temporary officers were elected and committees appointed for its permanent formation. Thirty-nine students signed the petition for a charter and constituted themselves charter members; to this list will be added all who sign within a week.

It is probable that the new society will have its room in the north-east end of Parker Hall on the ground floor. The societies have generously given fifty dollars each for its financial start.

THAT BATES SONG COLLECTION.

THE question of a book of college songs which shall distinctively represent Bates is no new one. Spasmodic—yes, earnest—attempts have from time to time been made to collect all songs relating to the college and, in addition, to have such a number written as would warrant the publication of a Bates song-book.

The rapid advancement of Bates during the past few years, the development and expansion taking place in the curriculum, the increasing attendance, and the growing interest taken by those outside the college and outside the state demand that now, as never before, every legitimate means should be used to hold the prestige already gained and to win further recognition.

A collection of college songs, properly written, should serve as a history of the social life of the institution; it should record the triumphs and successes, both literary and athletic, and as time goes on, should perpetuate the ties formed, make dearer the tender memories and pleasant recollections of the four years' course and, reaching across the ever-widening distance, serve as a bond of union between alumni and their *Alma Mater*.

Among the graduates of Bates are some who have already achieved a high measure of success in the musical world; doubtless there are others who will later win a like success. Probably at no one time in the history of the college has there been present so much musical talent as is here to-day.

A full-fledged song-book of 125 pages is out of the question now, but with the prompt co-operation of alumni and students, a book which will represent Bates can be published and placed on sale at the next Commencement. Bates songs would then be in a tangible form and the book would serve as a nucleus around which could be built up a work rivaling any of its kind.

In a talk with Mr. W. F. Garcelon, '90, a short time ago, he informed me that he had kept a record of Bates songs as far as possible, knowing that in the future they would be of use. Ten songs are already available; ten more received before the present term closes would guarantee a book ready for distribution in June.

Appropriate songs might be written on "The Campus," "The Diamond," "Mt. David," "Hathorn Hall," "The Song of the Bell," "Fanueil Hall," etc. I should be glad to hear from all interested in the matter, and if songs are received, they will be submitted to a committee working in conjunction with the College Club, and furthermore, the progress made will be reported in the STUDENT each month.

ARTHUR L. SAMPSON, '97.

Y. W. C. A. DEPUTATION MEETING.

THE second annual deputation meeting of the Young Women's Christian Associations of Maine met with the Bates Association, February 1-3. Forty delegates were present, representing Colby, Portland, Hebron, Coburn, Higgins, Farmington, Kent's Hill, and Pittsfield.

Monday evening a reception was given the visiting delegates in Roger Williams Hall. Tuesday morning most of the visitors attended chapel at the college. At 9.15 the meetings opened with a prayer and praise service, led by Miss Bertha Files of Bates, followed by an address of welcome by Miss Merrill, president of the Bates Y. W. C. A. At 10 o'clock a business session was held, at which Mrs. J. H. Rand was elected permanent presiding officer. The remainder of the forenoon was taken up by reports from the various associations represented, and a paper, "How to Secure Efficient Committee Work," by Miss Brann of Colby. She laid especial stress on the importance of every member of each committee being at work, and that the labor should not be automatic. Frequent cabinet and committee meetings are

necessary; for while the cabinet meeting is the heart of an association, the committee meeting is the pulse. One of the most helpful things during the meetings was a short, informal talk given just at the close of the forenoon session by Miss MacColl, state secretary of New York.

The chief features of the afternoon were an excellent address by Professor Anthony on "The Spiritual Life," and the Bible reading conducted by Mrs. Susan Graham Clark of Portland. She took for her subject, "Can God Use Me?" Her talk was practical throughout and very interesting, as the speaker has in a marked degree the faculty of holding an audience by her bright and original expressions.

In the evening, Professor Jordan spoke briefly on "The Spirit of Helpfulness." He was followed by Miss MacColl, who gave an inspiring address on "The Relation of Possibilities to Responsibilities." We are unable to give a report that would do justice to her address. One thought, however, we may mention as one upon which she laid special emphasis. We are liable to limit our possibilities too much by our environment; God is superior to any environment. She is a most interesting and easy speaker and, more than this, she impresses one as being thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ.

The session on Wednesday forenoon opened with a prayer and praise service, led by Miss Dascomb of Colby. The conference on means and methods followed, which was conducted by Miss MacColl. The meetings closed on Wednesday noon with a consecration service, and at the last all joined hands in a circle around the room and sang "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

"Not you cut gym."

Miss Beal, formerly of '99, has resumed her course with 1900.

Cold storage has been introduced in Roger Williams Hall with marked success.

The theologues are playing polo. For further particulars question Bean and Saunders.

"Gentlemen," said the observant Professor, "forty leaners to one Leader is utterly out of proportion."

One would never suspect that Bates was a co-educational institution from the paths across the campus.

Griffin, '98, has gone to Gardiner to finish a term of school, taking the place of Miss Knapp, '99, who was obliged to resign on account of ill health.

The man who taught the district school (his name is Legion) is with us once more. We met him on the chapel steps the other day. He seemed to be in a melancholy state of mind, and we noticed with concern his furrowed brow and calloused hand. "Well," he said abruptly, "the profession now days ain't what it is cracked up to be. But, you see, it is the experience that makes it pay, and, besides, a fellow feels that he is doing a lasting service to his day and generation."

The preparations for the annual athletic exhibition have begun in earnest. There will be a keen competition between the different classes for the cup offered by the College Club for the best class drill. The Juniors will use broad-swords, the Sophomores dumb-bells, and the Freshmen clubs. The young ladies are also preparing for three drills—fencing, clubs, and Delsarte.

'Tis the holy day of prayer,
Wintry snow-flakes fill the air;
Now behold the people stare
As the maids with courage rare
All the snow-drifts bravely dare,
And to the chapel old repair.
Hear the preacher now declare:
"Naught with stout hearts can compare;
If I might, I'd surely swear,
Be life's weather foul or fair,
Girls from Bates will still get there."

Wednesday afternoon, January 27th, a few interested students met for the formation of a Bates Press Club. The advantages and purposes of such an organization were informally discussed, and then the following officers were elected: President, Milliken, '97; Vice-President, Griffin, '98; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Maxim, '98. In the formation of this club, the chief end in view is a proper representation of Bates in the leading newspapers of this and neighboring states. Students and friends of the college who at any time have items of interest are requested to give them to either the president or the secretary.

The Glee Club has awoke from its chaotic oblivion, and once more pours forth its melody of song. At a meeting held February 11th the club was reorganized and the following officers elected: President, M. E. Stickney, '98; Secretary, H. C. Small, '99; Treasurer, W. S. Parsons, '98; Business Manager, A. L. Sampson, '97; Musical Director, C. E. Bean.

Misfortunes never come singly. February 12th, the Young Ladies' Glee Club of Bates was formed, with officers as follows: President, Miss E. W. Smith; Secretary, Miss Grace Ricker; Treasurer, Miss Grace Summerbell; Business Manager, Miss A. M. Roberts; Director, Miss E. Stickney.

A course of Friday afternoon lectures, given at Roger Williams Hall, upon varied topics, is attracting considerable attention among the college students. January 22d, Professor W. H. Hartshorn, of the English Department, spoke on "The Beginnings of American Literature;" January 29th, Rev. C. W. Gallagher, D.D., President of Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, on "Ethnology and Sacred Chronology;" February 5th, W. B. Small, M.D., Bates, '85, on "Hypnotism."

Amid the gathering shades of evening we paced the narrow pathway alone. Across the campus floated those pathetic strains so softly sweet:

. . . . . "At twelve o'clock at night,
And the kid puts the piano completely out of sight."

We thought of home—home with all its delights, and remembered him who, in a strange land, wrote those other immortal lines so dear to us all. Then our mind turned to the contemplation of the pleasure and power of music.

Oh, the sweet memories and the visions of hope aroused by a song!

"Sunday Evenings with Oriental Religions," is the subject of a course of lectures, given by Dr. Summerbell, at the Main Street F. B. Church. Following are the subjects:

January 17.—Brahmans and Brahmanism.
January 24.—The Real Buddha, the Reformer of Asia.
January 31.—Buddhist Philosophies of the Soul and the Hereafter.
February 7.—Mr. Arnold's Improvements on Buddhism.
February 14.—The Light of Asia as Borrowed from Christ.
February 21.—Buddhism as Revealed in its Effects.
February 28.—Theosophy in the Light of Christianity.
March 7.—Mohammed and the Crescent of Islam.
March 14.—Islam in its Strength and Weakness.

In order to strengthen the missionary interest among the students, and to aid the missionary meetings, the Y. W. C. A. have started a missionary library, which they have placed in an attractive bookcase in the Y. M. C. A. room. Twenty new books were purchased from the book department of the Student Volunteer Movement, and a number of other books were given by friends of the association from their own libraries. A missionary class was formed last term among the young women, which has increased in membership and helpfulness during the present term. The text-book is "Missions and Apostles of Mediæval Europe," by Rev. G. F. Maclear, Warden of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, Eng.

Rev. Fritz W. Baldwin, D.D., who was elected last Commencement to the new professorship of history and economics, has resigned. Dr. Baldwin has been for a number of years pastor of the Congregational Church in Orange, N. J., and his resignation is due to the persistent solicitation of the members of his parish and their unwillingness that he should leave his pastorate. He had already laid out the courses of study in his department and was to have entered upon his duties at the beginning of the spring term. Both by his superior scholarship and inspiring personality, he was eminently qualified for his position, and his resignation is a source of regret to all the friends of the college.

Thursday, January 28th, was observed as the Day of Prayer for Colleges. All recitations were suspended, and the day was given up entirely to religious exercises. Chapel was conducted by Professor Anthony of the Divinity School. Immediately after chapel a students' prayer-meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. room. At the usual afternoon service Rev. E. R. Purdy, of Portland, spoke to the students in an earnest and inspiring manner from the text, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." His sermon was peculiarly adapted to the needs of college students, and presented truth in a most impressive way. Music was furnished by a double male quartette. The storm prevented many from being present who would have otherwise attended the exercises, yet there was a goodly number present. All those who braved the storm were well repaid for their struggle with the elements. In the evening at 7 o'clock a social prayer service was held in the Y. M. C. A. room, led by Professor Angell.

College Exchanges.

THE College Exchanges of this month are of hardly average excellence. Many of them, especially those published weekly or semi-monthly, contain little of general interest; and while we believe in making a paper valuable to students in the college and to the alumni, we think that no paper should be entirely devoted to locals, personals, alumni notes, or editorials of merely local interest. The college magazine is not only the medium through which the public is to come in touch with the active college life, but the means by which it is to judge of the literary ability of the student body, and as such the larger and the more varied the literary department, the greater the interest in the paper and the college.

A neatly and correctly printed magazine is much more acceptable than one in which misspelled words in glaring head-lines greet us as we open the magazine. This was the case in some of our January exchanges. We believe that the editors should see to it that the proof-sheet does not leave their hands until correct at least in punctuation and spelling.

The verse this month is scarce, and as a rule of small merit. In several instances verses appear which are entirely lacking in thought, expression, or rhythm.

The January number of *Education* contains an interesting paper by Gustaf Larrson, Boston, entitled "Some Observations on Manual Training in Europe and America."

In the *Wellesley Magazine* we find a thoughtful article, "Some of Our Life Guards," and rather an artistic sketch, "A Dream."

"In Shadow," a tale of a misunderstood life, well written and interesting, adds to the value of *The Yale Literary Magazine*. In the same number there are several poems of average excellence.

The following poem comes from *The University Monthly:*

OLAF'S BOWMAN.

Here is a rocky cave;
Where else could be fitter grave
For Wolfgof, Olaf's bowman,
Flower and soul of the brave?

Asleep on the rocky floor
He can hark to the ocean's roar,
And dream that the Vikings muster
Where the black tides tramp the shore.

Here, in his Viking bed,
With his bow and shafts at his head,
He will start at the voice of the wind
And forget, for a while, he is dead.

The waves will reel on the shore,
And the sea-weeds cover his door,
And he'll lie with his head on his helmet
And his brave soul dreaming of war.

When the brazen trumpet of doom
Shatters the gladness and gloom
Wolfgof, bowman of Olaf,
Will rise like a prince from his tomb.

—*Theodore Roberts.*

The Georgetown College Journal contains three good poems. From among them we take this song:

SONG.

Drop down, O silent night,
O'er field and river and hill,
And bring me an hour of silence to weep
When my tired eyelids fill.

For silence better is;
And grief in the silence sees

A something akin to its own sad self
In the lonely distances—

Where the stars burn each alone,
And the clouds move stilly past;
But O! 'twixt my lost loved one and me
For the depths of the distance cast!

And I dream of the touch of a hand,
Of the ring of a laugh I dream,
While the vanishing sounds of a silenced voice
Creep over the field and stream.

And I cry, "O silent night
Drop down over river and land."
But O! for the sound of the true, true voice,
And the touch of the living hand.

—*T.*

THE BACK NUMBERS.

The bald-headed man in his family pew
Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered;
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed:
"The hairs of your head are all numbered."
The bald-headed man awoke with a start
From his weekly devotional slumbers;
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed,
"O Lord, send me down the back numbers."

—*Exchange.*

A Chat About New Books.

THIS is one of the wildest days of the winter. The storm shuts me away from other duties, and I draw my new books toward me with intense pleasure.

The first two look very inviting in their gay ultramarine covers, with white scrolls and gilt lettering. They are historical tales of Charles Morris's new series, and are delightful reading. The student who has "no memory for dates," or for dry facts closely crowded, will find them invaluable. All the romance of history is disentangled from the confusing numerical details and impressed upon the mind in a natural, vivid style. The word-pictures are strengthened and completed by remarkably fine illustrations.

In *Greek Tales*,[1] the legendary account of Œdipus and Antigone holds a prominent place. Solon, the law giver, is well presented. The author's rendering of the famous dialogue between Solon and Crœsus is especially well-written.

Socrates, a leader in thought, and Alcibiades, a leader in action, during the Peloponnesian War, are impressive figures as compared by Morris. Demosthenes is finely described. Many battles are recounted, such as Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Platæa. There is also a study of the death-struggle of Greece.

But the chapters of the book which interest me most are the last. These treat of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra and the East; and of Hypatia, the maiden philosopher. Morris describes the latter as "in the bloom of youth, distinguished for beauty, virtue, simplicity in dress and manner, great learning, and unusual mental depth and power."

"The Assassination of Cæsar" forms the frontispiece of *Roman Historical Tales*.[2] Among the dozen other illustrations, I especially liked "The Forum of Rome," "The Sacrifice of Virginia," and Last Combat of the Gladiators."

One can get an idea of the whole history of Rome from this little book. Not only stories such as those of Romulus and Remus, Lucretia, Horatius,

Agrippina, etc., are told, but also the struggles of the Gracchi, of Marius and Sulla, of Cæsar and Pompey. The reign of Nero is given special attention, and those of Caligula, Vespasian, Maximin, and Constantine find a place here.

Important dates are given in connection with the events, but so judiciously that one cannot fail to fix them in the memory.

One does not hear so much about the Swedes but that *Fireside Sketches of Swedish Life*[3] has an attractive sound. Mrs. Woods Baker has a collection of very entertaining home stories under this title.

"Far Far Peter," or "Father's Father Peter," is a pathetic, rugged figure against the background of his little red cottage and the lonely Swedish plain. His son Axel takes his wife Stirna and goes to America, where they have some amusing experiences with an Irish family across the way. But Far Far Peter is very lonely, left behind. One cannot help being glad when he makes up his mind to join them.

Zacharius, school-master, sacristan, and organist, is inspiring. The story of his gentle, unselfish life fills one with new resolves, even if it is not New-Year's day. Unconsciously his wife Lotten reveals the key to his character when she impatiently exclaims, "Where have you been? Doing something for somebody, I suppose, as usual." He thus combats the harsh doctrine of a purgatory for infants: "Those words, 'Suffer little children,' are pretty strong. It isn't likely either you or I could keep little Esse out of heaven when the door is set so wide open for the like of him."

The sketch of little Lieutenant Short is decidedly amusing. He was in love with a very tall young lady, and his sensitive spirit was much wounded by the ludicrous contrast. He dreamed a dream one night, thusly: In a small cupboard he found some powders labeled, "Vital powder, for the promotion of growth. One powder will be all-sufficient to make a small man as large as he can desire."

The lieutenant swallowed a large dose immediately. He grew like a tropical mushroom. He became as ridiculously long as he had been short. No house could contain him. He stepped off wharves and lifted astonished mortals from a watery grave, took children from the fourth-story windows of burning houses, etc. Yet he continued to grow. At last his head received a terrible shock. He bumped his forehead against the moon. "Then came an immeasurable whiz, a general crash—" and Lieutenant Long became Lieutenant Short again. His adorable did not object to his small stature, so they lived happily ever after.

Mrs. Baker's style is not particularly graceful, but her stories touch the heart and arouse the best impulses.

The Seniors who are struggling with old English spelling this term will be pleased to see Mary Seymour's *Chaucer's Stories Simply Told*.[4] The introduction forms a very complete and attractive life of Chaucer, giving special attention to his character.

The illustrations by E. M. Scannell are quaint and well adapted to the text.

I liked that of the espousals of Palamon and Emelyn best of all.

Something of Chaucer's own style seems to have crept into the language. Whenever it is practicable the writer quotes directly from Chaucer. This combination is very happy.

A good example is found in "The Wife of Bath's Tale." On account of an unfortunate promise, a valiant knight of King Arthur's court is forced to wed a lady of lowly station. Reproached, she thus answers him: "Though my ancestors were humble, yet may God give me grace to live virtuously; and that makes me truly like one of gentle birth. You accuse me of poverty, but the high God in whom we both believe chose to come down to earth and live a poor life. Nay, many a wise philosopher of earth has told that contented poverty is an honest thing, while

"He that coveiteth is a poor wight,
For he wold have that is not in his might;
But he that nought hath, ne coveiteth to have,
Is riche, although ye hold him but a knave."

[1] Greek Historical Tales. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25.

[2] Roman Historical Tales. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25.

[3] Fireside Sketches from Swedish Life. New York: T. Nelson & Sons; 50 cents.

[4] Chaucer's Stories Simply Told. New York: T. Nelson & Sons; $1.25.

The Bishop's Conversion.

One of the most fascinating of the new books recently placed in the missionary library of the college Y. W. C. A. is entitled "The Bishop's Conversion," by Ellen Blackmar Maxwell. The story is of a bishop and his wife who went to India for a year to try missionary life for themselves, in order that, on their return to their own country, they might be fitted by actual experience either to uphold or condemn the methods usually employed by workers in foreign lands.

The most telling points are made in favor of mission work without a suspicion crossing the mind of the reader that he is being made to listen to a "preachment" on the subject. The commonly-heard arguments against the luxurious life of missionaries are refuted in these words: "We give up home and friends, a friendly climate, our worldly ambitions,—for even we have legitimate ambitions,—and come to a deadly climate, a narrowing life, and one that stunts all mental and checks all moral growth, and they try to demand that we give up also the necessaries of life." The busy life of the missionary is shown in these words: "Each missionary express train has just a little more ground to cover each day than he ought, and a few more express packages than his train will hold, and he is generally trying to make up time and fearful that he cannot do it;" and the constant heroism displayed by these: "While a man may, in moments of great danger, easily give up life once for all; while he may gladly suffer even martyrdom, which is over when the fire at the stake dies out, yet the same man may be utterly incapable of an hourly giving-up or of living cheerfully or joyfully through constant and never-ending danger."

Read this book if no other in the library.

Mabel C. Andrews, '97.

The College World.

There are 3,024 graduates in American colleges and universities, of whom 650 are women.

The first paper printed in the United States was at Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.

The University of Wisconsin is probably the only college in the United States that has no chapel exercises.

Cornell has dispensed with Greek and Latin as requisites for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Six students have been indefinitely suspended from Lafayette College for hazing one of their number.

The foot-ball expenses during the past year of the five teams of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Cornell, amounted to $125,000.

The trustees of Johns Hopkins University have not permitted the students to issue periodicals of any sort. The only student publication has been an annual called the *Hullabaloo*, issued in the spring by the Juniors. But they are *progressing* and are to have a magazine soon.

In Germany, more students attend college, in proportion to the population, than in any other part of the world. Statistics show that, in Germany, one man in every 213 attends college, in Scotland one in every 520, in the United Sates one in every 2,000, and in England one in every 5,000.

The newly-established Washington University has been presented with $50,000 by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to endow a chair of Celtic Languages and Literature.

The University of Pennsylvania was recently bequeathed a very valuable library of Italian books, numbering 30,000.

Toronto University has been recently affiliated with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. This privilege is enjoyed by no other college in America. According to the terms of affiliation, "Members of the university of two years' standing or over may be admitted to said universities without examination, and enabled to obtain their degree."

The Harvard Faculty has made the following announcement: "The Administrative Board of the College, holding that the handing in by a student of written work not his own is dishonorable, proposes to separate from the college a student guilty of such conduct, and to post his name on the college bulletin-boards."

The Sophomore Class of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute has adopted the honor system in conducting examinations. The system is that those caught cheating are tried by all the members of their own class, assembled in meeting, and the proceedings of such meetings are submitted to the Faculty for approval. Cornell is another college where this honor system is in vogue, and it gives entire saisfaction to all concerned.

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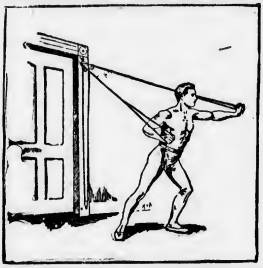
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The BATES STUDENT is published each month during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00. Single copies, 10 cents.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. MARCH, 1897. No. 3.

SONG OF THE MARCH WIND.

Long weary months, 'neath icy bands,
I lay in bondage, sighing,
And Winter ruled throughout all lands,
While I in chains was lying.

But broken now each bond so strong,
I am a free wind flying,
And joyous, happy is my song,
For Winter lies a-dying.

Thro' shivering trees I shriek with glee,
O'er hill-tops I go moaning.
I drown with laughter, loud and free,
Old Winter's feeble groaning.

In gentler mood, I whisper low
Of secrets softly singing,
To trees, and flowers beneath the snow,
A pleasant message bringing.

For in the hills, when on my way
Grim Winter to be slaying,
I heard sweet April bid me say
She would not long be staying.

Old Winter's strength is ebbing fast,
All day he lies a-sleeping.
I'll bear him far from earth at last
When April comes a-weeping.

B., '98.

PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF TIM TURNER.

HER fluffy yellow hair was blown about by the wind, and from her deep blue eyes were falling many tears. She was clad in rich furs, while a delicate perfume pervaded her costly garments. The keen air had brought a rich color to her face, and in her distress she looked very beautiful.

So thought the tiny newsboy who laboriously carried a huge pile of papers. He was much surprised to see the pretty lady crying. In his small experience tears belonged to babies and little girls. His infant brother had a great talent for weeping and his two-years-old sister stormed heartily that very afternoon when she broke her china doll's neck; but ragged Tim had never seen a young lady cry before. With a boldness, prompted by pity, he drew a step nearer, and with a graceful sweep of his hat such as the elegant gentlemen on King Street exchanged for a scarcely perceptible nod from some stiffly fashionable damsel, he said, "My lady, can I do anything for you?"

Quickly turning her head toward the sound of the thin, piping voice, Clara Vandyke beheld a diminutive, ragged newsboy. His tiny, pointed face was pale and thin. Two large, saucy, black eyes redeemed a countenance which otherwise might have been plain. Curly strands of dark hair bordered his faded blue cap. He looked like an extremely bright and interesting small boy. Just now an expression of pity had robbed his merry little mouth of its habitual smile.

"And what would you do for me, my little man?" said Miss Vandyke, with a half-ashamed attempt to wipe away her tears.

"You are in trouble," replied Tim, "I want to help you if I can."

"Well, maybe you can, but what is your name and where do you live?"

"My name is Tim Turner and I live in Mulligan's Alley."

"My name is Clara Vandyke and I live in that big house two blocks away," said the young lady, directing her gaze towards a magnificent residence. "Now come with me, Tim, and I will tell you what you can do to help me. We will wait till I get home, for I fear I shall cry very hard when I tell you what is the matter."

"What shall I call you, Clara or Miss Vandyke?" inquired Tim.

"Oh, call me Clara," said she with rash haste.

"Clara, I think you are very pretty," ventured Tim.

"Do you?" replied that young lady, evidently much pleased, "what makes you think so?"

"Oh, your eyes are so large and blue and they shine so, they aren't like the people's down in Mulligan's Alley, and your cheeks are so rosy and—"

"Come, that will do, Tim, but when did you learn to speak so correctly? Do the folks in Mulligan's Alley all talk like you?"

"No, they say ain't and jest and git, but my ma used to be a school teacher before she married and she makes us talk good grammar."

"And is your father living?"

"No, he died last month. He drank lots, and once a man hit him with a club and he was sick a long time and died. He used to beat us and he swore fearfully. I was glad when he died, but ma said that was wicked because there was no hope for him and he certainly would go to hell."

"Here we are," said Miss Vandyke, as they drew near to the great house which looked more imposing than ever now close by. Tim ascended the steps with awe and stared with interest at the butler who opened the door for them.

"Is that your brother?" asked Tim.

"No, indeed!" said Miss Vandyke, wondering if her young friend intended a joke.

"I thought he didn't look like you, seeing as he is black," continued Tim.

The ragged newsboy felt quite lost in the great hall. He was softly feeling the velvety carpet with the tip of his toe, when a door close at hand was briskly opened and an old lady with sharp eyes shining crossly through her spectacles, stepped out. "Ragamuffin, who let you in?" she thundered in a harsh voice. "I must give the butler a piece of my mind."

"Stop a bit, Aunt Jerusha," interrupted Miss Vandyke, "this is Tim Turner, and he is going to help me find Minto."

"Clara Vandyke, you'd better—" but the door of the handsome reception room had closed behind Tim and Clara.

Tim felt very insignificant as he huddled up against the wall, but Miss Vandyke bade him sit in the great easy chair. Then taking a seat in front of him she said, "Now I will tell you why I feel so badly. I have lost my little Minto. Oh Minto, Minto!"

The newsboy, quite ill at ease in his great chair, looked very much puzzled. As soon as the violence of Miss Van-

dyke's grief had abated he asked, "Won't you please tell me what a minto is? I never saw one. Is it a kind of monkey?"

"Oh, Minto is his name," said she, almost smiling through her tears. "Wait a minute and I will show you his picture."

"Why, it is a dog!" said Tim in surprise as he gazed at the picture of a small pug. "Now I see, and his name is Minto."

"Don't you think he is beautiful?" inquired Miss Vandyke.

"Y-e-s," answered Tim rather doubtfully, for he did not regard pugs in a favorable light.

"Now, Tim, I want you to look everywhere and see if you can find him. When he got lost he had a silver collar which said Minto Vandyke on it. I haven't seen him for a week."

"I will do all I can to find him for you, Clara," answered Tim, rising and looking at his papers with anxiety, for it was now growing late.

So the two newly-made friends said good-bye. Tim hurried along with his papers, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for all pugs; but the three he inspected had other names on their collars. They were not Minto. That night he recounted his adventures to an admiring audience of two—Mrs. Turner and Birdie Turner. The baby was asleep.

The next morning Tim rose bright and early that he might devote all possible time to the search for Minto. After eating a hearty breakfast he donned his faded blue cap and rushed out of doors. The first object that met his gaze was a small, disreputable pug—but as Tim approached, the pug retreated rapidly and soon disappeared around the neighboring corner. Tim followed at full speed, but just as he reached the corner he slipped, and in falling collided with an old woman of somewhat more than ordinary proportions. The two went down together, with excited ejaculations from the latter. "Sure indade, me b'y, will ye be fer pickin' me up? Ye young scoundrel, ain't ye any better business than knockin' a pore ould woman down?"

"Take one of your own size next time, sonny," shouted an interested bystander. In the meantime the possessions of the unfortunate woman had been scattered in all directions. Two red lobsters, well saturated with kerosene, had jumped into the gutter, while a couple of onions danced a jig on the pavement. Tim tried to ask pardon for his unfortunate collision, but his victim gave him no time.

"Bub, I'll hev ye arristed. The loikes of ye ain't fit to roam these straits. I'm aminded to give ye a whack thet'll set ye skippin' both wid yer toes an' yer tongue. Take thet, will ye!" But before the heavy blow had descended on Tim's quaking back, he had made rapid progress and was far away from the angry old woman. As the pug had disappeared he looked all around for something encouraging; but seeing nothing of the kind, he decided to go to the better part of the city; for he reasoned that a pug accustomed to a fine house would certainly not leave it for some old tenement.

Before Tim reached the fashionable

streets and the fine residences he had inspected fifteen pugs, but all in vain. Now as he was gazing inquiringly at Colonel Barker's magnificent abode he saw a pug airing himself on the veranda. His drooping spirits rose with throbbing expectation, while his weary feet fairly ran up the steps. He was about to read the inscription on the dog's collar when the door of the house was opened and a short and elegantly attired young gentleman stepped out.

"Let that dog alone, will you, little beggar."

"Does he belong to you?" asked Tim quietly.

"Exactly, but what do you want with the dog?"

Tim hesitated a moment, but seeing no reason why he should not confide in the young swell he said, "Clara Vandyke has lost her little Minto and I am trying to find him for her."

"What did you say—Clara Vandyke lost Minto! By the holy Muses! Say, sonny, let me help you—no, that won't do. Wait a minute, I'd give a small fortune to restore that dog to Miss Vandyke. Here, bubby, I have it. You find the dog and bring it to me and I'll pay you well."

Tim thought a minute, in the meantime carefully inspecting the young dude. He was not wholly pleased with his looks and at length asked, "What would you tell Miss Vandyke if I found Minto and let you have him?"

"I'd say I hunted for him with all my might." Young Barker could have bitten his lips after he said this, for somehow the words came out before he thought; but Tim was highly displeased, and with a hasty "Good day, sir, I can't accommodate you," he hurried down the steps. He distinctly heard a voice call to him, "Say, sonny, come back a minute." This, however, only inspired him to hasten the faster.

By this time Tim was extremely tired and was becoming quite discouraged. He began to lose all hope of finding Minto and sat down on a curbstone to rest. While he was sitting there, disconsolate and pale, a young man passed that way. He was tall and handsome, with large blue eyes and heavy dark hair. Seeing a tired, ragged little boy sitting on the curbing, the young man asked if anything were the trouble. "I am looking for Miss Vandyke's dog," replied Tim.

"Oh, has Miss Vandyke lost her dog?" inquired the stranger. I must help you find it. I would do anything for Miss Vandyke."

"Don't you think she is beautiful?" asked Tim.

"Yes," said the stranger, "very beautiful, and she is as good as she is beautiful."

"What is your name?" inquired Tim.

"Andrew Harmon," replied the young man," and what is yours, little boy?"

"Tim Turner."

So Mr. Harmon and Tim together began to search for Minto. They looked in barns and in alleys, at windows and on fine piazzas, but no trace of the lost dog appeared. Tim wished to look at every pug, but Mr. Harmon dissuaded him, as he knew Minto quite well, having been often at the home of

Miss Vandyke. It was a strange sight, the tall, elegantly attired Mr. Harmon, and the small Tim.

While they were carefully searching all nooks and crannies for the lost Minto, Clara Vandyke's home was the scene of activities extremely interesting to an outsider. Of course Miss Vandyke had advertised for her lost darling, and the item was now bringing in rich returns.

"Miss Vandyke, a man with a pug," announced the butler, and Clara's hopes began to rise; but alas—a ragged, dirty specimen of humanity, known to the world at large as a tramp, now made his appearance. The dog he carried in his arms was, if possible, more disreputable than himself. Yet the tramp was well schooled in his manners. "Miss Vandyke, for I flatter myself that I have the pleasure of addressing that individual, it behooves me to suggest to you that I am about to restore to you your-er-r-r beautiful sky-terrier."

"Sir, excuse me for interrupting you, but that is not my dog."

"Not your dog! You certainly are mistaken, for—," but in his astonishment he got no further, as he beheld four individuals, each carrying a pug, coming up the steps. He deemed it wise to depart before they entered, which was equally agreeable to his hostess.

Miss Vandyke could not refrain from smiling at the strange assembly now before her. A tall, ministerial gentleman, with a silk hat in one hand and a string in the other, which, by its active jerking, betrayed the dog at the end of it, was followed by a wiry little man with an enormously fat poodle in his arms. Next came a child in a print pinafore, hugging her doggie close under her neck. Last, but by no means least, was an Italian street vender holding his specimen under his arm. But unfortunately Minto was not in the quartette of barking pugs.

Just then, glancing out of the window, Miss Vandyke saw Minto struggling in the embrace of Tim and Mr. Harmon.

The writer, unfortunately, does not know where they found him. Clara sent Tim to college, but she did not marry Mr. Harmon, for there were others.

M. E. C., '99.

AUNT DOLLY.

ON the southern slope of the mountain, at whose base nestles the little village of Mayton, there stands, half-hidden among the pines, a little old-fashioned farm-house. It is low and gray and much worn by wind and storm; yet firmly it stands, a lonely sentinel over the quiet village lying peacefully below it. This old house is known throughout the village and for miles around as the home of Dorothy Rivers and her brother Peter. Every one in the neighborhood knows Aunt Dolly, as she is invariably called by young and old, and every one can tell you the story of her sad life.

Sixty years ago Dolly first saw the light in the little old house which has been her home ever since that time. When she was only eighteen, a cruel blow fell upon her life and robbed her of father, mother, and sister in one brief month. Then the brave girl

began her struggle to obtain a living for herself and her simple-minded brother, whom the dying mother had given into her hands as a sacred charge. In vain, the villagers urged her to give Peter into the care of the town authorities, while she should find work in the village. They argued that the half-witted lad would be only a hindrance to her in her attempt to gain a livelihood. But she absolutely refused to be separated from the boy who had been entrusted to her care. The old homestead, though heavily mortgaged, still remained in her possession; and resolutely she set to work upon the few rocky acres which she could call her own. For forty years she has carried on the farm-work herself; and, with what little help Peter could give, has managed to obtain the necessities of life, and to partially pay off the mortgage on the old place.

Few comforts have come into her life, which has been one of care and sacrifice and hardship. Yet on her face are written peace and joy, for in her heart she has the knowledge that she has kept unbroken the faith placed in her forty years ago. Simple Uncle Peter is happy in his sister's loving care. In his child-like confidence he is willing to trust everything to Dolly, and obeys her cheerfully, although to others he is often sullen and cross.

In the midst of all her own cares and anxieties, Aunt Dolly is ever ready to lend a hand to others. In every house in the village her little plump figure and beaming face is a welcome sight, while, in time of sickness, she is not to be dispensed with. Many a mother, watching over a little sufferer's bed, or mourning for her lost one, has been cheered by words of comfort spoken by Aunt Dolly's gentle voice. Many a restless, feverish child has been hushed into peaceful slumber by the same sweet voice crooning some old song, or by a soft, cool hand stroking his burning forehead. Truly, in the time of pain and misery, Aunt Dolly becomes a ministering angel.

Every child in the village considers the little old lady as his particular friend; and the old gray house often rings with the merry voices of the children in their play. Such times are to Uncle Peter the happiest imaginable, for he himself becomes a child again. The brightest hours of his simple life are those in which he is romping with some of his little favorites, who may ride on his broad back, or play horse with his long coat-tails as often as they please. So the old place has become a loved spot to every child, and scarcely a day passes in which some of the little folks do not climb the steep road for a frolic with Uncle Peter or for a piece of Aunt Dolly's gingerbread.

The villagers will tell you that Aunt Dolly need not have been an "old maid," for the Judge tried several times to gain her consent to wed him, but was always unsuccessful. Other suitors have not been wanting; yet firmly has she refused them all, and has devoted herself to the brother dependent upon her. She has sacrificed her own pleasure for his sake; and the knowledge of a duty well done is the reward that she has sought and won.

ZARA, '98.

LIFE'S CRISES.

ON the morning of September 22, 1862, Abraham Lincoln is sitting alone in the Cabinet Room of the White House at Washington. The hum of the busy outer world intrudes dimly within the room, but he heeds it not. His rugged face is seamed with lines of care; his lips are set; his eyes gleam with a dawning of a great resolve. Before him on the table lies a paper,—the first copy of the Emancipation Proclamation. Within that quiet room a great crisis is reaching its final settlement, and the decision of that crisis is to mark a turning point in the nation's history. Shall he sign the proclamation? Shall union and the freedom of the slave be made one cause to stand or fall together? All summer he has grappled with the problem. No human counsel can direct his action; the responsibility rests upon him alone. Once more the details of the great alternative pass before his mind. The news has come that the rebels are driven out of Maryland. At last his decision is reached; the fetters fall from the limbs of four million slaves; and the greatest crisis in the life of the Republic has been safely passed.

Cæsar gazing with indecision in his eyes across the Rubicon down into Italy; Napoleon halting on the west bank of the Nieder before beginning that fatal Moscow expedition which cost the lives of 500,000 men, and so far as man can judge, changed the future of a continent; these also are instances of crises in individual lives which have been turning-points in history. These are examples of the tremendous issues which may depend on the action of one human will.

Such crises, indeed, are rare. Few men in a century are called to stand facing an alternative with the future of a nation in their hands. But similar decisions must be made in every life—decisions which, though not recorded in the book of history, are yet graven in the eternal adamant of character. With great force, then, to every thinker comes the question, "How are these choices made? By what process do such supreme decisions rise out of the current of a human life?"

There are those who hold that heredity and environment are the sole factors in such decisions; that man is a mere machine registering the action of these two forces. Heredity and environment are indeed potent factors, yet we cannot admit their power as absolute. For how can this world be growing better with the passing years unless some men at least rise above their ancestry and their surroundings to make choices for themselves and for their fellows? And is there not in every man a sovereign power which enables him, standing in a crisis, to say with the full consciousness that he is shaping his own future, "I choose this or that alternative?"

Yes, every life has its crises, and the responsibility of decision rests with the man himself. The youth fresh with the vigor of life's morning, meets crises early in his journey. Much that seems fair and good and beautiful is beckoning him on every hand, and he must choose. The young man must choose between an immediate entrance

upon a business career and the impulse leading him to acquire a college education which shall better equip him for life's conflict. The student leaving college halls must balance in his mind the attractions of the various professions, and choose between them. Rival opportunities, opposing interests, conflicting tendencies, and above all, crises involving right and wrong, rise up constantly before the man and bid him choose. Nor will they tarry long for his decision. The sum of such decisions is a character. The record of these choices is the story of a human life.

But are such crises decided by the effort of the moment, or does the man's whole life exercise a consistent, certain influence upon the choice? Clearly, such decisions can not be independent of one another, for habit here asserts its well-nigh resistless power. The man's first choice must modify in some degree all those which follow. As he has chosen once it will be easier for him to choose again. As he has chosen many times he will be very sure to choose again. Every choice, however seeming trivial, has its influence upon the decision of all future crises. No man confronts a crisis unaided, unhindered by the life which is behind him. All his previous choices rise out of the past and range themselves in opposing lines of battle over every new decision. Woe to the man for whom those spectral warriors are enemies and not allies!

That habit of choice, then, which we call judgment, is a powerful factor in the decision of all crises. But how are these first choices made from which the habit grows? Those who study the operation of the mind tell us that the essential act of the will in making a decision consists in fixing the attention firmly on one alternative rather than the other, and that whatever is allowed to occupy the attention of the mind continuously must result in action. The thoughts and interests which possess the mind to-day are to be the forces which shall decide the crises of to-morrow. No man ever fell from integrity to baseness, no Benedict Arnold ever slunk out into the night with the brand of traitor on his brow, because of the impulse of a single moment. Little by little such a man began to allow his thoughts to rest on things beneath him. At last he could no longer keep his attention fixed upon the right, and he fell.

How did Lincoln decide the great crisis of his life? From early boyhood, in spite of every difficulty, he had fixed his thoughts persistently on what his reason told him must be best, and when the supreme trial came he was equal to the test.

Constant, persistent attention to the highest things is, then, the surest guarantee for the safe decision of life's crises. And in such training lies the essential worth of all true education. Much of the knowledge and lore of books which is acquired with such painstaking care may slip away and be forgotten, but every effort of the will in resolutely holding the attention to what is worthy, though it seem difficult, will remain as an unfailing source of strength in all life's future choices.

The wise traveller along life's road will make his journey step by step. Not striving to pierce with anxious eye the mist which shuts across the way before him, but fixing his attention ever on the best within his reach, seeing the beauty which surrounds the path, learning the lessons of earth, and air, and sky; he trusts that whenever some parting of the ways be reached, whatever may depend on the decision, his will, strong with the accumulated might of daily victories, shall still discern the right and choose the better way.

C. E. MILLIKEN, '97.

HARPER'S FERRY.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:

. . . . . .

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

THERE is nothing that can better describe the antique and historic spot,—Harper's Ferry. Indeed, many have said that they would rather spend a few weeks at Harper's Ferry than take a trip abroad. Well have they spoken, too. There is scarcely a place to be found, of its size, in the country where nature has been so lavish with all her varied gifts; mountains, hills, valleys, rivers, an island which is famed for scores of miles around as a great excursion resort, and even a body of water which bears the important name of Lake Quigly; these belong to Harper's Ferry, and all can be seen within an hour's walking, so close are they together. Other features of the place, of which every town cannot boast, are the magnificent views from some of the heights. I will mention one.

Standing on Loudoun Heights (1400 feet high) you can see three states, Virginia, West Virginia, and Maryland. The grandeur of this view you can never forget. Looking toward the Virginian side you can see Capitol Mountain, forty miles away. This mountain takes its name from its close resemblance to the national capitol. In West Virginia the steeples of Charlestown, nine miles away, are distinctly seen. But the prettiest view of all is that through the gap along the Potomac into Maryland.

The Ferry, as the natives call it, is of interest to Americans both from an historical and a scientific point. Here was dealt, October 16, 1859, the first blow against slavery, and at Charlestown its first martyr was tried and hung. Bolivar Heights and Camp Hill was the place of a battle, September 15, 1862. Every year bullets, canteens, rusty muskets, and human bones are unearthed. Then Sharpsburg, Winchester, and Charlestown—all places of historic interest—are within a few hours of delightful driving on a southern "turnpike." The natural Gibraltar-like fortifications of Harper's Ferry made it of great importance during the civil war, since it served as a gate-way to Washington and the North.

Its scientific interest lies in the field of geology. Would we could summon back the genii who had their home here

ages and ages back, and draw from them the awful mystery; how the clear waters of the Potomac and the greenish waters of the Shenandoah happened to unite here, and how they came in their present channels, and how the gap was made, and how came there such elixir springs and treacherous ravines. Would they say: "Ages and ages ago, before man drifted ashore, a mighty glacier came floating by, and all these, the gap, the rivers, and the ravines, were sculptured out and formed by it?" Or would they say: "After the birth of the Blue Ridge, two angry streams, one from the northward and one from the southward, came rushing by, and through their scouring and tearing they caused these majestic remains?" While either of these answers may give us a poetic formation, neither satisfies the scientific longing. The true theory seems to be that at some remote epoch the mountains were continuous, but were rent asunder by some great upheaval. This is supported by the corresponding formations found on opposing faces of the mountains. Possibly, after this upheaval, there was a great lake extending over an area of many miles. After this disappeared, and at not a very remote period, the rivers eroded their bed through the valleys. However, future geological research will reveal to us its true formation.

Harper's Ferry now has two divisions—the Ferry, situated exactly where the Potomac and Shenandoah unite and flow through the gap, and Camp Hill, 475 feet above sea level. Formerly Bolivar, which is somewhat level and higher than Camp Hill, belonged to the Ferry corporation, but it is now a separate village. The Ferry can hardly be called a typical southern town, because of its lack of *ancient aristocracy*. This may seem a trivial cause, but a southern town without its "first families" is considered of small consequence. It is as St. Peter's would be without its dome—its crowning beauty gone.

The Ferry, lying between the present and the past, the North with its busy wheels, and the far South with its plantations, gives one the impression of something begun, not yet finished. However, it is this very neglected appearance which gives it the charm of antiquity, and an individuality all its own. It is truly the seat of sprite-stories, legends, and romances. Here lies much loose material that could be put to good use by the novelist and dramatist.

The industries of the Ferry are very limited. Its reputation is dependent on its scenery and its position as a health resort. Nevertheless the bugle-call of the canal-boat, as it is pulled by its faithful mules up the Potomac, will some day awaken the citizens, and that cloud of lethargy which doth seemingly enshroud them will be lifted, and they will see that their own beloved Ferry is destined to be the great railroad and commercial metropolis of the South in the East.

Whoever once goes to the Ferry is drawn thither again by a power greater than that of magnetism. Yet it is not in anywise due to the work of mortal artist, sculptor, or poet, but to the sublime architecture, sculpture, and painting of the Hand unseen.

STELLA JAMES, '97.

Alumni Department.

Symposium: Societies and Society Work.

Editors of Student:

WHEN one of the old boys is reminded of his college, he is liable to fall into a reminiscent mood. Mr. Stanford's graphic picture of the birth and infancy of the Student, and O. B. Clason's description of the famous spelling match between the college boys and high school girls, have stirred many pleasant memories of that far-away time.

The one who, in a critical time of that exciting struggle between the college and high school, made a bold bluff and by accident correctly spelled "h-o-i-t-y-t-o-i-t-y," will not soon forget the look of chagrin that went over the faces of the fair high school maidens and the smile of triumph that irradiated the countenances of their opponents.

The result of the battle filled the maidens with wrath. Charges of dishonesty against their rivals were freely made. The following conundrum appeared in the Bates Student: "Why are the high school girls like eggs?" Answer — "Because they foam when beaten."

And what has this to do with the relation of the literary societies to the college? Nothing, except by way of introduction.

When I reached the Bates campus, over a quarter of a century ago—a timid and verdant youth—I was welcomed with open arms. Even Seniors beamed upon me, extended generous hospitality, refreshed me with sweet music and delectable viands. I was an honored guest at the society meetings. Brilliant flights of oratory and profound arguments were calculated to make a deep impression upon my susceptible mind, which, of course, they did. Such a delightful introduction into college life was at variance with my preconceived notions of hazing. I had never fully realized my importance before. But a change came. I yielded to the seductive fascination and *joined*, and at once sunk into insignificance. It dawned upon me that I had been "cultivated," and was only a Freshman like unto others.

Doubtless those endearing methods of welcoming a new student into Bates have long since passed away. But the dream was pleasant while it lasted.

One cannot recall those Friday evenings spent in the Society room without genuine pleasure, not unmixed with regret that the opportunities were not more fully appreciated. We oft did recline on the old settees in comfortable attitudes and indulge in frequent comments upon the performances of our fellow-members. If they did soar, their wings were clipped. The long and prosy essay, too generous in its extracts from the cyclopedia, was interrupted by rhythmic cadences from nasal organs. The motions introduced and debated were not always in accordance with parliamentary usage.

But it was in these meetings that the bonds of fellowship were strengthened, the timid lost their embarrassment, shams were ridiculed, mind sharpened by contact with mind, power developed, and true ability received just recognition. The towering eloquence of Baker, the sonorous periods of Spear, the genial humor of Palmer, the subtle philosophy of Acterian, found appreciative and applauding listeners.

Perchance we were too eager to solve the great unsolved problems of finance, government, philosophy, and religion in our weekly debates. Our orations may have been somewhat grandiloquent in language and profound in thought. But the one who, in youth, is bold enough to attack the problems that have puzzled the philosophers for centuries, will have gained the power to settle the questions that arise in the humble sphere of his future life-work. He has "hitched his wagon to a star," and the wheels thereof will not drag.

To see plainly and to tell what you have seen, so that others look through your eyes; to think clearly and make your language the transparent medium of your thought; to feel deeply and so interpret your feelings that others may see their own emotions mirrored in your soul—these are among the richest gifts that society training can bestow.

Many Bates graduates are ready to affirm that among the most valued treasures received from the college course, none excel the influence and work of the society life, and if they were to live their college life over again, society work would receive greater attention.

I presume that the presence of the ladies in the societies of the present has banished all the crudities of the olden time, and made the meetings not only decorous but wonderfully attractive and stimulating. It is gratifying to learn that the high literary standard of the past has not been lowered, that enthusiasm does not wane, and that a younger sister joins the group. For her, as for the others, we express the hope that she, "like the river, may onward go and broader flow."

H. S. COWELL, '75.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., March 3, 1897.

To the Alumni Editor of the Student:

DEAR SIR,—Your request for a contribution to a symposium on "The Work of the Literary Societies at Bates and its Significance to the College" awakens a train of recollections which takes us back nearly a decade of years to our *début* as a Freshman in our respected *Alma Mater*. Then,—and now the question is to become the more complex by the advent of a third society,—the great problem of the hour to the new-comer was his prospective alliance with one of the literary societies. Then,—and we presume the Freshman of A.D. 1897 will be found to be just as susceptible to the influence of that "glib and oily art" as were the Freshmen of '88,—he was made to feel to even a greater degree than he had ever before dreamed, by the solicitous favors showered upon him by the upper-classmen, how necessary he was to the future progress of society in general, and of their own

society in particular—a fact which was not so apparent, perhaps, when he was once enrolled as a member.

We shall be pardoned, we feel sure, if at any time we may seem to digress from our subject. The Muse of Reminiscence often leads one into many by-paths, and her ways seldom lie along the paths of logic; and further, we believe it is quite generally understood that many of the things done and said at symposiums are held to be pardonable offences, and on such occasions one is expected to do and say things for which no one would afterward think of holding him strictly accountable. While reflecting upon the relation of our literary societies to the student, the greater problem of the true purpose of his whole college training forced itself upon us, and if, as is generally admitted, the object of his college training is a well-rounded development of all his faculties, then the work of the literary societies have a place equally important with, and which cannot be replaced by that of, any other department.

The student period is a crucial one. The individual can then be bent and moulded, but he is influenced by his environments in a constantly-lessening degree with each passing year. If he could then be made to realize his true relation to the conditions about him; if he could only see things then as he will see them a decade later, many seemingly trivial matters would assume an importance that would force from him the attention which they really deserve. Too few of the students in our schools and colleges to-day have any adequate conception of the significance of their school life. Too many measure their success by their rank bills, and look upon the valedictorian as the one who has drunk most deeply at the fountain of wisdom. It cannot be denied that high rank under conscientious and painstaking teachers means something. It unquestionably betokens a commendable element in the student, but it by no means follows, as of course, that such a student is getting the most out of his college training.

Growth, expansion, development, is the object of his student life. One may get it by means for which he will receive high rank in the class room, and another by means that are not taken into consideration at all or in a very slight degree in making up his standing in his classes. Not that we would condone in any degree neglect of one's class-room studies. Far from it. In one sense they are the foundation stones of the whole structure, and besides, there is no more desirable power to be acquired by the student than that of control over his mind, by which he can concentrate his energies and attention on work not wholly congenial to his tastes. Life is made up in a great measure of work, which requires just such control over one's mental powers in order to do it well. The development of the individual with a capacity for hard work is the goal toward which his whole energies should be directed.

At last our Muse has led us back, in a rambling way, perhaps, to the point whence we started. As to the importance of the work of the literary

societies to the college, it would seem to us, in view of what has already been said on the general purpose of our college course, that, as furnishing opportunities for rounding out one's mental training and acquiring a fund of useful knowledge and a certain power of thought and expression, it is entitled to equal consideration with any department of the college course. The great lack in this work is on the part of the student in earnestness and thoroughness. The average student neglects preparation, and enters upon the performance of any part assigned to him with the idea that it is incumbent upon him to entertain first, rather than with the idea of self-improvement; or he fails to get in earnest about the work and looks upon it as some disagreeable duty to be performed with the least exertion possible. It is so easy to neglect such work. Human nature, like water, has to be forced up hill. Not a few seem to think that any work not required to obtain the coveted degree of Bachelor of Arts is unworthy of their attention, and are living under the delusion that a diploma,—which in most cases, unless the recipient is a Latin professor, he will in five years require a lexicon to read,—together with certain cabalistic characters attached to their names, make up a magic wand, with one touch of which Dame Fortune will pour out her full lap of treasures at their feet. A rude awakening awaits such a one.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that it is development, well-rounded and systematic, that you are seeking, and not an encyclopedic knowledge of facts and theories. The development of the individual is the primary object, and the learning of what others have known and worked out, but secondary. "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages." In all his work each one must remember that it is his own nature which he is to cultivate. It can be shaped and modified, but his individuality cannot be eliminated therefrom without the effect of removing the temper from the steel.

"The sweetest fruits the gods bestow
Do best in thine own garden grow;
Till well the soil, for if not there,
Thou wilt not find them anywhere."

—'92.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

EXHORTING students to do active work in the literary societies is like delivering a lecture on temperance—your hearers all believe in it, and some of them practice it. Others unselfishly allow their neighbors to reap all the benefits. I wish I could say something to make each student at Bates as unwilling to do this work by proxy as he would be to do his eating by the same method. You will all awaken to it some day. Why not before the opportunity is past? Did you ever hear a graduate regret a moment of time given to this work? You have heard many bemoan excess in athletics, and a few condemn their too close application to study at the expense either of health or of a broader college experience. The graduate soon realizes that society

work is the most practical, as he has always found it the most interesting, department of college work. It combines the best elements of the field, the library, and the study. Affording, like a game, the face to face combat which tries our readiness and self-possession, it makes a no less practical test of the breadth and the mental grasp which our reading and study have developed. It is the one line of which each student can well afford to make a specialty, and in which excess will mean better and more gratifying results.

Bates offers unexcelled opportunities for literary and oratorical practice; and by opportunities I mean both the opportunity and the incentive to accept it. Literary work is the watch-word of the vital and ruling organizations of the student body. Their work is popular and contagious. A man who does not catch the fever lacks catching qualities. This singleness of purpose has resulted in a larger proportion of our students acquiring the ability to express their thoughts in public than is common in other colleges. What more valuable training could Bates give? Eurosophia and Polymnia have been pre-eminently useful, so useful as to be now recognized as the characteristic feature and unrivalled pride of our *Alma Mater*. May the new organization prove a true helpmate and a worthy rival! Are you availing yourself of these opportunities? If not, you need only to consider whether *you* are worth while. Everybody knows the work is.

L. J. Brackett, '94.

Boston, March 3, 1897.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

SOCIETY work at Bates marks the strength of the undergraduate, and in no small degree foretells the character of the graduate in his life pursuits. Of course you wish from me the woman's side of this subject. Everywhere about us are obvious proofs that ours is an age of progressive learning. This is marked in the zeal American women show in their study in clubs and societies, and their increased interest in the world's best literature of the past, and the vital topics of the present. The college bred woman of a generation ago was comparatively rare, and when found, was most often a recluse or a crank. At present she is more abundant, and not infrequently a leader in the best society. This is inevitable and also desirable. Women long out of school, and those denied the kindlier fortune of college study, are eagerly trying to keep pace with the college graduate. Not a few of them, I am proud to say, are succeeding, and put the college woman on her mettle if she is to retain an intellectual equilibrium on her higher plane. It is right that other women should look to the college maiden to learn how to make their own lives richer; and there is an emphatic need for the college woman *to know how*—how to learn, how to teach, how to lead, how to follow—in short, to possess in strong degree what cultured Emerson calls "the art of finesse," *i. e.*, "how to adapt means to ends." There is no better place to acquire this power than in society work at Bates. We used to think, sometimes, we had very

little to work with. If such a thought ever comes to you, remember that Ole Bull showed his mastery of the violin by playing difficult music in perfect harmony upon one string.

In staunchest loyalty to Bates, and with a Godspeed to the new society, I am

Very cordially yours,

MARY JOSEPHINE HODGDON, '93.

NASHUA, N. H., February 26, 1897.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

FOR many years Bates has prided herself not only upon the success of her athletic teams, but upon the enviable reputation which her representatives, by gentlemanly and sportsmanlike conduct, have everywhere established as men of character.

Believing that such a reputation, which can be won only by faithful training and correct personal habits, not only promotes success, but that in itself it is more to be courted than success, we, the alumni of Boston and vicinity, wish to express our sympathy for such measures as will tend to foster the feeling of personal responsibility among those who thus represent their college. Believing, further, that the rules of conduct, the observance of which is so essential to success on athletic fields, as well as to the maintenance of a high standard of character in our representatives, should, for the help and guidance of members of the athletic teams, be embodied in the form of rules, we earnestly recommend the adoption by the Faculty and students of the college of the following rules of training for the athletic teams:

1. Candidates for all athletic teams shall retire at or before 10.30 P.M. every evening except Saturdays during the training season.

2. Candidates for athletic teams shall not use either tobacco or intoxicating liquors in any form during the training season.

3. All candidates shall be governed as to diet by the rules laid down by the director of physical training.

4. The seasons of training for the various teams shall be as follows:

For the foot-ball team, from the opening of the fall term to the end of the last game;

For the base-ball team, from the first out-of-door practice to the last intercollegiate game;

For the representatives in tennis, from the sixth week previous to the intercollegiate tournament until the end of that tournament;

For track athletics, from the first day of April to the end of the intercollegiate games.

5. Penalties for violation of these rules shall be in the discretion of the athletic committee of the college, but in no case shall any penalty be more severe than disbarment from all athletic teams during the season in which the breach of training occurs.

Realizing that the value of these rules must depend entirely upon the college sentiment on the matters covered by them, we solicit for them, in case they are adopted, the hearty sympathy of Faculty and students, as well as the candidates for all the athletic teams.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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THE attention of the college world is at present forcibly attracted to the Honor System, which, when fully carried out, means absolute self-government for the students, and is without doubt the ideal of college government. This system has been adopted in many of our larger colleges, and, as far as we can learn, is a proven success. True it is that it has its dangers as well as advantages, but the latter would seem to outweigh the former.

We are convinced that to some degree, at least, cheating will be carried on under any system. To certain students the idea that they have been sly enough to escape the closest observation of the professor seems to be sufficient excuse for an action of this kind. But would not the amount of cheating be diminished did every student feel that complete trust was placed in him? Moreover, could any student hope to retain his good standing among his associates when they knew that his word was worthless? There certainly is a failure in coping with this difficulty among college men at the present time, simply because the students themselves are not alive to the meanness of taking an unfair advantage in an examination. President Lyon G. Tyler, of William and Mary College, where this system has been practiced for many years, in a communication on this subject to Columbia University, says: "The whole system of espionage is hateful from every view; it is degrading to the professor, for it makes him act the sneak, and it is insulting to the student, who is supposed to be a cheat." And further, "The very suspicion will itself breed the evil which we denounce, and the only proper thing to do is to cultivate a high moral stand and raise humanity up to it."

THOSE wishing to follow the progress of experimenters in the "attenuated somewhat" will be interested in an article by H. J. W. Dam, in the March number of *McClure's*. Bose, a Hindo, and Maconi, an Italian, have, by separate experiments, determined that we can telegraph from one electric station to another without the use of wires. In this manner communications between New York and London can be made with small expense compared to the present system of the cable.

IN this issue we insert the resolutions adopted by the alumni at their recent banquet, and we wish to call attention to the sentiments expressed. These resolutions were drawn up by men of experience in athletics and adopted by them as embodying the best methods of advancing our athletic standing among our sister colleges. We hold a reputation of which, considering our age as a college and the number of our students, we are and should be proud. It is, therefore, our duty, in justice to ourselves and to our friends of the alumni, to grasp every means for maintaining that standing and advancing it if possible.

THAT there has been a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the male singers at Bates has been a source of regret to the Faculty and some aggressive members of the student body. Although, from time to time, efforts have been made to awaken an interest in this very important part of our education, and we have had glee clubs that have been of credit to the institution, yet never until now have we attempted an organization that would be permanent in its working, like the athletic association or the literary societies.

Pursuant to this idea an organization has been formed upon a broad basis, which is designed to embrace *all* the male singers in the institution. Since it is a college organization it demands the co-operation of every singer in the college. Attendance at rehearsals should be considered a matter of duty, even though it involves some sacrifice. Improvement is what we are seeking, and, although all cannot be of the number who are to do concert work, yet every one can, at least, realize a higher degree of proficiency, to his personal advantage and the good of the college at large; and have the satisfaction of having drawn nearer to a possible goal.

WE trust that before this issue of the STUDENT leaves the printers, provision will have been made for the complete cancellation of that long-standing debt upon the Athletic Association. Already, through the generosity of the Faculty, alumni, and literary societies, we have pledges to the amount of $450, payable when the entire $600 shall be raised. As we go to press we cannot foretell what the financial success of the athletic exhibition will be, but we hope that by this means the larger part, if not all, of the remaining $150 may be secured. But whatever may be the success of the exhibition we must not relax our efforts until the last dollar is raised, otherwise, all that we have gained is lost. And once out of debt, it behooves us to be very watchful against a possible recurrence of our former situation, for we cannot expect our friends to come to our rescue again, nor is it right for us to look to them for such assistance.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Oh! refreshments, is it?
What modern lad would dream
That "esed atte beste"
Was Chaucer for ice-cream?

I thought 'twas only a march,
That with any lass I'd whirl,
And as the Fates would have it
I invited the wrong girl.

Let him who wrote this programme
From the business take a rest;
I lost a solid hour
With the maid I love the best.

Evidently the third society is here to stay.

The young ladies are taking a very active interest in bowling and basket ball.

Rev. H. R. Rose of Auburn gave a very interesting lecture at Roger Williams Hall, Friday, March 5th, on "Charles H. Parkhurst, the Apostle of Reform."

Through the kindness of Stanley Brothers, Newton, Mass., formerly of Lewiston, a Stanley Static X-ray Machine has been placed in the physical laboratory.

Inquisitive student, examining the new X-ray machine—"What would be seen if I should place my head in the path of the rays?" Professor, very deliberately—"Ugh! well—not much of anything."

Among the alumni who have recently visited the college are: C. C. Smith, '88; L. J. Brackett, '94; W. S. Brown, 95; B. L. Pettigrew, '95; C. N. Blanchard, '92; W. R. Fletcher, '95; Miss Leslie, '94; Miss Steward, '95; Miss Prescott, '96; N. R. Smith, '95; and Miss Staples, '95.

The Freshman polo team played their first game with the Y. M. C. A. team, March 3d, and won by a score of 14 to 5. The following is the line-up of the two teams:

BATES.		Y. M. C. A.
Bean.	First Rush.	E. Ward.
Purinton.	Second Rush.	Stewart.
Call.	Center.	Wentworth.
Sprague.	Halfback.	Atwood.
Griffin.	Goal.	L. Ward.

The days of auld lang syne—

"The female element no longer looks lonesome at chapel exercises. The time has now come when two settees are required for its accommodation; for, owing either to a fondness for the stove or to a praiseworthy desire to abolish class distinction, the girls of the college sit together at prayers during the winter months."

—*Bates Student, February, 1879.*

The questions and disputants for the Drew Prize Debates are as follows:

Should the United States maintain by force of arms, if necessary, the doctrine that no European power shall acquire territory in America?

Aff.—Woodside, Griffen, Toothaker.
Neg.—Pearson, Knowlton, Costello.

Is it desirable for the United States to annex Hawaii?

Aff.—Hutchins, Palmer, Wagg.
Neg.—Pulsifer, Churchill, Small.

The Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association met at Lewiston, Saturday, March 6th, the representatives being J. F. Dana, Bowdoin, '98; W. L. Ellis, M. S. C., '98; C. E. Milliken, Bates, '97. Colby sent no delegate.

Pierce, of Colby, was elected President; Milliken, of Bates, Vice-President; Dana, of Bowdoin, Secretary; and Ellis, of Maine State College, Treasurer. It was decided to hold the next annual tournament at Portland, June 7, 8, 9, and 10.

Before the fire they both sat late,
She popped the corn, and while they ate
The failing lamp showed a picture sweet
Of comfort rare and joy complete.

Another night, in another way
He did the popping, and people say
That on the curtain, shadows dim
Told of the deed and the bliss within.

An enjoyable social was given by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. in the gymnasium on the evening of February 22d. The following programme was carried out:

Bell March.
Tête-à-Tête—*a*. Weather.
b. Washington.
Fancy March.
"Esed atte beste."
Declamation. Stewart, '99.
Reading. Miss Blake, '99.
Vocal Solo. Mr. Marr.
March—"Auf Wiedersehen."

The following new books have been added to the college library:

Rudyard Kipling's Works, 8 vols.; Jane Austen's Works, 4 vols.; Andrews's The Last Quarter Century in the United States, 2 vols.; The Viking Age, Du Chaillu; How to Know the Wild Flowers, Dana; Auld Lang Syne, Maclaren; Country of the Pointed Firs, S. O. Jewett; As You Like It, Macbeth, Variorum edition; Walter Savage Landor's Works, 10 vols.; Classical Atlas, Ginn & Co.; Heath's Pedagogical Library, 30 vols.; William Winter's Wanderers, Shadows of the Stage, Gray and Gold, Old Shrines and Ivy, Shakespeare's England.

Also Chandler & Winship has presented to the library a valuable Botanical Atlas in two volumes with colored plates.

At the annual convention of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association, held at Brunswick, February 20th, Bates was represented by Foss, '97, and Tukey, '98. It was voted to hold the next field meet, June 9th, on the new Whittier Field at Bowdoin. The following officers, who also form the executive committee of the association, were elected for the ensuing year: President, R. H. Tukey, Bates; Vice-President, F. W. Alden, Colby; Secretary, C. A. Pearce, Maine State; Treasurer, T. L. Pierce, Bowdoin.

It is now definitely decided that the successor to Dr. Baldwin as teacher in History and Economics will be Rev. Curtis M. Geer, Ph.D., of Danvers, Mass. He comes only as an instructor for next term, but if he is successful he will be recommended to the Trustees and elected as permanent professor. Dr. Geer is eminently qualified for the position. He is a graduate of Wesleyan, and after graduation spent two years at Hartford Seminary. By his superior work in this institution he won what is known as the "foreign scholarship," entitling the recipient to a full course in a German university. Accordingly he went abroad and completed the three-years' course in the University of Leipsig in two years, receiving from this institution the degree of Ph.D. Dr. Geer visited the college about a week ago and conducted chapel services. He made a very favorable impression upon both Faculty and students, and it is the general opinion that he will be a very efficient and popular teacher, and that Bates is fortunate in securing his services.

—Lewiston Journal, March 13th.

THE HISTORY OF THE NEW ENGLAND DEBATING LEAGUE.

AS there has been so much inquiry about the New England Intercollegiate Debating League and its present condition, we think it best to give a clear and impartial account of the league from its inception down to the time of its being broken up. This statement would have been presented at the time of breaking the league, but we have waited until complete arrangements were made with two of the colleges, originally members of the league, for a joint debate.

Early in the fall of 1895 a communication was received from Mr. C. J. Thorne of Boston University, inviting Bates to send a delegate to Boston, looking to the formation of a New England debating league. The league was organized, finally, and composed of Boston University, Bates College, Colby University, and Wesleyan University. Working by lot, Boston University and Wesleyan University met at Middletown, Conn., in joint debate, and Boston was victorious. A week earlier Colby and Bates met at Lewiston, and Bates was successful. Then the contest for championship of the New England league and silver laurel wreath as trophy, came between Boston University and Bates. The great debate was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the eve of April 23d, 1896, Bates winning the trophy.

As provided by the constitution of the league an executive meeting was called at Boston on November 8, 1896, to formulate plans for the year. Bates alone was represented. Tufts College sent a delegate to inquire into the workings of the league. The meeting was postponed one month, and at that meeting, December 10, 1896, were represented Boston University, Bates, and Colby. Officers for the coming year were elected — Durkee, Bates, President; Herrick, Colby, Vice-President; Carroll, Boston University, Secretary and Treasurer. The meeting then adjourned for a month, in order that the executive committee might induce other colleges to enter.

When the next meeting was called no other colleges had entered—Wesleyan had dropped out, and final arrangements were made with the three remaining. As the Fates decreed by lot, Boston University and Bates must meet in the first contest, and the winner would then meet Colby. Boston University and Bates immediately selected a question for debate—"Resolved, that the annexation of Cuba by the United States is desirable."

Boston University drew the affirmative, Bates the negative. Again lot was resorted to, and to Boston fell the place of meeting. The debate was to take place at Boston, between the 1st and 15th of February, 1897. Efforts were still made to secure other members for the league, and a committee meeting was called for one week later. At that meeting, Boston University withdrew from the league, thus breaking the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, for the possibility of her withdrawal had raised the question of permanency of the league, and by common consent of the executive, such a move would mean the breaking of the league. Bates desired much to meet again her "dearest foe" in debate, and was very sorry at the move of Boston University.

College Exchanges.

ONE of the best articles for the month, "The Literary Appreciation of the Bible," appears in the *Tuftonian*. It treats in an original and interesting manner of the surpassing influence of the Bible upon modern thought and expression—citing, as proof, passages from the most popular authors—and at the same time clearly emphasizes the Bible's own intrinsic literary value.

The ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow is commemorated in the February number of the *Bowdoin Orient*, which is almost entirely given up to a brief biographical sketch and to articles such as "Reminiscences of Longfellow," "Longfellow's Morituri Salutamus," and poems, "Anniversary Day of the Birth of Longfellow," and "Hiawatha's Influence."

As usual, the *Yale Literary Magazine* claims our notice. The Prize Essay, "Emerson as a Poet," is an exceptionally well-written part. "Kolau's Daughter" possesses some literary merit. The Portfolio also has some good things for us, such as "Dr. Brown on Marjorie Fleming and Sir Walter Scott," and "Le Gallienne."

The *Miami Student* has the first chapter of a serial story, "Old Captain Bemis," written by an alumnus, which bids fair to be something decidedly different from college magazine stories in general. Rather a good poem, "Pictures," appears in the same paper.

We think that the students of Wilson College have reason to be content with their attractive magazine, the *Pharetra*. The last number contains some bright verses on "February Fourteenth," and a story entitled, "Virgil Contradicted," that possesses the advantage of being decidedly Wilson, although it is somewhat tame in plot and action. A thoughtful tone is given to this number by the discussion, "Is Pain only a Quality (or tone) of Sensation, or is it a Sensation?"

The subject, "Checks to Criminal Tendency Needed," is sufficient to convince one of the practical and vital interest of this article in *Education*. The author claims that the solution of this problem lies in making our public schools such as shall teach personal responsibility, regard for the rights of others, encouragement of industry, etc. In closing he says, "Home and church are potent agencies in enlightening the conscience of the child. The school may not excuse itself from co-operation. In too many cases the school must assume the entire responsibility."

In the *Wellesley Magazine* we find a short instructive story, "The Decision of a College Girl." It illustrates very well the fact that a college education fails of its true aim when it unfits a man or woman for taking his or her place in the world.

The Contributors' Club in the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* and the verse and sketches in the *Brunonian* are worthy of mention.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

Little love with eyes of blue,
Little love with heart so true,
Long ago you promised me

That so soon as you should see
Violets blooming everywhere,
Making all the woodland fair,
Then you'd marry me.

Now the world is full of song,
Trees are green, and all along
Woodland paths grow violets.
Little loved one, come and let's
Imitate the birds and be
Happy, happy, you and me,
Come, let's married be!

Little love with eyes of blue,
Little love with heart so true,
Only smiled and laughed at me,
Smiled and laughed, and laughing said:
"Oh, you silly, silly head!
Can't you ever keep in mind
That they say, '*True* love is blind?'"
Alas, for me!
—*C. P. W., in Vanderbilt Observer.*

NATURE—THE HEALER.

Caught in the tumult of this busy life,
Where rest comes not, and where the strange, wild strife
Of tongue and brain is keen,
There come dread days unseen
By others, when the nerves and brain o'erwrought
Respond in life-drawn throbs to whirling thought.

Then happy he who in such case as this
Can go without to find the quiet bliss
Of nature's peace in wood
With sweet air breathing good;
And, when he's felt the pulse of forest's deep,
Makes whole his cure in dreams of balmy sleep.
—*Gordon Hall Gerould, in Dartmouth Lit.*

VIOLETS.

In the radiant hush and beauty
Of the tender summer morning,
In the stillness as of angels
Lulling fretful waves to rest,
Deep within the misty valley lands
The violets are stirring,
And turning fragrant faces
To the warm wind from the west.

All drowsily their heavy heads
The little buds are nodding,
Faint yet with the remembrance
Of the cradling mother earth,
Till the kind wind lifts them lovingly,
And folds each lonely petal,
While it whispers wondrous stories
Of this rare land of their birth.
—*Florence Annette Wing, in Wellesley Magazine.*

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA.

Searcher for Truth, through winding, twilit ways,
What love-dream of young Greece enchanted thee,
That thou shouldst link with Christian Trinity
Her fair gods, fallen upon evil days
Since He of Nazareth rose—their bright love stays—
Ere life waxed fruitful, thou didst wistfully
Lie down to sleep, where saints' antiphony
Above thy grave through the long cloister strays.

The purple glories of thine own age mix
With the white light of Greece to make us glad,
Yet seek we aye to link old song and dance
With the new mystery of the crucifix;
Only to pass, like thee, wandering and sad,
Into the fold of Death's omnipotence.
—*Anna McClure Sholl, in Bachelor of Arts.*

CONVENT CHIMES.

Listen, listen—they are ringing
Far away, the convent chimes,
On the breath of hawthorn bringing
Memories of ancient times.
And below the day is dying
In the flush of yellow wine;
On my knees thy head is lying,
And my hand is clasped in thine.

Listen—in those long-dead ages,
When one sweet nun chimed their song,
Kings and prelates, serfs and pages,
On the highway listened long.
But that kindly world is banished
Where the ivy creeps above;
Like a pale star has she vanished,
She who knew not what was love.
—*Thomas Walsh, in Georgetown College Journal.*

A Chat About New Books.

Pray you, sit down!
For now we sit to chat.
—*Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.*

AND what more attractive than a chat about the birds? Abbott's *Birdland Echoes*[1] is a good foundation.

His chapter on the birds, "By Mill-pond and Meadow," is tantalizing, read at this season. We long to hear his meadow-lark singing in dulcet tones. The kingfisher, heron, bittern, tern, eared grebe, and the ducks and gulls, furnish a varied entertainment. His "inspiring sparrows" are very much alive. He calls "the dear little chestnut-crowned chippy" a door-step friend. The song-sparrows inspire him with faith and hope. Their theme he interprets as "peace on earth."

But we have fault to find with the author, delightful as his book is in many ways. We students at Bates are taught ornithology in such a gentle, attractive way that we cannot patiently listen to a scolding. And in many portions of his book Mr. Abbott scolds. He seems to have lived among some very stupid people who did not like birds. Then he has some old scores to settle with the professionals. One of his upbraidings, in which we think him justified, closes with this forceful slash: "All the way down the scale of humanity to that pitiful spe cle, a woman who wears a bird's skin on her hat, the culpable accessory of that vile creature, a bird-murderer."

In contrast to his sarcastic moods are some very pleasant hours spent in the old-fashioned garden where Aunt Peggy dispensed cake and beer. We are glad that he liked to loiter there, watching the nuthatches, orioles, bluebirds, shrike, and cuckoo.

His chapter on "Feathered Friends" is a curiosity. Such good bits of description, interspersed with sharp side thrusts at mankind! In the winter sunshine he studies the harrier, red-tailed hawk, and rough-legged falcon. He likes the birds of prey.

Cram's illustrations add much to the interest of the book. Its excellent make-up is also noticeable.

Kirkland's *Short History of Italy*[2] is very readable. The author claims to present no elaborate work, but a clear, concise record of events. She has succeeded, and has done more. Touches of romance appear here and there with pleasing effect. Scenes from the lives of Dante, Savonarola, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emanuel II., give us insight into their characters.

Much of the history of the Italian cities is necessarily painful. There seems to be no limit to the bloodshed and suffering. But the end is the glad "Unity of Italy."

The sketch of Garibaldi's career is vivid. We are led into intimate acquaintance with the brave, impetuous soldier and his red-shirted band of liberty-lovers. We regret his rashness as if he was a friend, and our hearts beat in sympathy with his noble ambitions. There are many lessons to be learned from this record of heroic struggle. This little history combines an attractive style with conciseness and accuracy.

I know of no other writer who covers just this ground.

A dashing book is the Russian story, *On the Red Staircase.*[3] The historical foundation is the struggle for political supremacy between the Miloslavsky and the Naryshkins.

M. de Brousson, a French envoy, is entangled in the intrigues of the day. He falls in love with a distressed Russian maiden, Zénaïde. Our hero rescues her from a fiendish uncle and a mercenary suitor. Their lives are endangered by the streltzi mob, and after an exciting succession of perils and escapes, M. de Brousson bears Zénaïde in safety to France.

The characters are boldly drawn—the men being much more natural than the women. They are types, not individuals. There is the fierce, arrogant Russian boyar, the malicious court profligate, the miserable little dwarf, who was their tool. All stand out distinctly in the story, as well as Von Gaden, the benevolent doctor, accused of poisoning the late czar; and Czarina Sophia, leader of the Miloslavskys.

Glimpses of the boy, afterward Peter the Great, are of interest. As a picture of life in Russia during the uprising of the streltzi in 1682, the book is very valuable.

The author evinces dexterity in the rapid changes throughout the plot. His style is easy and enjoyable.

As we read different authors we seem to feel the speaker behind the words. One, in rapid, vehement language, bears us to an abrupt close. Another, in slow, well-balanced sentences, sweeps on majestically.

This contrast impressed me while reading *The Prophets of the Christian Faith.*[4] Professor Adolph Harnack, speaking of Martin Luther, startles us by his abrupt, burning sentences. He says of Luther, "He was great only in the re-discovered knowledge of God in the Gospels. . . He lived religion itself and he led it out into freedom. . . Out of his breast, from the bottom of his heart, the Reformation streamed as a brook out of hidden springs in the rock."

In a harmonious style, indicative of the man's personality, the Rev. Francis Brown writes of Isaiah as a preacher and poet. He says that Isaiah's sermons are poems through which the divine will is revealed to the men of all times. He comments freely, and explains the conditions under which Isaiah wrote. His portrayal of the prophetic work is very helpful.

There are very interesting chapters on Jonathan Edwards, Wycliffe, Wesley, Bushnell, St. Augustine, etc. Such writers as Lyman Abbott, George Matherson, and T. F. Munger, make the book worthy of thoughtful study.

The close is inspiring. Dean Farrar preaches from the subject, "Can We be Prophets?" He pleads for a moral genius which we may all possess, a courage that dares shame a wrong custom, whatever the consequences. He says that the spirit of the prophet is "to see the truth plainly and act up to it boldly."

One can pass a very profitable hour in the company of Massasoit, Chief of the Wampanoags. His childhood is described by Anna Holman Burton, in

bright, entertaining sketches, instructive as well as amusing. She must have given careful study to Indian boy-life, in order to portray it so naturally in *Massasoit*.[5]

We also catch glimpses of historical characters and events connected with the romantic story. The author seems to have designed a sugar coat for the history pill so bitter to some young people. The French and Indian wars, the struggle of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the witch-burnings, form an important part of the narrative. There are also pictures of Puritan life at church and school.

But the most attractive pages are those which describe Indian nature and customs. The book does more than repeat the first pages of our United States histories. Most of the folk-lore is new. Life in the wigwam is told from a different standpoint than that of other writers. We are put in Massasoit's place and look at all the events through his eyes. The pathos of the closing scenes wins our sympathy for the red men, driven from New England forever.

I feel like asking you to remove your shoes, figuratively speaking, my readers, for we are about to tread on sacred ground. In her graceful, confidential chat about *Authors and Friends*,[6] Mrs. Annie Fields takes us to their homes and hearts.

With inimitable tact she puts us at our ease among the literary men of the "Saturday Club." James T. Fields, the popular publisher, with his wife, was a member of this famous circle. The friendships which they formed thus furnish Mrs. Fields with delightful material for her book. She makes us familiar with Emerson, Holmes, Celia Thaxter, Tennyson, and others of the loved objects of our literary worship.

Her reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe are many. She says of her: "Mrs. Stowe was a delightful talker. She loved to gather a small circle of friends around her fireside, when she easily took the lead in fun and story-telling."

She tells us that the lilacs always remind her of Longfellow in his Cambridge home. His orange tree stood by his study window; a statuette of Goethe was upon the high desk at which he stood to write. A purer atmosphere seemed to pervade all his belongings.

In one of her glimpses of Emerson she shows how unwilling he was to publish. She says, "This feeling of unreadiness to print sprang from the wonderful modesty as from the sincerity of his character."

The charm of her conversation, as she talks of the every-day lives of our favorites, is irresistible. Mrs. Fields repeats nothing which can be found elsewhere. Her book is original throughout.

[1] Birdland Echoes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.00.

[2] A Short History of Italy. Chicago: A. G. McClurg & Co.; $1.25.

[3] On the Red Staircase. Chicago: A. G. McClurg & Co.; $1.25.

[4] The Prophets of the Christian Faith. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.

[5] Massasoit. New York: The Morse Company; $1.25.

[6] Authors and Friends. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.50.

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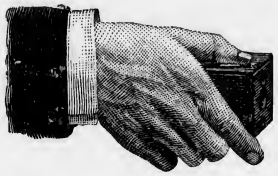
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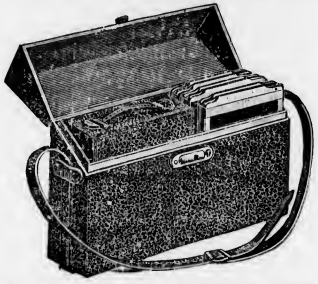
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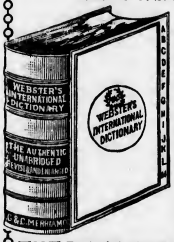
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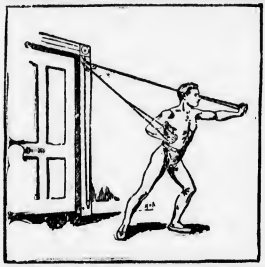
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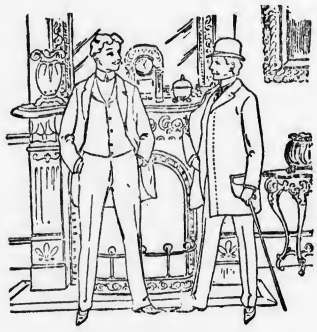
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THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. APRIL, 1897. No. 4.

"OLE MAN CARRY, OH!"

"Ole man carry, chip! chip! chip!"
Past my door the children skip,
Playing all the happy day,
Singing nonsense rhymes so gay.

Now so fast and now so slow,
Variations as they go.
"Ole man carry, oh! oh! oh!
Ole man carry, so! so! so!"

Happy voices, dancing feet,
Ah! but you make music sweet.
Sad the heart that cannot smile,
Tempted by the children's wile.

Baby Fern and merry Fay,
Floyd, Prince,—are all to-day
Playing round my open door,
Helping me to keep the store.

Little Scott, so white and fair,
Miriam, with darker hair,
Under counter, back of chair,
Hide and seek are playing there.

"Ole man carry!" There you are!
Ole man carry!" Ha, ha, ha!

SUCHE, '98.

A SHOT AT THE MOON.

IN the evening hours of a warm June day, Samuel Trinkle might have been seen slowly wending his way homeward. We say slowly, because a man in his condition must necessarily proceed with some caution. There were numerous lamp-posts to be guarded against; there were mud-puddles; and ever and anon he would find himself on the wrong side of the walk. To tell the truth, he had been drinking—a fact which added greatly to his happiness for the time being, but at the same time somewhat muddled his mind. One thing, however, seemed to trouble Sam; for every few moments he would turn around, glance over his shoulder with a wild, frightened look, and try to quicken his footsteps. And every time he looked back he could see a round yellow face grinning at him through the tree-tops. This was what frightened him. How was he to know that it was nothing but the moon? As he looked back for the fourth time and still saw that round face peering at him, he uttered something which sounded like an oath, though it might have been a prayer, at the same time shaking his fist at his enemy.

In the outskirts of the city stood a large, two-story house, on which the suns of many years had shone, and many rains had washed off the paint, giving the place a dreary and homeless appearance. Here Sam passed his years, with his cat as his only companion.

It might be remarked right here that another house stood just beyond a tight board fence—a small house, with Virginia creepers and morning-glories growing up over the roof. In this

house lived an old maid of uncertain age. Her name was Sally Snikes.

On this particular evening of which we are speaking Sam staggered into his door-yard, and after trying in vain to insert his key in the side of the door where there was no key-hole, he raised the window and with no little difficulty crawled in. After a few minutes, however, he reappeared with a gun in his hand and a grim, determined expression on his face. He came out and closed the window after him. The gun was loaded, and Sam raised it to his shoulder, aimed it at the moon, and fired, exclaiming, "Take that, you yeller-faced thing!" But the man in the moon did not even wink. Sam had evidently aimed too low. Again he loaded the gun and fired, but with the same effect. Repeated failures only make some people more determined to succeed. It was thus with Sam. He now loaded the gun with more care, filling it nearly to the muzzle, and ramming down the charge till his arm ached. Then he pulled the trigger and found himself rolling over and over on the ground. The gun had kicked. Sam, however, picked himself up, rubbed his eyes, and looked toward the sky. The last shot had done its work well. That round, yellow, grinning face was no longer in sight. It had gone behind a cloud, though Sam knew it not. Our hero, thereupon, took off his hat, and then picking out the softest mud-puddle he could find, quietly and calmly laid himself down therein and went to sleep, thinking, no doubt, that he was in his own bed.

The hours passed away one by one, and fair Aurora came riding over the hills with a pair of bob-tailed steeds harnessed to a dump-cart. She reached her arms beneath the seat, and taking thence a ball of fire huge and round, she hurled it upward in the ruddy sky, and thus the morning dawned. At least, that is the way a poet might have expressed it; but Sam's thoughts were far from poetic when he awoke, for while he yet slumbered he became conscious of something hitting him roughly in the side. Opening his eyes, with a start, he saw the plump figure of Miss Sally Snikes standing near him.

"Aint you a nice man," she exclaimed, "going out in the night and shooting folks' cats, and then sleeping in a mud-puddle!"

Sam now saw that she was holding up a dead cat by the tail, but his mind was sadly confused and he could not think.

"O, my poor cat," she went on, "to think that you should die so young, and killed by a cruel, cruel man!" At this point she lost control of herself, and covering her face with her apron, she lifted up her voice and wept.

Sam took in the situation at a glance. Miss Sally had her apron over her eyes and could not see him; so he stealthily raised himself on his elbow, then on his hand, then stood upright, and glided cautiously toward the corner of the house. This being reached in safety, he broke into a run with all the nimbleness of a boy, and was soon on his hands and knees under the barn among the cobwebs.

Sally Snikes, having indulged her

feelings as far as she thought proper, wiped the tears from her eyes, and found that the object of her wrath was gone. "The wretch!" she exclaimed, and dropping her loved cat she rushed against the door of the house and found it locked. The key, however, lay on the door-step, where it had been dropped the night before. The angry female applied this to the key-hole, opened the door and passed in. She thought, no doubt, that the murderer of her cat was hiding there, yet all her search failed to discover him. But as she looked into the cupboards she saw valuable silver-ware which had been in the house, unused, for years.

"Strange that he never got married," she soliloquized, and sighed. Then she went out, and taking up her dead cat she returned home.

But let us see how it was with Sam all this time. There, under the barn, among the cobwebs and mice, he had a chance to think. All the events of the night came up before him. He had fired at the moon and killed a cat!

Not until the sun was high in the heavens did Sam dare to come out from his hiding place. Then, cautiously backing out, he crept into the house. He found the door open, but nothing was gone; and his own cat and half-grown kitten lay purring behind the stove.

Sam gazed long and earnestly at that kitten, for a happy thought had struck him. He would give the kitten to Miss Snikes, as a sort of peace-offering. But how could he do it? The idea of again facing one from whom he had fled so ingloriously was not to be thought of! And yet it must be done. Sam realized this. So that evening, after supper, he put the kitten in a basket and shut the cover down. Then he arrayed himself in his best suit, put on a tall hat and a gorgeous necktie, and started forth. But poor Sam! As he came near the house of Miss Snikes his heart failed him, and he passed along, thinking that the fresh air might revive him, and resolving to call as he came back. But as he came back the situation seemed still harder. Thus for two whole hours he marched up and down past Miss Sally's house with that basket in his hand, but was unable to muster up courage enough to knock at the door and make known his errand.

So the evening passed away, and Sam, defeated by his own lack of courage, was just about to return home and give up the enterprise, when another happy thought struck him. He looked up at Miss Snikes's house and saw that it was all dark. She had evidently retired. This was well for Sam's plans. Now he stealthily crept up to the front door and deposited that precious basket on the step, then as stealthily crept back and entered his own house; and silence and darkness soon reigned unmolested.

The next morning Sam was up early, and immediately looked over toward Miss Snikes's house. The basket was still there, but after watching for half an hour he was rewarded by seeing a plump female come to the door, take up the basket and return within. A self-satisfied smile played around Sam's mouth as he rubbed his hands with delight, and suffered himself to mur-

mur, "The dear creature!" Did his remark refer to the kitten or to Miss Snikes? Nobody knows.

Now let us look into Miss Snikes's household and see with what wonder the basket was found on the door-step. Sally opened the cover and started back with a stifled scream when the kitten eagerly jumped out. Who could have sent it? Involuntarily she glanced over toward the house of Mr. Trinkle, and saw him at the window rubbing his hands and smiling.

"He did it! That man did it!" she exclaimed, gasping as the thought struck her. Her first resolve was to throw basket and kitten and all out of the window, and thus let that villain see that she would receive no gifts from him. But the little pretty thing began to purr and rub against her dress, as if to say, "Please love me," and Miss Snikes's heart melted. Even dumb animals will sometimes strike chords in the human heart that have not been touched before for years. It was so on this occasion. All Miss Snikes's anger against her enemy melted away, and she lost control of her feelings to such an extent as to exclaim, "Poor man—poor kitten, I mean," she added, startled by her own words.

Thus peace was restored, and all went well for a few days, at the end of which time the kitten returned to its former owner and seemed determined to stay. Samuel noticed with delight that there was a piece of blue ribbon tied around the kitten's neck.

"Ah! ah!" he exclaimed philosophically, and rubbed his hands and smiled. But as the kitten seemed to have no thought of going back, Sam felt that it was his duty to call on Miss Snikes and return it. He determined to do so that evening, and just as the last rays of daylight had fled from the sky he dressed himself in his best, as he had done on that other evening, and with beating heart went up and rapped at Sally's door. The door opened and Sally stood in the door-way.

"Your kitten," said Sam, handing it to Miss Snikes. She took the kitten and kissed it.

"O, how kind of you!" she exclaimed, looking at Mr. Trinkle. "Won't you come in?" and before Sam fairly knew what he was about he was ushered into Miss Snikes's pretty sitting-room, and was sitting in an easy rocking-chair. How pleasantly the evening passed! How short the hours seemed! And as the clocks in the city struck eleven Sam went away reluctantly. Cupid's arrow had touched his heart, and was piercing deeper every minute. That night Sam lay awake till two o'clock in the morning, thinking of many things, but chiefly of Sally Snikes.

A few days later, as he was going along the principal street of the city, he saw a rare and lovely plant—some kind of a geranium—in front of one of the stores. Sam looked at the price that was marked on it and whistled. It was very high. Then he put his hand in his pocket and started to go into the store. Then he came back again and looked at the geranium. Then he started to go away, slowly and thoughtfully, but turned again and came back. This time there was a determined expression on his face, and

he paid over the money and took the geranium. It was to be a present to Miss Snikes—she loved flowers. That evening Sam went over and passed the flower-pot with the pretty plant into the trembling hands of our heroine.

"O, aint it lovely!" she exclaimed with delight as they passed into the house together and gazed at the plant admiringly.

"Like yourself," replied Sam, smiling. But Miss Snikes hid her face behind the foliage of the plant and seemed not to notice this remark. Again Sam staid till late in the evening, and again he left reluctantly.

The sweet days of June and July passed away pleasantly, and many were the evenings that Sam spent in Miss Snikes's cosy sitting-room, and many were the times that Sally ran over to Mr. Trinkle's; for that kitten would not stay where it belonged, and Miss Snikes could not bear to have it out of her sight. Then sometimes she would carry over a pie that she had made for him, or some flowers to be placed on his table. Sometimes the full moon shone brightly as Sam went home from Sally's; but that no longer troubled him, for he had forgotten his love for liquor, so absorbed was he in another and better love.

August came. The days were hot and muggy, but one day was hotter than usual. The sun scorched like a ball of fire in the morning, and as noon approached, fleecy clouds rose in the west.

"A shower this afternoon," said Sam, with the eye of a prophet, and even as he spoke a faint rumble was heard. The fleecy clouds grew blacker as they rose and joined together like regiments preparing for a battle, till the whole west and north-west was one solid mass of blackness. The thunder grew louder, and now and then a bright flash of lightning would run zigzag across the black clouds, only to be replaced in a few moments by another, perhaps brighter, flash. When the sun went out of sight the air was stifling—not a breath of air stirred. But soon a light breeze sprang up, which grew stronger and stronger until the dust flew, and the great trees bent and groaned and waved their branches. Mighty giants they were, but under the mightier power of God. How the thunder roared! How the lightning flashed! Sam looked up and saw that the edge of the clouds was overhead now, and his thoughts turned to Miss Snikes. She must be frightened. At any rate, he thought he would go and see; and go he did. As he stepped out of his own house a large drop fell upon his hand. He looked up, and another touched his nose. The shower would not wait much longer. He reached Sally's door, and just at that moment a heavy crash of thunder sounded overhead, and then the rain came down in torrents. Miss Sally sat with pale face and clasped hands, looking out upon the wild scene.

"O, Mr. Trinkle—Samuel—how kind you are! I'm so glad you've come," broke from her lips; and then she jumped and screamed, for another thunderbolt bellowed forth its wrath.

"My—dear—Sally," replied Samuel slowly and reassuringly, as he sat down

near her. "Nothing shall harm you while I am here. Please calm yourself." And he hitched his chair up nearer. Sally felt better, and a smile shone forth from her tearful eyes; but another crash was followed by another scream.

"Please don't faint," entreated Sam, excitedly, sitting up as close to Sally as possible. They sat thus in silence for several minutes, when a blinding flash of lightning came, making Miss Snikes jump and scream again. The crisis had come, and Sam, not knowing what else to do, leaned over and kissed his fair companion, murmuring at the same time, "My Sally!"

"Gracious, Sammy!" exclaimed Miss Snikes; and then she fainted.

A few days later, carpenters were at work on the old house of Mr. Trinkle, and people, hearing the sound of hammers, wondered. But Samuel Trinkle, Esq., smiled benignantly upon all, and kept his secret. When the sound of hammers ceased, the smell of paint struck the nostrils of the passers-by; and at last the old house looked old no longer, but smiled in all the freshness of youth. Then in a few weeks Sam and Sally were married and the secret was out.

The old cat and kitten now sleep side by side upon the rug in Mr. Trinkle's new house, while Sally bustles about preparing breakfast. Sometimes as Sam sits in his easy-chair, indulging in day-dreams, he thinks how the whole course of his life was changed by his shot at the moon, and yet he does not care to try his luck again.

O. U. I., '9–.

CRITICISM OF "THE MARBLE FAUN."

AMONG all of Hawthorne's works, perhaps that best revealing the different phases of his genius is the wild, mysterious romance of "The Marble Faun." This dark tale evidently has a definite purpose,—the author is trying to answer the question, Why does God permit sin in the world? Clearly Hawthorne is grappling with a mighty problem, one which only a genius may hope to solve. If he has found a satisfactory answer, and if he has presented it skillfully, in "The Marble Faun" he has met a great need of the human race and has produced a book of perennial interest. His tale must necessarily be a sad one, for it deals with the saddest thing in all the world, unrighteousness; and yet in its teaching it must be a hopeful one, for, if successful, it shows the mercy of God. Hawthorne's peculiar genius would seem to fit him for a work of this kind, and "The Marble Faun" is certainly powerfully and skillfully written.

But how does this tale teach the significance of evil in the world? By showing the ultimate effect of sin on the human heart. In developing his purpose, Hawthorne makes use of three of his principal characters, Miriam, Hilda, and Donatello. Miriam is for the most part the instrument in bringing about the crisis on which the story turns. In Hilda the purpose is illustrated in a shadowy way. It is in Donatello that Hawthorne has forcibly worked out his idea. About him centers the fancy of the romance. He is pictured as a man having the nature and manners that the

ancients attributed to their woodland deities, the fauns. Donatello is a complete child of nature, governed only by his instincts, and knowing no more of good and evil than do the beasts of the field. While still following his intuition, unknowingly he commits a terrible crime, the crime of murder. By that deed his conscience is awakened; he suffers untold anguish for his guilt, but henceforth he has a soul. Very clearly does Hawthorne portray the change in Donatello's character. Toward the last of the book in the form of a question, he states the lesson taught by the transformation of the Faun. Sin has educated Donatello and elevated him. Is sin, then—which we deem such a dreadful blackness in the universe,—is it, like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?

Again, in the character of Hilda the purpose is most gracefully exhibited. In her beautiful purity, she can hardly understand sin; her one fault is that she is too severe toward the guilty. By witnessing the terrible crime of her friend she feels her own soul tainted; but through the knowledge of Miriam's guilt, after exceeding suffering and sorrow, she comes forth, with a little of her ethereal nature lost, perhaps, but with an added human sympathy and tenderness. Very delicately does Hawthorne tell us this, even as if it were wrong to hint that the knowledge of guilt could make more perfect Hilda's white soul.

The plot of the story is finely adapted to bring out the purpose, and yet so unobtrusively that the casual reader may not discover it. There is no forcing of a moral. Each step seems the natural consequence of the preceding, until in the whole there is a work of fine unity. Each incident and each character has its place in the story. Kenyon, the one character not directly revealing the purpose, is necessary to give reality to a tale that would otherwise be too fanciful. If there is any lack of unity it is in the length of the descriptions. These, especially toward the end of the second volume, where the movement should be rapid, sometimes seem an end in themselves.

In the great work of fiction, while there must be a grand conception and perfect unity, it is equally important that the execution shall reveal an unerring æsthetic sense and true refinement. Hawthorne, always successful in these respects, is at his best in "The Marble Faun." The work shows a fine sense of harmony,—a fitness in the place and the characters chosen. Rome with its dark, tragic history, its decaying splendor, and its relics of antiquity, appeals to the imagination and makes a fine background to this gloomy tale. And in Miriam's rich, passionate nature, in her evident connection with some past crime, and in her forebodings for the future, we are prepared for the tragedy to follow. Again, the story exhibits exquisite delicacy. A tale revealing sin in all its blackness would naturally be repulsive. Yet in "The Marble Faun" this danger is averted. Hawthorne makes the plot turn on a mere

glance, one which, although wrong, seemed pardonable in view of the suffering which caused that single look of hatred. And further, in this story there is a very effective use of contrast. Innocence and guilt, tranquillity and tragedy, mirthfulness and sadness, rapidly follow one another. The brilliant, changeful nature of Miriam is relieved by the gentle purity of Hilda; Puritanism is painted against a background of Catholicism; and the Faun in his artlessness is contrasted with the changed Donatello, the repentant criminal.

No story can hope to be successful unless it holds the attention and excites the interest of the reader. The peculiar fascination of "The Marble Faun" is due to several causes. Although there are but four principal characters, these furnish variety and make the plot an intricate one. Then, this story is mysterious. We become interested in Miriam's character and keep reading little clues to her past history, until our imagination runs wild, although, when to some extent she elucidates the enigma of her life, we can see how we ought to have guessed it long before. And again, this tale is exceedingly vivid. Hawthorne has a way of introducing the people into his stories and then letting them act for themselves. Their individuality is revealed, not by what he says of them, but by their own deeds and words. Still it is specially remarkable that the characters should seem natural in so fanciful a story. And yet so real are they that it seems as if one visiting Rome might find traces of the fair Hilda, the brilliant Miriam, and the woodland faun, Donatello.

The common criticism that Hawthorne is a pessimistic writer is unjust, if we judge from "The Marble Faun." This story reveals a belief in human nature and a trust in the providential care of God. Hawthorne certainly has executed his purpose well. Whether this tale is destined to live forever, time only can tell. Suffice it to say that "The Marble Faun" is one of the strongest and most remarkable productions of modern literature.

EMMA V. CHASE, '97.

A RELIC.

AMONG the rare old manuscripts preserved in the British Museum, there is one in particular that must ever be sacred to every English heart. The writing that it bears is illegible; the paper is worn and shriveled and brown; but there still remains attached to it a royal seal that marks the faded parchment as none other than the great "Palladium of English liberty," Magna Charta itself.

As one gazes on the ancient document, there spreads out before his mind the beautiful quiet valley of Windleshora, its gentle line of hills, its shady groves, its broad, green meadows, through which slowly flow the deep, silent waters of the Thames. From the adjacent fortress a king, with a few attendants, rides forth in the early morning light and passes slowly down to the margin of the stream. On the opposite shore, glistening in coats of mail, is encamped the "Army of God and the Holy Church." Determination and expectancy are written upon every

face. Now a boat glides out from either bank, bearing the opposing parties to a fair island in the middle of the stream. An earnest conference begins. All day long the heated debate continues,—but see, as the afternoon sun sends over the river its last bright beams, the craven king reluctantly seals the paper—and the Great Charter of English liberty is won.

Years of oppression and cruelty had passed before barons, clergy, and people could thus unite to demand their native rights; years, centuries must pass ere their rights could be thoroughly established. But the great ideas of justice and freedom have been asserted, the people at length are one, and all their efforts in the future will be only to develop and realize more and more the principles proclaimed in the famous charter won on the little island of the Thames.

Well do Englishmen cherish the memory of that day; well does the son of freedom make his pilgrimage to Runnymede. "From that era a new soul was infused into the English people." From that day Saxon and Norman were to be no more, but in their place a nation of Englishmen, united henceforth in a common cause.

Kings might violate the provisions of the Great Charter; tyranny and outrage might triumph for a time; but through all the dark years of oppression and misrule that followed, the ideas embodied in that sacred paper remained in the hearts of the people, and the great principles of justice, representation, and constitutional government lived, growing stronger with every generation, and finally developing into the two noblest, freest governments on the earth.

These principles were rooted into the English earth "like the Ankerwyke yew, which was a vigorous tree, on the opposite bank of the Thames, when 'the army of God and the Holy Church' stood upon Runnymede, and which still bears its green leaf after six hundred and fifty winters."

"Magna Charta," we murmur, as we gaze upon the worn and faded parchment, "defender of justice and right, England alone may date her national life from thee, but wherever right is cherished and freedom loved, there too thy influence lives, and there too men thrill to hear thy name."

HUKLOS.

A FAIRER LIGHT.

A keen delight to me is given
In sights and sounds of sea and earth,
In sunny sky, and clouds storm driven,
But not the power to tell it forth.

Though through my words what thrills
my sight
Might lift unheeding hearts as well,
But half the poet's fair birthright
Is mine—I see, but cannot tell.

No poet ever sang the whole;
His noblest visions unrevealed
By their strong influence mold his soul,—
His life is sweet, for perfume sealed.

M—, 1900.

Alumni Department.

HOMER.

As women sat with idle hands of yore
A summer day on some sea-girdled steep—
Whose wave-crooked caves their shadowy murmur keep—
And heard, now low, now loud, war's sullen roar,
Across the ocean's undulating floor,
Borne from some pirate-battle on the deep,
And saw at intervals war's lightnings leap;—
So on this time's reverberating shore
We sit and hear immortal Homer's song
Of Ilios and Agamemnon stout,
Through whose deep music oft there swells a shout,
Where fierce Achilles presses to the fight;
Or o'er the tumult of the shrill-voiced throng
The wild Cassandra shrieks, Troy's burial-night.

William Prescott Foster, '81.

TO THE ALUMNI.

Alumni of Bates:

I DESIRE to call your attention to a plan now being carried out to raise money for the equipment of the College Gymnasium.

President Chase in his report to the Fellows and Overseers stated that the sum of $1,136 was needed to ensure the proper efficiency of the gymnasium. But owing to a lack of funds the necessary appropriation was not made. In this emergency one of the Overseers, Rev. W. H. Bowen, D.D., recognizing the importance of this department, started a subscription to raise the necessary sum among the alumni and friends of the college.

Last Commencement, after the meeting of the Board of Overseers, we obtained as many subscriptions as possible from the alumni present during Commencement week. In July the alumni of Boston added about $100 to the subscription.

By the first of August, about $400 having been subscribed, feeling confident that we could raise several hundred dollars more, we had steam heating apparatus placed in the gymnasium.

During the fall I sent out about three hundred letters asking for the financial support of the alumni; from responses to these letters we received about $150. Near the end of the fall term rooms were fitted up with Anthropometric apparatus, which was used in the physical examinations of the Freshman Class. The total cost of these two improvements was $610.

In answer to one of my letters I received a letter from Mr. Edward Whitney, '76, suggesting the following plan, which he and Mr. J. L. Reade, '83, have kindly offered to aid in carrying out. This plan is, to divide the amount still lacking for the full equipment of the gymnasium, among the thirty classes of the alumni, in proportion to the surviving members—one from each class to act as class solicitor. Following this plan, we have already found over twenty men who have agreed to act in this capacity. By the time this Student reaches you we expect to have thirty active men in the field.

Within the past two years the alumni of both Colby and Bowdoin have con-

tributed enough to construct athletic fields for their respective colleges; the cost of the Colby field being about $2,000, and that of Bowdoin over $4,000.

Believing that the alumni of Bates are as loyal as those of any college in New England, I trust this plan will meet with your hearty financial support.

Let us consider some of the advantages to be derived from the work of this department. First, each student is given a physical examination in which sixty measurements and strength tests are taken, including an examination of the heart, lungs, and eyes. If the vision is found varying from the normal the student is sent to Dr. C. E. Norton, one of the best oculists in the state, and a thorough examination of the eyes made without expense to the student. Each student receives a chart which shows his exact standing as compared with the average student, also a "Hand-book of Developing Exercises," with a course of work prescribed to correct any defects shown by the chart. This course of work the student is required to follow in connection with his regular gymnasium exercise.

Again, the various college athletic teams are largely dependent for their success upon well-equipped gymnasiums; a fact which the other Maine colleges have recognized. As a consequence, Bates for several years has been at a disadvantage in comparison with Bowdoin and Colby, on account of the inferiority of her gymnasium. Further, the strength tests taken previous to the gymnasium work, determine the fitness of candidates for the several teams, and by the requirement of a certain minimum strength for contestants in the different lines of athletic work the liability to injury from working beyond their strength is almost wholly removed.

If the amount specified can be raised to complete the equipment of the gymnasium as planned, Bates will be at least more nearly on an equal footing with her sister colleges. *Will not every alumnus assist in accomplishing this desired result?*

There seems to have arisen a slight misunderstanding in the minds of some of those who subscribed under the plan of Dr. Bowen—evidently from the idea that the entire amount needed had been raised by this subscription. This probably originated from the fact that I notified them that the condition of the subscription had been practically met, so that their individual subscriptions were payable. They forget that these were due as soon as one-half the entire sum named (the $1,136 called for by President Chase) had been subscribed. It is the remaining half that these class subscriptions are intended to secure.

W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETIES IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

I MUST speak to this subject rather as an outsider than otherwise. My position in the society, when I was in, was that of the editor, and a master of the quill was supposed to know the least possible about debates. It must be confessed that the subjects frequently chosen for debate interested me very

little, and did not seem to me to furnish any very large field for discussion. But then I was no debater, and probably had no right to an opinion on the subject. There were those who strove for mastery with rare persistency and were certainly to be admired, if no more than for their bulldog stick-to-it-iveness. They seemed to me at times to bring their matter "from afar," that is, in argument were somewhat far-fetched. Yet on the whole I had the profoundest admiration for something I was unfitted by nature to do; all the more, perhaps, because a certain knack of the quill on my part received from the same boys all the applause and laughter that the most self-conceited could have demanded.

Oh, the aroma of the old society room! How it lingers in my memory still. What associations with mental struggles, with fierce debates, with classical allusions, with humorous anecdotes, with personal hits, with dreamy visions floating out from the library wherein I reveled day and night, reading everything Hawthorneish, eagerly devouring, in fact, such books as Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

The subjects of debate were usually chosen with some reference to the school curriculum. At least classical allusion was very frequent. The knowledge acquired in the class-room often got aired on the arena of public debate. Sometimes there was more gas than air. It is my impression that the college debating society was hardly up to the standard of that of the fitting school for good, honest, downright hard work. Often hard-working scholars in the preparatory school became somewhat superannuated after entering college, and avoided all bone labor. These of course shunned the society room Friday night, and when they came, made the part assigned them somewhat farcical. Still there was a large class of very earnest students who realized the good which was involved in making discussion as real and formidable as possible. They worked hard on the questions. The tough mental fibre already attained by years of study stood them in good stead in establishing their points and in putting their antagonist *hors du combat*. Not simply literary or historical questions, like whether Cæsar was a greater soldier than Napoleon, or the pen mightier than the sword, were discussed, but many of the living economic and political questions then agitating the nation, and growing out of the late civil war. I could see, I thought, without being a prophet or the son of a prophet, many future candidates for Congressional honors and Presidential chairs. Most of the skilled debaters of my day who held weekly tilts in our old society room have distinguished themselves as much as men usually do in the length of time they have been out of college, and I have no reason yet to modify the large expectation which I had a quarter century ago as I sat under their charming and luminous eloquence.

Our society did not descend to base idleness and the vulgarities and viciousness which often attend idleness. But whether in debate, declamation, or the society paper, things were done decently and in order. Good work was put in, which could not fail to supple-

ment in large degree the curriculum of the college.

Since those days ladies have come to share, I suppose, the duties of the society room, and with their advent, I have no doubt, has come marked improvement over my day and the standards and ideals which we lonely folk of the male persuasion set up.

G. L. WHITE, '76.

PITTSFIELD, ME., March 31, 1897.

PERSONALS.

'70.—The wife of I. W. Hanson, Clerk of Courts of Androscoggin County, died Sunday, April 18th.

'72.—C. L. Hunt, superintendent of schools in Clinton, Mass., has been visiting friends in Lewiston and Auburn.

'73.—J. P. Marston is principal of the High School at Ipswich, Mass.

'73.—G. E. Smith is a member of the Massachusetts State Senate, from Everett.

'73.—N. W. Harris has been re-elected Mayor of Auburn.

'74.—Mayor F. L. Noble, of Lewiston, died suddenly at his home on Frye Street, on March 29th. A sketch of his life will appear in the May number of the STUDENT.

'75.—F. L. Washburn is town attorney in Melrose, Mass.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, from Somerville.

'77.—N. P. Noble, superintendent of schools at Phillips, has been re-elected. He has also sold out his business at that place.

'77.—H. W. Oakes is a member of the Auburn School Board.

'78.—Under the supervision of J. W. Hutchins, principal of the Malden, Mass., High School, laboratories in the departments of physics, chemistry, and biology, have recently been equipped, which rank among the best High School laboratories in the country.

'78.—F. H. Briggs is a member of the Auburn School Board.

'81.—C. S. Cook, of the law firm of Symonds, Snow & Cook, of Portland, has been making an extensive trip through the West.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Bangor, recently baptized fifty-six persons and received a large number into his church. The bishop has been unanimously requested to continue Mr. Foss in the pastorate of this church for the coming conference year.

'81.—O. H. Drake, principal of Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, has been chosen superintendent of schools in that town.

'81.—Rev. R. E. Gilkey, pastor of the F. B. Church at Dover, N. H., recently received nine members into his church.

'82.—H. S. Bullen is the Chicago manager of the Bridge Teachers' Agency.

'84.—D. L. Whitmarsh is principal of the High School in Whitman, Mass.

'85.—C. A. Scott, manager of Bridge Teachers' Ageney, has recently removed to a fine location at 2 A Beacon Street.

'86.—H. M. Cheney is a Senator in the New Hampshire Legislature.

'85.—W. V. Whitmore, M.D., is now practicing his profession at Tucson, Arizona.

'86.—A. E. Verrill, Esq., of Auburn, is Grand Secretary of the New England Order of Protection.

'86.—F. E. Parlin is superintendent of schools in Natick, Mass., and associate manager of the Bridge Teachers' Agency.

'87.—Miss Lura S. Stevens, a graduate of the Boston Y. W. C. A. School for Christian Work, has been elected as one of the Faculty of that school.

'88.—Miss M. G. Pinkham is giving private lessons in elocution at her home in Whitefield, N. H.

'88.—G. W. Snow is principal of the High School in Berwick.

'90.—H. V. Neal, in consequence of his excellent work in biology at Leipsic, has been awarded a free table at the Biological Museum at Naples, Italy.

'90.—W. H. Woodman is practicing law at 49 Tremont Building, Boston.

'91.—F. L. Pugsley of Lyndon Institute, Vermont, recently lost his only child.

'92.—E. W. Emery has also just lost an only child.

'92.—J. R. Little is a member of the Lewiston City Council.

'92.—L. M. Sanborn has been chosen principal of Leavitt Institute at Turner.

'93.—C. H. Swan, Jr., is associated with the law firm of Matthews & Thompson, Tremont Building, Boston.

'93.—J. F. Fanning has been admitted to the Cumberland County Bar.

'94.—F. C. Thompson is to continue his duties as principal of the Sanford High School, with an increase of salary.

'94.—The Class of '94 is represented in the post-graduate departments of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the University of Chicago.

'95.—Miss Alice Collins, formerly of Lewiston, teacher in the High School at Middleboro, Mass., will conclude her labors at the close of the present term, having accepted a position as teacher in Sanborn Seminary at Kingston, N. H., at a large increase in salary.

'96.—J. E. Roberts is teaching the High School at Sullivan.

'96.—Miss E. M. Hunt is studying elocution in Boston under the direction of Miss Laughton.

'96.—Miss A. E. Bonney has recently read before several Boston audiences, and has been very favorably received.

'96.—O. F. Cutts of the Haverford Grammar School, Haverford, Pa., has been advanced with a large increase of salary.

Prof. in Physics—"Do you understand that equation, Mr. Mills?" Mr. Mills—"No, sir, I don't." Prof.—"That's the way I want you all to talk."—*Ex.*

"There is nothing, my friend, for the health, like gymnastics. They augment a man's strength and lengthen his days." "But our ancestors did not go in for gymnastics." "Our ancestors. Of course they didn't, and where are they now? All dead."—*Ex.*

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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BY the death of Hon. J. L. H. Cobb, Bates loses one of its warmest friends, and Lewiston a most influential and respected citizen. He always took an active interest in the College and Divinity School, and showed that interest in many ways. At the time of his death he had been a trustee of the College for sixteen years; he assisted in establishing one of the first professorships in the College; later he gave twenty-five thousand dollars for the support of the Divinity School, and besides his generous benefactions to these institutions, he took a personal interest in many students.

A sketch of Mr. Cobb's life will appear in the May number of the STUDENT.

WE wish to call the attention of the students to the fact that, to a large degree, our college magazine is dependent financially upon the support that the business men of the two cities give by their advertisements in its pages. Surely it is no more than just that in return we give our patronage to those firms which assist us by advertising in the STUDENT. Many are bearing this in mind, and we are sure all who give the matter any thought will see the propriety of such action.

IN his annual report, which we publish in this issue, the retiring president of the Y. M. C. A. makes the statement that the association finds no occasion to apologize for its existence. No one will deny the truth of the statement, for nowhere is the work of the Y. M. C. A. esteemed more highly than at Bates. It is recognized that the association has a value in college life which cannot be overestimated. A careful reading of the president's report will reveal the fact that it is constantly seeking out new avenues of helpfulness. An example of this is found in the work for new students in the fall term. The hearty welcome which the Y. M. C. A. gives the new student when he first reaches the city is a little thing in itself, yet it indicates a warmth of interest which at such a time cannot fail of being appreciated.

THE power gained by a true education is cumulative and potent for good. Especially is this so, if the

heart keeps pace with the intellect. Moral force is more effective than intellectual. A happy combination of the two supplies the world's needs and furnishes the power to move men.

School work furnishes the foundation of the education. The allotted four years' tasks of the college course are most powerful developing factors; yet for their highest efficiency there is needed the close application of individual talent directed by a noble life purpose. Here we learn to economize time. We are surrounded by an atmosphere favorable to intellectual life. We are held to our best work by mutual encouragement and rivalry and by the stern and dreadful standard of the Faculty. We appropriate for ourselves the glorious gains of the past. But the best result of college life is the power gained to educate self by the larger experiences of after life.

THE coming debate with Colby is of personal interest to each one of us. Let us revive that enthusiasm which stirred our souls when the laurel wreath came to us. Our men can do their best work only as they feel the whole college urging them on to victory.

IN the rush of our college life we subject ourselves to an immense drain on our nervous force by a lack of method. If to-day we planned our work with regard to the unusual demand that will be made upon us at the close of the term, or the week, we should avoid that desperate burning of the midnight oil which makes us old before our time.

A few moments spent in careful planning will enable us to decide what we can afford to do, what leave undone. Then we can meet with composed minds the extra tax upon our time and energies necessitated by tests or official duties. The college student who lives on the day by day plan, expending his utmost strength on the duties which each day presents, is as improvident as the family-man who lives "from hand to mouth," or up to the limit of his income.

WHY is it that the epithet "plugger" seems to many students to carry with it the idea of the deepest disgrace? All honor, say we, to the man who, during his college course, keeps ever in view a fixed purpose, viz.: his mental development. The social polish, the athletic training, or the helpful friendships formed are not the primary aim of a college course.

Many a lazy fellow is strengthened in his indolence by the thought that "valedictorians are never heard of after graduation." Is the charge absolutely true? The men who have become most eminent as statesmen, authors, clergymen, and scholars were students of the highest rank, and laid their foundations for future success in the triumphs of the class-room. The man who is the worker in college will be the worker out of college; and sooner or later success will come to him. His preparation for life is better than that of his classmate of lower rank, for with his ever-present store of knowledge, he has a well-disciplined mind.

College News and Interests.

Y. M. C. A.—BRIEF OF PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

THE following contains some of the salient features of the work of the Y. M. C. A. for the past year. Placed against the bright background of achievement of the year preceding, we believe it will show distinct advances made in several directions. We trust also that points of failure in our association work will be carefully noted.

Last summer Bates sent ten men to Northfield—the largest number she has ever sent and the banner delegation of the state. Northfield has come to occupy so essential a place in our association work that it is unnecessary to emphasize it here. A good representation at Northfield means an aggressive fall campaign. It was seen this year in the success, for the first time realized, in meeting the new men at the trains, in a serviceable religious census, in an improved hand-book, and in the inauguration of a systematic course of Bible study. Our Association cannot send too many consecrated men to Northfield. Next summer's conference will be especially interesting, since the World's Student Federation, the result of Mr. Mott's two years abroad, will hold its first convention simultaneously with the Conference.

The graded course of Bible study has been in use since last fall. The Senior-Junior class has maintained an average attendance of eleven, but the Sophomore and Freshman classes have not so good an average to show. While in many respects the work in this department does not seem to have met the expectation entertained and the efforts put forth, I think we must consider Bible study on a stronger basis to-day than a year ago. We have got a more definite knowledge of our difficulties. Whatever plans the new administration may lay in this direction, let us see that they have our earnest support.

The increasing attendance at the religious meetings necessitated an enlargement of the room. The average attendance of men at the Wednesday evening meetings has been thirty-eight, an increase of eight over last year. The many short, earnest prayers and pointed testimonies of last year are still heard. The Sunday morning meetings have been wonderfully uplifting, yet the attendance at these shows a slight decrease under last year.

The present membership of the Association, out of a total of 134 men in college, is 78, 50 active and 28 associate. This is 58 per cent., a gain of seven in absolute numbers over last year, but a loss of 2 per cent. The large associate list is due to the number of Christian men in the Freshman Class who are not church members. Can we not induce these men to connect themselves with some church?

The total amount of money raised for the year is $293.25; total outlay, $270, leaving a balance of $23.25 in treasury. Last year's amount raised was $153.69; outlay, $101.26. The total amount raised for Northfield, including

what the delegates themselves contributed, was $172.95, against $93.75 last year. We have given $10 to the international work for the year and $10 to the state work.

Finally, we may all find cause for congratulation that there is a positive religious atmosphere about our college; that is to say, that the Association finds no occasion to apologize for its existence, that it engages the energies of the best men in college, that the Christian element is prominent on our athletic teams, and that men are surrounded by influences helpful to entering upon a Christian life. During the past year six men have taken a stand for Christ.

THE GLEE CLUB TRIP.

FOR some time there has been a call at Bates for an organization which would fitly represent the musical talent of the college. Two years ago we had a glee club which sang with splendid success under the skillful management of Mr. Wingate, '95; but the club was allowed to die that year because there was no provision for its future life. Early in this year the male singers of the college were called together and a permanent organization was effected, with Mr. C. E. Bean of the Biblical Training School as musical director and Mr. A. L. Sampson, '97, as business manager. That Bates had an abundance of talent in this line was quickly shown. A club of thirty voices was organized, and Mr. Bean lost no time in putting the boys down to hard practice.

At the close of the winter term a glee club vacation trip was planned by Manager Sampson, and then was seen the results of hard work. In a company of fifteen men the manager had a band troupe of twelve pieces, an orchestra of six pieces, four instrumental soloists, three vocal soloists, a humorous reader, and a glee club of fourteen voices. Surely such a company of gentlemanly students could win friends for itself and for Bates, and it did.

The club left Lewiston Monday evening, April 5th, and on the following evening gave its first entertainment in the town hall at Dexter. A programme of fourteen numbers had been arranged, but when the concert closed the various numbers had been called back to the extent of thirty-two. The social, planned by Principal Brown, Bates, '95, and his High School class, was especially enjoyable. It gave the boys an opportunity to meet Dexter people, and the meeting seemed mutually enjoyable.

Wednesday morning, the 7th, found the club at Pittsfield and in attendance at chapel of the Maine Central Institute. The quartette was invited to sing and greatly pleased the students. In the evening a large audience greeted the club at Union Hall. Every part was encored and some of them two and three times. We hoped to please the citizens of Pittsfield and evidently did, judging from their enthusiasm.

At Augusta, friends of the college persisted in entertaining the boys at their homes, and each fellow carried away the idea that he had "the best" place. Right royally was each entertained, and royally were they greeted by a packed house in the evening. The cheering began with the opening

number—our new Bates song—and for two hours the enthusiasm was unabated.

The club came to Lewiston on the 11.20 train, Thursday evening, bringing pleasant memories of the best of vacation trips.

In regard to individual success we may quote a few items from the daily papers:

The orchestra playing, the readings by D. M. Stewart, and the cornet solo by F. H. Miller, were excellent.

—*Bangor Commercial, April 7th.*

Our citizens were particularly gratified to listen to one of our town boys, Mr. C. S. Lary. The solo by C. E. Bean was pronounced superb by the lovers of music.

—*Eastern Gazette, April 7th.*

The concert was a success in every particular, and the excellent reputation of the glee club grows apace.

—*Pittsfield Advertiser, April 8th.*

It was a first-class concert, and the applause which greeted the several selections gave evidence of the good work done by the club.

—*Kennebec Journal, April 9th.*

A DREAM.

THE other night I had a dream, which was not all a dream. When I related it at breakfast the next morning, my friends advised me to take some quieting potion the next night.

I dreamed that I sat down on a toboggan and was suddenly shot into nothingness. After a time I found myself in a dusky cave peopled with most horrible creatures. Dancing around me were hundreds of little black imps, each bearing a flickering torch and repeating monotonous words in an unknown tongue. Cold shivers ran over me as I gazed upon the weird throng. At last I distinguished "*gehen, ging, gegangen*," and the mystery was solved. They were the ghosts of German verbs, which, after having been most foully murdered by Bates, '98, could not rest in peace.

Then an exceedingly lean and long apparition came before me. Its body was a rolled-up BATES STUDENT, surmounted by a grinning skull, while it tottered about unsteadily by means of a pencil and a fountain pen. This strange being stretched out its fleshless arms to me and fiercely demanded a sketch, an essay, editorials—any old thing to fill up.

Soon a solemn company marched past with majestic tread. At the head was a portly figure carrying an enormous book on which was inscribed in blazing letters, "Carhart's University Physics." Then like spectres came page after page of German text; and these were followed by the shades of the immortal Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and divers other English men of letters.

But what were those winged creatures fluttering about? To my horror I beheld skirts with ragged braid, waists with rips and tears, buttonless boots, and numerous other articles of attire which looked all too familiar to me; while this refrain fell upon my ears: "She didn't like to sew! She didn't like to sew!"

Then, mingled with all the din, came the seven-o'clock whistle, loud and piercing, through the frosty air; and I awoke, glad to find that my abode was not to be longer among the demons of the gloomy cavern.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Where did you get that hat?

Sturgis, 1900, is teaching in Danville.

Miss Ford, 1900, is teaching in Bowdoinham.

Mr. A. B. Hyde, formerly of '98, has resumed his course with '99.

About twenty boys enlivened Parker Hall by their presence during vacation.

Miss Perkins, '99, is unable to return to her work this term on account of illness.

Miss Alice Brackett, '98, and Miss Imogen Farnum, '98, are teaching in Georgetown.

The classes in History and Political Economy recite in Professor Strong's recitation room.

The carpenters are laboring to convert a room in Parker Hall into a thing of beauty for the Piærian Society.

The Class of '99 loses one of its most respected members by the death of Miss May Alden, who passed away at her home in Lewiston, April 16th.

Professor Strong gave a stereopticon exhibition and lecture, "In the Shadow of the Rockies," Monday evening, April 12th, at the Park Street M. E. Church.

The Seniors are repairing and re-furnishing Professor Hartshorn's room. While the work is being done the recitations in English will be held in the Polymnian and Eurosophian rooms.

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Wednesday evening, March 31st, Landman, '98, was elected President; Calhoun, '99, Vice-President; Gray, '99, Recording Secretary; Merrill, '99, Corresponding Secretary; Dennison, 1900, Treasurer.

Rev. E. W. Ricker, pastor of the Pine Street F. B. Church, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the chapel of Cobb Divinity School, Friday afternoon, April 9th, upon "Army Experiences Before and After Gettysburg."

The Senior Exhibition was given Friday evening, April 2d, at the Main Street F. B. Church. Music was furnished by the College Glee Club and College Quartette. The programme was:

GLEE CLUB.

Prayer—Professor Hayes.

QUARTETTE.

Crises. A. P. D. Tobien.
The Spirit of the Age. Mary Buzzell.
The Jewish Lesson of Nationality. R. B. Stanley.
The Perception of Beauty. Nellie A. Houghton.

GLEE CLUB.

Bismarck and Gladstone—An Antithesis. Everett Skillings.
Social Orders Dependent on Moral Ideals. Emma V. Chase.
In the Actual Lies Thy Ideal. Eva R. Roby.

QUARTETTE.

National Independence. H. P. Parker.
The Supreme Art. Mabel C. Andrews.
Individuality. A. W. Bailey.
Browning's Message. Charlotte M. Hanson.

Two years ago the STUDENT was able to report that the Athletic Association was at last on a firm constitutional basis. Surely with no less pleasure will the announcement be heard that the Association is now on a solid financial basis, and that provision has been made for the liquidation of all its debts.

The Class of '99 was entertained on Friday evening, April 9th, by Miss Georgia Knapp, at her home on College

Street. About twenty members of the class were present and enjoyed a pleasant evening. Among the novelties of the evening was a mock society meeting, in which a full programme was carried out extemporaneously, much to the amusement and enjoyment of all.

Manager Marr, of the base-ball team, gives us the following schedule of games:

April 22.—Harvard College, Lewiston.
" 24.—Murphy Balsams, Lewiston.
" 30.—New Hampshire College, Lewiston.
May 3.—Brown University, Providence, R. I.
" 4.—Tufts, Medford, Mass.
" 5.—Portland League, Portland.
" 8.—Open.
" 12.—Portland League, Portland.
" 15.—University of Maine, Orono.
" 19.—University of Maine, Lewiston.
" 22.—Open.
" 26.—Bowdoin, Brunswick.
" 27.—University of Maine, Bath.
" 31.—Tufts, Lewiston.
June 5.—Colby, Lewiston.
" 9.—Bowdoin, Lewiston.
" 12.—Colby, Waterville.

At the annual conference of the college Y. M. C. A. Presidents of the East, held at Boston, April 8-11, Bates was represented by Mr. F. U. Landman, our newly-elected Y. M. C. A. president. The meetings were under the direction of Mr. John R. Mott, senior member of the International Committee. Fifty delegates were present, representing the larger part of the colleges of the New England States, New York, and New Jersey.

The annual athletic exhibition was held at City Hall, Thursday evening, March 18th. Under the able management of Messrs. Bolster and Cunningham the exhibition was a great success both as a popular entertainment and financial enterprise. One of the new features this year was the introduction of field events. The interest taken by the incoming class in this work betokens a prosperous year for our track athletics. On the following evening the exhibition was given at Norway.

The prize division of the Sophomore declamations came on Saturday evening, March 27th. Music was furnished by the College Orchestra and College Quartette. The programme was as follows:

ORCHESTRA.

Prayer—Rev. Mr. Ricker.
Pyramids Not All Egyptian—Anon. W. A. Saunders.
Sunshine—Sharp. Verne Flanders.
The Fate of the Indians—Story. R. B. Nason.
The Soul of the Violin—Margaret Merrill. Bessie Hight.

QUARTETTE.

Veritas—Addison. W. S. Bassett.
The Chariot Race—Lew Wallace. Blanche M. Whittum.
Learning the Yorkshire School—Dickens. D. M. Stewart.

ORCHESTRA.

Robert of Sicily—Longfellow. Georgia M. Knapp.
Poetry—Phillips Brooks. C. S. Calhoun.

QUARTETTE.

Bobbie Shaftoe—Homer Greene. E. Grace Gay.
Extract from Ruskin. E. B. Tetley.
The Christmas Substitute—Packard. S. Louise Rounds.

ORCHESTRA.

The prize for ladies was awarded to Miss E. Grace Gay and for gentlemen to Mr. C. S. Calhoun. All the declamations this year were of a high order of excellence. The fact that the speakers were thoroughly familiar with their selections was especially noticeable.

Monday afternoon of examination week the members of the Sophomore Class and a few of their friends met in Professor Stanton's recitation-room to listen to the reading of the winter sketches and the presenting of the lists of birds seen during the winter. Mr. Vining, '97, Miss Merrill, '97, and Mr. Stanley, '97, served as a committee of award. Five winter sketches were read, all of which were of considerable merit and interest. The first prize was awarded to Miss Knapp; the second to Mr. Nason. The combined list of all the different land birds seen by the members of the class was forty-three. Of these, Mr. Mason had seen twenty-eight, and so received the first prize; Mr. Pomeroy the second, having seen twenty-four; Mr. Nason the third, with a list of twenty-one. The first prize for the young ladies was awarded to Miss Lord, who had a list of twenty-one, and the second to Miss Gay, who had seen eighteen.

Arrangements have been made for an intercollegiate debate between Bates and Colby, to be held in Lewiston City Hall, Friday evening, May 7th. The question for debate is: Resolved, That true republicanism in the United States is stronger now than at any previous time in our history. Colby has the affirmative and will be represented by Messrs. Nelson, Cleaves, and Herrick. The Bates representatives are Milliken, Durkee, and Skillings. After the breaking up of the New England Debating League, last December, it was hoped that a triangular state league, consisting of Bowdoin, Colby, and Bates, might be formed, but all efforts to induce Bowdoin to enter the league have been fruitless, and the contest will now be between Bates and Colby.

Anniversary week at Cobb Divinity School occurs this year May 15th to 19th, and will be observed with the following programme:

Sunday, May 16th, 7 P.M., in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, sermon before the school by Rev. J. M. Lowden, Class of '75, pastor of the Plainfield Street Free Baptist Church, Olneyville, R. I.

Tuesday, May 18th, 7.30 P.M., in the Main Street Church, missionary address by Rev. H. M. Ford of Hillsdale, Mich., field agent of the Free Baptist General Conference; subject, "Home Missions."

Wednesday, May 19th, 2.30 P.M., in Roger Williams Hall, anniversary exercises, President Chase presiding; presentation of diplomas; address before the Alumni Association by Rev. J. E. Dame, Class of '68, pastor of the Broadway Free Baptist Church, Dover, N. H. At 7.30 P.M., in Roger Williams Hall, banquet of the Alumni Association and Free Baptist Clerical Club; discussion opened in the after-supper speeches by Professor B. F. Hayes, D.D., Class of '58; subject, "The Efficient Church."

A smart student once asked Dr. Morgan of Oberlin if he could not shorten his course into the ministry. His answer was, "When God wishes to make an oak he takes many years to complete his work; if he would make a squash, a few weeks would suffice."—*Ex.*

Passenger (rising politely)—"Excuse me, madam, but do you believe in woman's rights?" New woman—"Most certainly I do." Passenger (resuming his seat)—"Oh, well then, stand up for them."—*Ex.*

College Exchanges.

"Hold thine own and work thy will:
Year will graze the heel of year,
But seldom comes the poet here,
And the critics rarer still."

COULD truer words be spoken of a college magazine? When your editor beholds the stack of many-colored exchanges the thought will come, surely there must be something of value in such a store! And it is true there is. But how small the proportion! Column after column, page after page, magazine after magazine, and the searching eye finds nothing to re-read. Then in some unpretentious, dull, discouraged-looking book which perhaps is taken up with a sigh, a pure thought brings a smile to the face, a true poem quickens the heart-beats to its own music, or a just criticism awakens a feeling of respect for the writer.

And right here have we not touched just the principle by which we must be guided in criticising the works of others? May we not be pretty certain that whatever inspires us with a feeling of friendship for the author has something of that divine property of literature—inspiration? In many instances this month we have found stories that were lacking in just this attribute. Perhaps they were written to fill up a space which we admit is both awe-inspiring and inspiration killing. But this is no excuse for the senseless, overdrawn stories that are at present prevalent in many of our exchanges. In almost every case this month the plots are too extensive or too meagre for the treatment they have received.

As a rule both the quantity and quality of the poetry this month is better than usual.

The *Western University Courant* offers a souvenir number of the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the university. Articles of general interest, biographical sketches of famous alumni and benefactors, together with engravings of the buildings, classes, fraternities, and faculties combine to make a pleasing number.

The Women's Edition of *The University Cynic* is certainly not a failure, but is bright and entertaining. "A Moravian Legend" is one of the best things in the paper.

One of the best articles for the month is the "Art of Forgetting" in *The Mount Holyoke*. In the same a short story or sketch, "Pop's Little Girl," is fairly well written, but lacks originality. There are some bits of good verse in *The Kodac*.

Have you ever drunk of the dewdrops
At an acorn cup's brown brim?
Or feasted on icicle candy
From the tip of a maple limb?

All these are in nature's larder,
You have only to help yourself;
The door is ajar, and the dainties
Stand waiting upon the shelf.

In the *Kenyon Collegian* the half-legendary prize story, "Henry the Lion, and Barbarossa," attracted our attention because of its dissimilarity to other college stories. "A Reverie" is also very good.

The *Pharetra* celebrates this month its tenth anniversary, and offers us an

excellent number. The appearance of the paper is much improved by several half-tone engravings of the college and neighboring scenery. Another prominent feature is the abundance of poetry really worthy of the name. The number opens with "The Song of the Conococheague," which is decidedly pleasing. The little stream is made to declare in the last stanza:

"But dearest of all to my heart are the girls
Who row in the old college boats
And sing their sweet songs of the silver and blue,
While the idle oar lazily floats.

The following stanzas from "The Tapestry Weavers" are especially good:

"The years of man are the looms of God
Let down from his place in the sun,
Whereon he is weaving alway,
Till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, yet weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate,
He cannot see how the right side looks,
He can only weave and wait.

But looking above for his pattern,
No weaver hath need to fear,
If he look clear through into Heaven,
The perfect pattern is there."

One other poem, "The Clock," will not be passed over in silence. The last stanzas are the best:

"'Tis God who maketh the moments,
His work is very exact,
All that He maketh I measure:
I neither may add nor subtract.

I know that the moments are precious
And beautiful and sublime:
For God, in all His omnipotence,
Can make them but one at a time."

In "An Unsuspected Rival," in *The Tuftonian*, we see occasional touches of humor, and once in a while an apt bit of description strikes our fancy, nevertheless the story is lacking in character.

We clip the following from *The Sioux:*

IT SHOULD BE SO.

When mother left me, but a child,
Unguarded from the billows wild,
My heart in secret mourned that blow;
But father whispered soft and low,
"Perhaps! perhaps it should be so!"

Then father, too, one night, was gone,
And left me more alone.
Older then, I could but follow
To weep where he lay beneath the willow;
Perhaps! perhaps it should be so!

Morning kissed the skies of youth,
Promise filled our plighted troth.
Alas! you changed, and now a shadow
Clouds my soul with sorrow;—
Perhaps! perhaps it should be so!

In *Education*, an article, "Spiritual Education," by Robert P. St. John, emphasizes literature as the means of promoting spiritual insight and appreciation of the best things in art and nature. He says:

Creative reading is not less important than creative writing. It is the duty of the teacher to help the pupil to do creative reading. . . . I believe that the spirit is a unit, and that there is no limit either to the spiritual sensitiveness or the capacity for spiritual development of any human being, if he can pass in due order from book to book, from strength to strength. . . . The abstruse studies, such as mathematics and the advanced sciences, tend to create a caste and to narrow the sympathies, the other humanities are limited in their scope, but there is no province so remote, no class so obscure, that it does not become the subject for literature.

The age of miracles has not passed,
At least it hadn't oughter,
For I dropped a burnt match from my boat,
And it *lit* right on the water. —*Ex.*

These college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees. —*Ex.*

THE PRIEST OF AUSTERLITZ.

A parish priest of Austerlitz
Climbed upon a high church steeple,
To be near God, that he might send
His word down to the people.

In sermon script each day he wrote
What he thought was sent from Heaven.
And drop't it down on the people's heads
Two times, one day in seven.

In His rage God called, "Come down and die."
And he cried from out the steeple,
"Where art thou, Lord?" and the Lord replied,
"Down here, among the people."

—*The Pharetra.*

She—"What do you raise in the South during the rainy season?" He—"Umbrellas."—*Ex.*

A Chat About New Books.

THERE is something very satisfying about a beautiful poem in an appropriate setting. The effect is that of a beautiful woman becomingly gowned. The quaintest book which has come to my table this year is a new edition of *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book*.[1] The text is illuminated; the paper, hand made. Done in relief on the old leather binding is the figure of the Friar. Designs of monks and saints form the wide margins. Altogether the make-up is very artistic.

The ancient appearance of the little book prepares us for the old-time poem. Aldrich is America's greatest living poet, and this simple story of the ambition and sacrifice of Friar Jerome is among his best.

One of the most inspiring parts of the poem is that which follows the determination of the monk to leave the pursuit of fame and save his plague-stricken fellow-men.

"And there was joy in heaven that day—
More joy o'er this forlorn old friar
Than over fifty sinless men
Who never struggled with desire."

A book about books is a nuisance as a rule. One never agrees with the writer nor cares for his opinions unless he has proven himself to be a writer of books as well as about them. Then it is so irritating to be dictated as to what we must read and what leave alone.

But Koopman in his *Mastery of Books*[2] arouses no antagonism. He talks sensibly and unassumingly of the limits of the reader, the necessity of determining how much of the mass of literature at our command it is advisable to read.

He places the Bible first, not from sentiment but from the conviction that it is greatest in its influence on all literature.

Of course he bids us study Shakespeare and Chaucer, Dante and Homer; and he also gives a just place to modern foreign classics. He talks of our own writers, of "Thoreau, the lone; and Whitman, the only." He places poetry highest as a means of culture, and introduces a spirited little plea for its practicability.

There are some very valuable and thoroughly up-to-date suggestions for the study of foreign languages. Of the lists of books given in the appendix, that of fiction is the most nearly complete.

Guerber's series of *Stories of the Romans*,[3] etc., are very useful to teachers desiring supplementary courses for their reading classes; but they are not adapted to college work.

Whether you count yourself a bird lover or not, you will be pleased with *A-Birding on a Bronco*.[4] Glimpses of Californian scenery and foliage are given, along with interesting sketches of bird life.

We quite forget that "the little lover" who built his nest in the Santa Clara valley, is not our own acquaintance. He is only a little western house wren, but Miss Merriam makes him very real.

The swing nests of the hummers, the pockets of the bush-tits, the nose bag nest of the Vigor's wren, are very curious and amusing. There is plenty of animated description. We long to see the baby bird which the lazuli bunting and the wrentit each claimed. The writer's hours in a blue gum grove are especially attractive. The true vacation spirit is found there.

[1] Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.50.

[2] The Mastery of Books. By H. L. Hoopman, A.M. New York: American Book Co.; 90 cents.

[3] Story of the Romans. By H. A. Guerber. New York: American Book Co.; 60 cents.

[4] A-Birding on a Bronco. By Florence A. Merriam. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.25.

College Notes.

The Class of '97 of the University of Pennsylvania will be the first to graduate without having written theses.

Twenty-six American women have matriculated for the new term of the University of Berlin.

The Harvard-Yale-Cornell 'varsity race will be rowed June 25th. Cornell, Columbia, and University of Pennsylvania will row against each other on July 2d.

The Olympic games in 1900 will be held in Paris, and in 1904 the committee will choose between New York, Berlin, and Stockholm.

The college Greek-letter fraternities in the United States have a membership of 100,000, with about 650 active and 350 inactive chapters.

The smallest as well as the largest university in the world is in Africa. The smallest has five students and fifteen instructors; the largest, which is situated in Cairo, Egypt, has 10,000 students.

One of the requirements of those who seek college honors at Amherst is that their college expenses for the previous year shall not exceed $500.

Inquiry in the cases of ten successful intercollegiate contests has disclosed the fact that, with but one exception, the time spent by the winner in the preparation of his oration has been from one to three years.

There are eight thousand students at the University of Berlin, of whom one-fourth are Americans.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

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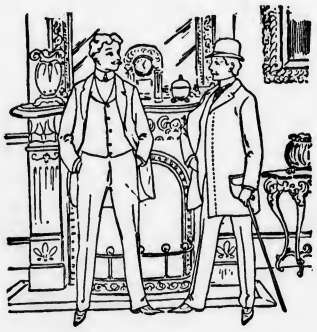
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. MAY, 1897. No. 5.

THE MOTLEY.

As light as arrow, shot the silver deep
An osprey's flashing wing;
A splash, a graceful fling,
A shining flight to heaven.
The ruffled surface seemed to calm in sleep,
As ne'er a breath were given.

A silent glance, unconscious, robbed the heart.
A sad, sweet fancy slipt,
Where those bright eye-gleams dipt,
To dreamless isles of death;
A deep, dull calm whose surface may not part,
Dim years of woe beneath.

Yet while the sunlight seems to fall,
I'll gaily dance and smile,
As joyous all the while,
Nor list to mocking Grief's wild call.
I'll wile the envious throng
With sip and soaring song,
Till slumber steals for aye
At twilight of life's day.

—'99.

THE ORGANIST.

THE musical portion of the congregation held its breath, not to lose a single note of the surging harmonies of the closing Easter chorus. Higher and higher rose the carol of the vibrant sopranos, weaving with the mellow tenors a glorious shining maze of melody against the strong, deep tones of alto and bass, and surrounding the whole figure, sustaining it, and bearing it onward and upward, swelled the mighty manifold voice of the great organ.

A melody-starved little teacher in the congregation gripped the arm of the pew beside her, as if she feared to be swept away in the sea of sound; and the unconscious wood under her fingers thrilled like a sounding-board to the mighty vibrations.

The earnest minister, who had spent his whole soul in the day's theme, realizing for himself with overwhelming intensity the sacrifice and the triumph of the Redemption, was uplifted in thanksgiving and adoration like a rapt saint of old, on the wings of the music.

> Allelulia! Allelulia!
> Victorious he liveth evermore!

The breathless hush that the ceasing anthem left behind it was broken by the rustle of a people released from strong tension before the Easter benediction dismissed a reverent congregation.

"Now the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead that great Shepherd of the sheep, Christ Jesus, make you perfect in every good work to do His will . . . through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

Over the motion and hum of the slow progress to the doors, rose the tones of the organ once more, in a theme so grand, so solemnly joyous, that it was a fitting culmination for the mingled emotions of Passion Tide. Forgetting everything but his music, till he almost felt himself one with his instrument,

the organist mounted from height to height of exaltation, till the slam of the vestry door warned him that the sexton had begun to close the building. The intricate harmony modulated gently into one deep, long-drawn chord; and after the minute of unearthly hush that succeeds the postlude, the man rose and, leaning against the great organ, his cheek upon the fretted panel, looked slowly about the dimming church.

Half a dozen of the younger singers still lingered in the far end of the gallery, settling hats and shouldering into coats with a pleasant bustle. The organist gazed after them a little wistfully as they trooped away. Below, the minister was talking with the chorister while he put on his coat. The chorister received a great deal of well-deserved praise for the invariable excellence of the music at Summer Street. His choir was composed of unprofessional singers, men and women with good voices, and the love of music in their hearts, who praised God six days in the week by honest work with hammer and needle and account book, and on the seventh, no less honestly led the worship of a congregation in song, in a manner that was rapidly increasing their chorister's reputation.

But being a righteous man, the chorister valiantly essayed to render honor where honor was due, asserting stoutly that half the credit of the music belonged to the organist, and being a kindly man, he attempted to give to the poorer musician of his own abundance, inviting him to a private musical or a recital very much as he would have invited a needy neighbor to dinner. And the organist let his love for sweet sounds conquer his shyness, and sat in a silent rapturous corner through one or two red-letter evenings, and in his gratitude endeavored bravely at the next choir rehearsal to discuss these heavenly occasions with his patron, who, not wishing his *protégé* to feel embarrassed by obligation, promptly turned the subject, with the ease of a man of the world, and left the organist stranded high and dry by the retreating tide of talk. But this had the effect of rendering him so shy before the other's superior culture and resource that his next attempt was even more constrained than the first, and the busy chorister, in his increasing prosperity and popularity, gradually forgot to do more than nod to his silent, faithful colleague on entering the organ loft, when the latter was not, as usual, turned unsociably face about to the organ desk.

Five or six pews away, the minister's wife was wrapping their little girl in her cloak, Tommy standing by, proud of his recently acquired ability to put on his own coat and rubbers. The children's excited chatter, and mamma's low, laughing call to John to postpone the rest of his business till to-morrow, rose to the solitary man in the choir loft. He started suddenly from his inaction, gathered up his music with quick, nervous hands, and locked the organ, closing the lids of the desk as gently as mamma had fastened little Mary's cloak, and for a moment his lips lost their bitterness in a flashing smile. He locked the doors of the gallery and went down to the street, out into the early April night, where

the cool, damp air washed softly against his face.

He trudged through the thin mud of the brick walks, noting eagerly the tracery of the lofty, budding boughs against the starry sky, the pearly tone of the tiny cloud near the moon, darting quick glances to left and right as he threaded the tenement streets, where the mill hands were parading in couples. Once he stopped, to direct one whom he saw to be a stranger out of his course, and again, to carry a sobbing child safely past a huge shaggy dog lying crouched athwart the walk.

He shook himself, very much as the dog might have done, when he stood before the door of his lodging house an hour later, and in the beam of the arc-light his lonely eyes were kind, and the bitterness had faded from his lips, leaving his face strong and quiet. He hugged his music roll closer under his arm as he felt for his key, and looked fondly at a great drooping elm across the street, whose thickening net-work of budding twigs spread graciously above a dingy tenement.

"The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places," said the organist softly. "Yea, I have a goodly heritage!"

He found his key, and unlocking his door went quietly into the dark, stuffy entry of his lodging, and passed up the shabby stairs to his lonely room.

. . . . . .

In the chill, lonely stillness between midnight and morning, when courage and faculties are at their lowest ebb, the organist found himself sitting up in bed, every nerve tense, listening, but with no idea of what had waked him. There was not a sound, save the pounding of his own heart, and he was about to lie down again, when the rapid clang of the fire-alarm rang out above the sleeping city. "One-two-three-four!" counted the organist. "One-two-three-four-five-six-seven! Forty-seven—where is that?" The fire-engine clattered past the head of the street, and a man's voice called as if in answer from the midst of the receding noise, "Up by Liberty Square—Summer Street Church, they say it is!"

The organist sprang from his bed and tore his clothes from the hooks, reaching for his keys from the table. The sexton's key to the organ loft had been mislaid, and the safety of the great organ might depend on him!

"It's no use," a bystander was saying, when the organist ran up, breathless, "it's got to go. The steeple can't stand much longer. That's where it caught, and it'd been burning inside nobody knows how long when the alarm was pulled in. They've saved—"

The organist did not hear what. He forced his way past the police, past the fire chief, and rushed into the burning building. Men were tearing up the carpets and gathering the cushions from the pews.

"Take holt there!" ordered a smoke-blackened fireman. "Pile these ont' the organ. Gallery door locked? Break it down—I'm coming!"

The organist, his teeth set and his breath coming in great gasps, had ripped up a length of the heavy red carpeting, and staggered towards the stairs, loaded with the burden of two men.

All one side of the church, including the tower corner with its staircase, was already a seething mass of flames, and despising the puny opposition of the engines, the fire was roaring down the gallery toward the great organ, which loomed vast and shadowy in the fierce flickering light. The roar of the flames and the hiss of the water gave way to the mighty roll of the Easter chorus in the ears of the organist, when he looked up at the silent music prophet, and at the thought of the great organ's swan song, he felt the strength of ten in his muscles.

"You can't break that in," he shouted. "It's oak—I've got the key!"

He rushed through the smoky vestibule dragging his burden, and flinging the chief aside, fitted his key with hands that never trembled. The door flew open, and the organist ran up the narrow, winding stairs to unlock the second entrance to the shrine where the music prophet dwelt, while the men tugged after him with the carpets.

The key was already in the lock—the loose, ill-matched lock that demanded so much gentle, practiced coaxing, and the men were calling him to help, when a child's shrill scream rang on the organist's ears.

A little street Arab from the shipyard, slipping past the line of excited police, had daringly climbed the long ladder set against a projecting spur of the wall to enable the firemen to reach the inner tower window with their hose, and thence crawled out upon a ledge, where he clung, triumphant, but unnoticed, when the ladder was suddenly removed. The fire had gained inside the church, and now burst from the window next the boy. The organist heard his cry, close at hand it seemed. One glance from the window of the square corner belfry where he stood showed him the whole—showed him that before the ladder could be replaced it would be too late. There was only one chance of rescue, and all in a moment the lonely, gloomy man, whose only comrade was his organ, who had no memories of beloved human friends to sweeten sacrifice for another, became a hero, forsaking what was dear to him as life itself for the sake of this waif of the streets.

The men were crowding on the winding stair; he ran to a narrow passage back of the organ loft, crying that the key was in the door—they must not put it in too far! He ran headlong through the passage and burst into the narrow open space beyond in the blazing gallery, and flung up the window nearest the advancing flames. The boy was not three feet away, clinging to a narrow ledge that broadened where it joined the window sills. The organist leaned far out and grasped the child's shoulder. "Come!" said he fiercely. "Come!" The boy crept over, held securely by that tense grip, and the organist dragged him in and pushed him to the passage.

The men were thundering at the loft door in a vain attempt to break it in, for the key resisted their impatient fingers. Just as the organist and the boy, begrimed with smoke and covered with dust and cobwebs, came upon them, the chief called from below—

"All out, boys! The steeple's going to fall!"

The organist sprang at the loft door, but the men swept him away, together with the boy, in a mad rush for the stairs.

"We must save the organ—there's plenty of time—the fire's nowhere near it!" cried the organist.

"All out!" shouted the chief again, and wrestling like a madman to push his way back to the loft door, the organist was forced out by two stalwart firemen.

The crowd was still cheering the rescue of the child when the men rushed out from the doomed church, but the shouting was hushed in awe, for the great tower, wrapped in flame to its summit, where the cross was hidden in upstreaming fire and smoke, was tottering to its fall.

The organist wrenched himself free from the guards, who mopped their grimy, sweaty faces and regarded him curiously.

"It's no use," said one, kindly, when he recognized the man whose music had given wings to his own Sunday worship for many years, "I'm sorry, but the poor old organ's got to go. What a sight that steeple is! Look!

The great tower reeled on its base, amid a whirlwind of flame, the cross flashed out, outlined in fire, and no sound was heard but the crackle of the flames; then, with a noise of rending timbers, and a crash that seemed to shake the solid earth, the tower and half the front of the church fell in together, burying the great organ in their ruins.

The crowd drew a long, shuddering breath, and each man looked at his neighbor. But the organist was lying prone where he had stood when the rest shrank back at the fall of the tower, and beside him was a shattered mass of stone that had fallen from the base of the cross.

Organ and organist would never lead the worship of song again.

D., 1900.

NAPOLEON AND JOAN OF ARC.

IN the early part of the fifteenth century, the blackest, the most brutal and wicked in history since the dark ages, the little village of Domremy, France, the home of humble peasants, though noble patriots, presented to the world the most remarkable woman it has ever seen. Joan of Arc lived at the time when her country was in the sorest distress, when it most needed a great leader. From her earliest childhood the condition of France lay heavily upon her soul. Even in her village, where patriotism was the sentiment of every heart, by her marvellous enthusiasm and utter devotion to her country, she won the name of "The Patriot." Although a shy, loving, happy child, the favorite among her companions and their leader, yet dearer to her than even friends and home was the freedom of France.

Almost four hundred years later, on the island of Corsica, when that country was perishing under the oppression of the French, amid the cries of the wounded, sighs of the oppressed, and tears of despair, was born that extraordinary man who operated upon the world with unprecedented power during

his life, and is to-day influencing it by his character. Born, like Joan of Arc, at a time of national distress, Napoleon Bonaparte, too, became inspired, at a very early age, with a spirit of patriotism, a contempt for submission, and a love for liberty. When at school in France, his companions taunted him with the fact that his father had submitted, he answered bitterly, "I shall never forgive him for it." In childhood, as in manhood, he too was a leader among his mates, on account of his superior intellect and strong will.

Under so strikingly similar circumstances were born these two who were destined to sway the fortunes of France. As great and successful military leaders they have no rivals in history. In both we see many like characteristics, which, in a great measure, achieved their success; the rapidity of their conception, the inexhaustibleness of their invention, their decision which allowed not a moment's pause between a purpose and its execution, their energy, presence of mind, and courage. Both by intuition seemed to understand what for other minds required much thought and study. To both came splendid victories, unparalleled renown, and the warm love of a grateful nation; to both came deep humiliation, cruel suffering, and premature death.

Behold Joan of Arc, the noblest, most innocent, most adorable child the ages have produced, taken by French priests and burned alive at the stake as a sorceress and heretic, while the French king whom she had crowned stood indifferent and unmoved. Joan of Arc was great always, great everywhere, but she was greatest at the Rouen trials, rising above the limitations and infirmities of human nature and accomplishing under hopeless conditions all that she would have accomplished had she been aided by life and cheer and light and the presence of kindly faces. Great as was Joan of Arc, the general, greater still was Joan of Arc, the martyr.

Behold Napoleon, the victorious general, the conqueror of nations, the emperor of France, an exile in the most somber and remote part of that most isolated and inaccessible of islands, St. Helena. He, too, in this degradation displayed a courage and determination which his most thrilling battle had not required. Although he received the announcement of his exile with indignation and vowed never to submit voluntarily, yet when he knew that his fate was inevitable, he renounced the thought of suicide which seemed the easiest solution of his dilemma, saying that a man ought to live out his destiny, and resolutely set himself to make occupations to beguile the loneliness of his new life.

Remarkable as are the similarities in the lives of these two great characters, even more remarkable are the contrasts.

Joan of Arc, a mere child in years, ignorant, unknown, and without influence, at a time when hope was dead and patriotism dying, saved the French crown and nation. True, Napoleon swept away the disciplined armies of Europe, but he was trained in military science, and began with patriotic armies, inspired by Liberty, the product of the Revolution.

Yet the greatness of the warrior is poor and low compared with the nobility of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. In character lay the greatest contrast between Napoleon and Joan of Arc. Judged by all times, the character of Joan of Arc is faultless, and occupies a loftier place than has been attained by any other mortal. Judged by his own time, when the standard of morality was low, the character of Napoleon is base and ignoble.

Joan of Arc was perhaps the only entirely unselfish person, save One, whom the world has ever known. Of herself she never thought; her life was devoted to others. When offered rewards for her service, she would accept none, merely asking that she might go back to her mother and be her helper. She sacrificed herself to right and the welfare of her countrymen.

Napoleon was the embodiment of selfishness. His every act was prompted by a selfish motive. As a reward of his labors he desired homage and renown. He sacrificed himself to the idol of power and self-gratification.

Joan of Arc was deeply religious. "God is my Lord," she was wont to say, "and Him do I obey." Neither with the character nor government of Napoleon could one religious association be formed.

EDITH B. MARROW, '99.

Let not the storms of yesterday
Darken to-day,
We will enjoy the sunshine bright,
While yet we may.

Dread not the future, nor look forth
To coming sorrow,
But let the brightness of to-day
Gladden to-morrow.

QUEBEC.

THE old city of Quebec, the capital of Lower Canada, is situated on the left bank of the St. Lawrence at its confluence with the St. Charles. Coming from "the States" the first thing one sees is "The Citadel." This part of the city stands about three hundred feet above the level of the St. Lawrence River, and is cut perpendicularly from the top to the water below.

The railway does not cross the river at this point, so one has to take the ferry-boat at Lévis, a city of about 20,000 inhabitants right across the river from Quebec. While crossing the river all that one can see on the Quebec side are masts and smoke stacks. At first sight it looks impossible to reach the wharf, but a way is found, and you arrive at the old fortress, or rather at the foot of it.

Founded in 1608 by the French under Champlain and having withstood seven alternate sieges by the English and French, Quebec is now an English city in the sense only that it stands on English soil, for it is really as much of a French town as Paris. The city is divided into two parts, called the Lower and the Upper City. The Upper City comprises the Citadel and the top of the hill on which the city is built; the Lower City comprises that part built below the high rocks of the fort and on wharves extending nearly a half mile into the river. The Lower town is not very interesting historically, and all one can see are warehouses, sailors, and ships, and ships, sailors, and warehouses; but this is where the bulk of

the business is carried on. It is a busy scene; besides, there are always in the harbor two or three of H. R. M.'s ships, which it is quite a treat to visit.

As you go up toward the Citadel you will begin to notice the narrowness of the streets and the height of the buildings. These buildings are chiefly warehouses and are of stone. They look queer, to say the least, standing eight or ten stories high looking into a street about twenty feet wide, said street being crooked and rising almost perpendicularly. Until a few years ago no other material than stone was allowed for building purposes in the city proper, but now, I believe, bricks are allowed.

Just as you reach the top of the hill you have to pass through a huge gate, one of the remains of the works of the French. This gate is a massive stone affair, somewhere about thirty feet high and seventy wide, with three archways, two for pedestrians and one for teams. This arch and what remains of the wall which surrounded the old city are covered with cannon and always guarded by a number of soldiers. Near this gate is a market place and a cab stand. The market wagons, two-wheeled, springless carts, stand in rows backed up against walks built parallel through the market place. These wagons are all tended by women, and one has to be sharp to beat one of these market women in a trade. Opposite the market place stands "La Cathedral," an old church nearly two hundred and fifty years old, which contains some very valuable and famous paintings and sculptures by the old masters.

Near this church is the longest stretch of the old wall, built nearly three centuries ago (in most places the wall has been removed). There are cannon at every ten feet, and in many places one can see the marks on the stones made by English bullets. A few rods from here are the Plains of Abraham, where was fought one of the memorable battles of America, between the English under Wolfe and the French under Montcalm. By this battle Quebec was made an English city forever, unless Canada is annexed (?). Here are two monuments, one to Wolfe and one to Montcalm. The memory of both men is venerated, yet on the anniversary of the battle one will find more flowers on Montcalm's grave than on Wolfe's. But the city is French, you know. From the foot of Wolfe's monument one can see the Parliament building, a fine edifice built in Italian-Gothic style, costing over ten millions.

On the very top of the mountain, overlooking one of the best harbors in the world, stands La Citadelle. Here ancient and modern fortifications are seen. Old brass cannon, used nearly three hundred years ago, stand by the side of the modern steel breech-loader. Inside of the fort are the barracks. About fifteen hundred men are kept here, and it is a pleasant sight to see them on the drill and dress parade at nine every morning.

Quebec, with its harbor, its walls, and its natural situation, was considered impregnable until taken by Wolfe; and now, with its splendid harbor defences and a good fort across the river, it well deserves its name of the Gibraltar of America. A. T. L'Heureux, '99.

A THOUGHT.

I will not speak them now,
Those words I might have said.
The thought unkind, I'll check,
My friend is dead.

Breathes a voice within me,
"Thy words grief cannot bring
To him who rests to-night
Beyond their sting.

"Say of him the malice,
The word that sorrow gives,
Rather than wound the heart
Of him who lives."

'9—.

THE WORLD'S STUDENT CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD.

A TREND of American colleges and universities, which cannot but be beneficial, is, to coin a word, "intercollegianism." It is certain that contact with the spirit of other institutions, engendering as it is sure to do, friendly and healthy rivalry, is a means of growth in every department of college life. Among these movements there is none of more true dignity and importance than that of intercollegiate Christian work as exemplified in the college Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., which in nobility of object and of results attained is unsurpassed by any intercollegiate organization of to-day.

So great is the importance of this work, so keen is the need of college-bred men above all others, as they go into the service of life, to carry with them the characters of Christian men, that even in the great plans of Mr. Moody this movement finds a conspicuous place. It is to him that it owes the inspiration which can come from such conventions as his kindness makes possible each year at Northfield. The invitation has just come to Bates to again send representatives to this convention. Again it will be possible for some of the seed sown by Mr. Moody and the band of men he holds about him to find lodgment here at Bates.

The worth of this convention is no matter of experiment. Each year that we have been represented at Northfield the results have shown themselves unmistakably in the moral tone of the college. To other colleges the results have been the same. To quote from the prospectus of the '97 conference: "The Northfield Conference has been the most potent factor of recent years in the promotion of Christian life and work among college men. It has greatly strengthened the intercollegiate tie. It has developed the Christian Associations of the colleges. It has deepened the spiritual life of thousands of students. It has given a marked impetus to college Bible study. It has made possible the modern student missionary uprising and other great movements. From it have sprung similar gatherings at the West, at the South, in Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, Switzerland, India, and Japan."

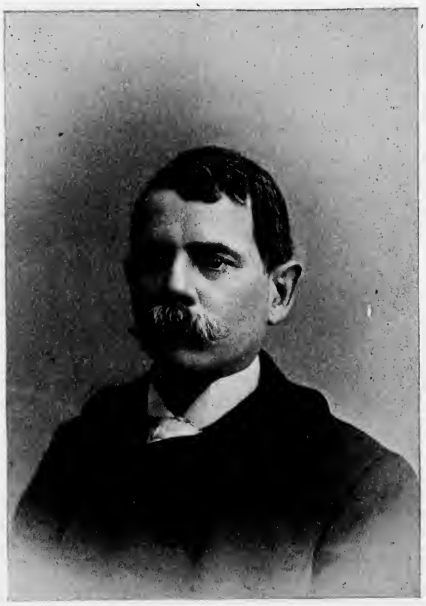
Last year Bates outdid herself, thanks to the generosity of the students and friends of the college, and sent ten young men, more than all the other Maine colleges combined. This year the need is just as great as last, and the delegation should certainly be no smaller. It is sincerely hoped that the feeling in Bates this spring will warrant the presidents of the local associations in taking large representations with them to Northfield.

Alumni Department.

FRANK L. NOBLE, '74.

IT is seldom a man dies at forty-four years of age and leaves behind him a more brilliant record or a larger number of friends than did Frank L. Noble.

His illness was not of long duration, but the disease, Bright's disease, developed with relentless rapidity. All that medical science, skilled treatment, and care could do availed not to stay its progress. Early in January he had taken his seat in the Legislature, apparently in his usual health. He was a candidate for the office of attorney-general, not, however, with the expectation of an election at the present time, but that he might be in line for the promotion in the future. He received a flattering vote from his legislative associates for this high office. He was the admitted Republican leader on the floor of the House, in a House that was almost unanimously Republican, and was House Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. On the 15th of March, 1897, he was for the fourth successive year inaugurated Mayor of Lewiston after a canvass that must have taxed his energies to an unusual degree.



Rumors of his illness had gone abroad during the last week of this canvass,

but it was not until the day of inauguration, when it was understood that Mayor Noble would not be able to deliver his inaugural in person, that the public had any intimation of his serious illness. He was present at City Hall at the organization of the city government and took the oath of office. His inaugural was read by the President of the Board of Aldermen, but he himself administered the oath of office to his City Council and spoke a few words to them at the close of the ceremonies. Although the old grace and ease of manner were there, and his splendid voice was clear and full, there was a pallor upon his face and a haggard cast of countenance that boded ill. In a few days, acting upon medical advice, he started for the South, with the hope that a sojourn during the spring months in a warmer climate would be beneficial. His wife accompanied him. They stopped on the way at Everett, Mass. But here he continued to fail. Tortured by excruciating pain, his nights were sleepless and the hours passed in the struggle that a strong man, with much to live for, makes for life before hope dies within him, before the spirit surrenders, before the heart yields to resignation and peace comes. He returned to his home on Frye Street in Lewiston, Friday morning, March 26th, prostrated, unable to walk unassisted from the carriage to the house.

On Monday, March 29, 1897, at 1.30 o'clock A.M., the end came. He died at his own home, with his faithful wife and attendants at his bedside,—the chief magistrate of the city in which he had grown from boyhood to mature manhood, honored and beloved.

He never had exceptional advantages. Frank Low Noble was born at Fairfield Corner, Somerset County, Maine, July 22, 1852, and was the only son of E. R. and Harriet (Lamb) Noble. His two sisters, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. George B. Stetson, live in Lewiston. His mother died a few years ago, and since her death the father has lived with his son. His parents left Fairfield when Frank was six years old and moved to Portland, Me., where they lived for a year or more, when they came to Lewiston, first occupying the house on Park Street where Dr. J. M. Small now lives. Frank was then nine years of age. They soon moved into one of the Hill Corporation boarding-houses, where they remained over twenty years. In those early days the factories were filled with the sons and daughters of the villagers and farmers round about, who boarded on the Corporation, as it was called, through the week, and often spent the Sabbath at home. It was in the midst of these surroundings that the future lawyer, legislator, magistrate, and orator grew to maturity.

He attended the public schools in Lewiston, then for a short time the Edward Little Institute in Auburn, and later the Nichols Latin School, where he completed his fit for college. He was graduated at the Latin School in 1870, and for merit was given the salutatory at the graduation exercises. From his earliest boyhood there was never any doubt as to what his occupation was to be. To become a lawyer was the goal of his ambition. Toward

this his every energy was bent. He entered Bates College in the autumn of 1870 in a class of twenty-six and took good rank from the start. It was generally believed among the students he could easily have led his class had he applied himself more closely to his studies. He was fond of out-of-door sports. In those days base-ball, foot-ball, and college athletics generally were in a crude state, but there was an occasional game of ball between the different classes on Saturday afternoons. Noble was always prominent in whatever he undertook. He was full of vigor and animal spirits, and his mind was no less vigorous than his body. A keen, powerful intelligence, a cordial, sincere manner, made him popular and won for him warm friends. He excelled in declamation and debate. His voice was loud, clear, and resonant, a splendid voice for public speaking after it was once trained down, but in the college days we thought it too loud and strong for the best effects. Its well-rounded periods have since been listened to from many a public platform and in many a court-room, when his listeners have felt upon them the spell of the orator.

He was graduated from college in the Class of 1874 with honors, and then for a time taught school, first at Garland, Me.—a winter school—afterwards at a private school at Topsham, Me., where he and his classmate Stanford taught together.

He studied law with Strout & Holmes in Portland, and in 1877 was admitted to the Cumberland Bar. He came to Lewiston, opened a law office, formed a co-partnership with James Nash, a Bates graduate of the Class of 1875, which lasted until 1879. Growing restless for lack of business he then started for the West and settled in Minneapolis. After trying his fortunes here for a year and a half he went to San Francisco, where his sister, Mrs. Hall, then resided. Here he remained but a few months, when he decided to return to Lewiston. This was in 1881. Since then he has resided here in the practice of his profession, in which he won his way steadily and surely to the front rank.

In 1885 he formed a co-partnership with J. F. Merrill of Bates, '82, which lasted about one year, when Mr. Merrill went West. Mr. Noble was alone in business for some years after, but in 1894 formed a co-partnership with Mr. Ralph W. Crockett. The firm of Noble & Crockett has done a prosperous business, increasing from year to year in amount and in the importance of the cases submitted.

Mr. Noble was perhaps the best criminal lawyer at the Androscoggin Bar. His services in capital cases were in demand not only in his own but in adjoining counties, and in the trial of civil causes as well.

The *Lewiston Journal* of March 29, 1897, says of him:

> For ten years of active law business before jurors he has been one of the most expert of our attorneys, wise, sagacious, cool-headed, quick-witted, dangerous as an adversary, versed in technicalities of the law, strong before a jury (one of the best and most eloquent jury lawyers in New England), with the physique to stand the wear and tear of long trials without a sign of breaking down, and peculiarly fortunate in the various accidents and happen-

ings of trials in court. He was especially versed in "personal damage suits," having tried some of the most notable ones in the state in late years.

As a public speaker his services were in demand on all political and patriotic occasions. He delivered memorial addresses in many cities and towns throughout the state, and had more invitations for such service than he could accept. In March, 1896, he was an invited guest, the only one from Maine, at a banquet given at the Quincy House in Boston by the Marketmen's Club, and made the speech of the evening. He was invited to speak at the opening exercises of the World's Fair at Chicago. In 1895, during Mr. Noble's second term as Mayor, Lewiston celebrated her centennial. Mayor Noble presided at the afternoon meeting on July 4th on the Park, and made a speech notable for its eloquence and patriotic fervor. Other speakers upon the occasion were Senator Frye and ex-Governors Garcelon and Dingley.

As a presiding officer Mr. Noble was not excelled. His manner was graceful and easy, yet forceful and dignified. He despatched business rapidly without apparent effort, and had a fine faculty for clear and concise statement.

In 1882 he married Miss Clara P. Spofford, daughter of Mr. P. M. Spofford of Webster, and sister of the architect Spofford of Boston. They have been devoted to each other. Upon all occasions, whether of business, public speaking, or pleasure, which took him from home over night, his wife almost invariably accompanied him. She was with him at Augusta during the sessions of the Legislature, and at all social functions Mr. and Mrs. Noble were most welcome guests. A finer-looking couple were seldom seen. Their last public appearance together was at City Hall, Lewiston, on March 2, 1897, upon the occasion of the Governor's reception.

He was an industrious man. In the ten years since he first went to the Legislature in 1887 he had won distinction in an exacting profession; attended well to the manifold duties that his increasing prominence as a public man entailed upon him: a member of the Republican County Committee, chairman of the City Committee, responding to frequent calls for public speaking both on the stump and on the platform, again in the legislatures of 1891, 1895, and 1897 taking a prominent part as the leading representative of the largest manufacturing city in the state, just entering upon the fourth successive term as mayor—what wonder, with so much already achieved in the line of his ambition, and with so many friends proud of his successes, that the future looked bright to him and he longed to live.

He was one of the most notable men ever graduated at Bates, and his untimely end cut short a brilliant career. Never before were there such popular manifestations of sorrow in Lewiston, from the humblest to the highest, as at his funeral. On the afternoon of April 1, 1897, at the Pine Street Congregational Church, the Rev. George M. Howe paid the final tribute to his memory,—the church packed to the doors with men, — the casket and pulpit over-

whelmed with flowers. Not only the sidewalks but the streets filled with people — men, women, and children thronging about the doors with sad faces to pay their last tribute of respect to one whom they all knew and loved, who had befriended many of them. The flags were at half-mast in Lewiston and Auburn, the factories and places of business closed. The Androscoggin Bar, delegation of attorneys from other counties in the state, from the State Senate and House of Representatives, civic and military organizations, and secret orders were present and joined the sad procession that followed his remains to their final resting-place, the Oak Hill Cemetery in Auburn.

His vigorous, energetic personality, his kindness of heart and broad sympathies, his genuineness and his talent, were in rare combination. The people believed in him and were loyal to him. The future seemed to have for him much of usefulness and honorable service in store. But the finger of Death beckoned him, and in response to the dread summons he has laid down his work. Full of honor and sincerely mourned, he has gone to his rest.

N. W. Harris, '73.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Dr. F. E. Sleeper of Sabatis, has been chosen Deputy Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Maine.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin delivered an address before the teachers' convention, at Nashua, N. H., on April 21st.

'73.—N. W. Harris has been elected President of the Lewiston and Auburn Railroad Co.

'74.—Robert Given now resides in Denver. He is lecturer on the Irrigation Laws of the West, in the Law School of Colorado University.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is organizing University Extension Work in Ohio. His address is University Association Building, Chicago, Ill.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is Professor of Comparative and English Literature in Colorado University and Dean of the College of Liberal Arts in that institution.

'75.—A. M. Spear of Gardiner, has been chosen Grand Captain General of the Knights Templar of Maine.

'76.—At a recent meeting of the Cumberland County Sunday-School Union, at Scarboro, Rev. T. H. Stacy of Saco, delivered an address on "The Sunday-School an Evangelizer and Christianizer."

'78.—Rev. J. Q. Adams died at his home in Guilford, N. H., on April 16th. A sketch of his life will appear in the June number of the Student.

'80.—W. H. Judkins has been elected Mayor of Lewiston by a large majority.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout, pastor of the Congregational Church at Norway, recently received six persons into membership.

'84.—Prof. A. Beede of Redfield College, is at present supplying the German Methodist Church of Redfield, South Dakota. He preaches in German wholly without manuscript.

'87.—Rev. C. S. Pendleton is pastor of the Baptist Church at Oneonta, N. Y.

'89.—F. M. Buker is principal of Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury Centre, Vt.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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DURING the last few years education has received new impulses. The progressive spirit of the age has caused old methods and plans of work to be discarded. From the first the examination system has been attacked; and the mental excitement and strain of the examination period has been held up as one of the most injurious things a student can undergo. In accordance with this idea, many schools and colleges are doing away with examinations in a measure and basing promotion upon daily rank.

But every question has two sides. Often as much good may be derived from following the beaten path as by straying out into an unfamiliar way.

Under the system mentioned above, it is more easy for the teacher to do mere automatic work. There is no time for teaching, only for marking. Monthly and term examinations are abolished and daily ones substituted. Many a diffident student, thoroughly familiar with his lesson, is unable to recite in class because of his timidity. The papers he passes in are the only way he can give an idea of what his abilities really are. Examinations are tests of how the pupil can, unaided, do the things he has been taught.

It is often impossible, especially in college, to review the term's work; and the final examination must take the place of this review. There is nothing better to fix important points in the mind. Learning one lesson after another gives, at the best, but disconnected ideas, which soon pass away.

DURING our student days we should lay the foundation for a future library. A good working library, we conceive, should consist of two distinct parts; that is, books of reference and those bearing along the line of one's chosen work; and secondly, works of standard literary value.

The first part is essential to accomplish what is required of educated workers of to-day. A few works of reference may, with careful management, be acquired by most students during the collegiate course, and also those books most necessary in the profession or life-work chosen.

Care should likewise be exercised that the second part, standard literary

works, be not neglected. A few of the world's masterpieces of literature may easily find their way to our shelves to be a constant source of mental stimulus and help.

FACTS, phenomena, general laws, become day by day more easily acquired by every college student; the retentive faculty is exercised and strained to its greatest capacity; but does the power of reflection increase daily? We often wonder if the famous philosophers of the past and present were such thoughtless individuals as the average college student of to-day! We think not. Their habits of reflection must have begun before they left their schools. They studied to acquire the facts, but more than this, they studied that by this acquirement they might fit themselves to go on to hidden knowledge and understanding. Let us realize that without thought—though parrot-like, we may be able to repeat books from cover to cover—our study fails of its highest possibility.

Our educational practice of to-day is faulty. Far too prominent a position in the class-room is given to the mere process of sense perception. With us as students lies the partial remedy.

Let us study not that we may be able to make a faultless recitation, but that we may render our minds more acute and more comprehensive.

So, too, in our reading—"Read not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider," should be the principle of every Bates man and woman. Every wholesome book we read, every science, every art we pursue, holds the key to a keener understanding of the world and a more concentrated grasp of the system of matter; and by thus reading and studying we may some day see that our education has attained unto something of its possibility.

WE fear that there are a few students here among us who need to be reminded of the purpose for which such organizations as the Reading-Room Association and the Athletic Association exist. They are not intended to furnish *gratis* the same opportunities to some who are not members, that they furnish to others who are members of the associations and pay their regular dues. The constitutions of these associations say that no one who is not a member in good standing shall be admitted to their privileges. This clause should be enforced; else why does it exist? It is unfair; it is presumption on the part of any student, to disregard this requirement.

STRANGE, when the limits of our own beliefs are so variable, we cannot tolerate those who have other boundaries. To-morrow we go a step beyond, and, turning, rebuke the brother who is standing in the place we left. Or, beholding one who has outstripped us in the march, we cry "Fanatic." Ah, we need a clearer vision of the human. Fierce opposition strengthens the opinion of another. It will never win him to our position.

In Memoriam.

HON. J. L. H. COBB.

IT is an instance not often, if ever, repeated, for the theological seminary of one denomination to bear the name of a deacon in another denomination. In 1888, in recognition of the generous gift of $25,000 to the funds of the institution, the Trustees through the President designated the department, previously known as the Bates Theological Seminary, Cobb Divinity School, in honor of Hon. J. L. H. Cobb. It was a distinction due not to the gift alone, but no less to the spirit of the giver.

A resident of Lewiston since 1852, Mr. Cobb was closely identified with all of its best interests, financial, social, educational, moral, and religious. Beginning on a farm in Poland, Me., he soon developed into a district school teacher. At the age of twenty-one, in Saco, for sixty cents a day he became a dresser in the weaving-room of a large mill. After five years of experience there he was promoted to full charge of a weaving-room at Hadley Falls, Mass. Then when the Bates Mill of Lewiston was opened in 1852 the young man came to this city, still as foreman of the weaving-room. After four years in this position, one year was passed at Casco, Me., in the grocery business, and then followed various changes involving the clothing business and the manufacturing of woolens in North Gray, until in 1868, with some business associates, Mr. Cobb established the Cumberland Mills of Lewiston, in which his fortune was made.

Advancing thus by steady strides from a farm lad to a wealthy manufacturer, Mr. Cobb did not permit his material resources alone to increase. He identified himself with the higher welfare of the community. He has been a member of the Lewiston City Government, and as representative and senator has served his community in the State Legislature. As deacon of the Pine Street Congregational Church, Lewiston, where his fidelity to the interests of religion, and his generosity to the financial needs of the church and denomination were conspicuous, and as Trustee of Bates College and member of the Committee on Oversight and Control of the Divinity School, Mr. Cobb contributed effectively to the higher life of man.

For his friendship to the college the college can never be too grateful. Long a member of the Executive Committee, chairman of the Building Committee of Roger Williams Hall, generous benefactor with funds, and warm sympathizer with young men, Mr. Cobb aided the institution through all its existence. In its early days he gave one-tenth of the amount necessary in endowing a professorship. Ever since he has given many sums, great and small, for various purposes. In 1884 the writer of these paragraphs went as a delegate to the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance at Princeton, N. J.; Mr. Cobb generously aided in paying the bills. And so he was ever ready to respond to appeals. Exact with himself in business methods, he demanded

exactness of others, but he was generous and sympathetic toward all need.

Mr. Cobb's home has long been a student's home. Without children himself, he has taken to his fireside and heart many a young man. For almost a score of years his home has hardly been a month without a student inmate. Rev. H. C. Lowden, College Class of '86 and Divinity Class of '89, passed seven years in that home, and, as Mr. Lowden said with much feeling at the funeral, almost as a son.

Mr. Cobb died April 12, 1897, at seventy-two years of age. His funeral was attended on the 15th by a large gathering of neighbors and friends, including the Faculties of the College and Divinity School and many students, particularly of the Divinity School. By his will Mr. Cobb prescribed that in the final settlement of his estate one-third should be given to the Bangor Theological Seminary, one-third to the American Missionary Society, and one-third to Bates College. While dead, therefore, the interests which he loved he will still care for, one-third of his property aiding church extension in America, and two-thirds the higher education of young men. A. W. A.

ANNIE MAY ALDEN.

FOR the first time the Class of '99 is saddened by the death of one of its members. April 15th, Miss Annie May Alden died at her home in Lewiston.

Miss Alden was born at Monmouth, Me., May 5, 1876, but her parents soon removed to Lewiston, where they have lived since that time. From her childhood she looked forward to gaining an education, and strove earnestly for that object. She was fitted for college in the Lewiston High School, from which she was graduated with high honors in the Class of '95. Her parents had some hesitation about her entering college in the following fall, as she did not then seem strong, but they reluctantly consented to her earnest desire to continue her studies. Early last fall she was obliged to leave her work, and went to Denver, Col., where she hoped to recover her health; but she was beyond help. A short time before her death she was brought back to Lewiston that she might pass the last few days of her life at home.

She was a faithful student, never allowing any interest whatever to take her from her work. She also pursued the study of music with the same degree of faithfulness. Her friends, and especially the members of the Eurosophian Society, thoroughly appreciated her musical talent. For several years she had been connected with the Main Street Free Baptist Church. All who knew and loved her have the consolation that she lived a true Christian life, the influence of which will still live on. —'99.

CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, In the providence of God our beloved classmate, Annie May Alden, has been taken from our number, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '99, deeply lament the loss of one who was a true friend and a faithful student;

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her parents and friends in their affliction;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and that a copy be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

GEORGIA M. KNAPP,
W. S. BASSETT,
A. C. WHEELER,
Committee on Resolutions.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

QUERIES.

Did the Freshies or the Sophies
Sleep the most that night?
Are the girls who keep in fashion
The only ones who're bright?

Was the Lab. so very dirty,
Or those maids so very nice,
That to be clean enough to suit them
It all must be swept twice?

Do the cow-boys down in Texas
Miss their beautiful chapeaus
That the boys of Bates are sporting?
Alas! *Qui sait?* Who knows?

The latest organization is the Cycle Club.

Many of the students attended the concert given by Sousa's Band in City Hall, May 1st.

Dr. Geer occupied the pulpit at the Pine Street Congregational Church, Sunday, May 2d.

A second base-ball nine has been organized, with J. P. Sprague, '98, manager and captain.

The Class of '97 has repaired the co-educational walk between Hathorn Hall and Hedge Laboratory.

The Colby-Bates debate has been postponed to May 21st. Owing to Mr. Milliken's illness, Mr. Bassett, '99, will take his place.

First Student—"Do you take practical physics this term?" Second Student—"No; I took impractical physics last term, and that was all I could stand."

Four prizes have been offered by Professor Strong to the Sophomores in botany for excellence in their note-books, considering in the award originality, amount of work, and general appearance.

At the annual business meeting of the Y. W. C. A., held May 3d, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Files, '98; Vice-President, Miss Edgerly, '99; Recording Secretary, Miss Baldwin, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Blake, '99; Treasurer, Miss Files, 1900.

Track athletics are receiving more attention this spring than ever before, and, judging from present indications, we shall send out by far the strongest track team that we have ever had on the athletic field. We lost none by graduation, while the Freshman Class brought in a large number of good men. Thirty men are training under the direction of the physical instructor, W. W. Bolster, Jr., assisted by W. F. Garcelon, '91.

The Students' Building Fund Association held its annual meeting, April 28th. Officers were elected as follows: President, Costello, '98; Vice-President, Roberts, '99; Executive Committee, Costello, '98, Roberts, '99, Miss Perkins, '98, Bruce, '98, Miss King, '99, Merrill, '99, Dennison, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Tasker, '98; First Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Bassett, '99; Second Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Miss Odiorne, '99; Recording Secretary, Miss Roberts, '99; Assistant Treasurer, Blake, '98; Collectors, Hinkley, '98, Calhoun, '99, Packard, 1900.

Arbor Day was observed, perhaps we might say celebrated, at Bates this year. The college furnished the trees, and the students did the rest. The ceremonies that attended the work defy description. Some sang, some howled, some yelled, some blew tin horns, some played on instruments of brass, some solemnly invoked Pomona and Pan. But to relate all that took place on that eventful forenoon would fill many pages; and it would not be kind to mention how the Seniors looked on the remains of their last year's ivy and sighed; how the Juniors hilariously paraded the campus with plug hats and shovels; how the Sophs climbed the mountain and offered their sacrifices to the Furies; and how the poor Freshies wept over the lowly grave of their departed foe.

The Junior Team Debate took place Saturday evening, April 24th, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. Music was furnished by the college orchestra. The question, "Should the United States maintain by arms, if necessary, the doctrine that no European power shall acquire territory in America?" was discussed by O. H. Toothaker, F. R. Griffin, and T. E. Woodside in the affirmative, and by L. B. Costello, A. A. Knowlton, and F. Pearson in the negative. The judges awarded the prize to the negative, considering presentation of side, logic, rhetoric, and delivery.

A comparison of the work of our base-ball team with that of the other Maine colleges indicates that Bates will have something to say about the disposal of the pennant this year. We have a hard-hitting and clean-fielding team, with three good pitchers and an excellent man behind the bat.

Harvard, 7; Bates, 4.

The season opened Fast-Day, April 22d, with a game with Harvard's second nine. In spite of the fact that our boys had had but little out-door practice, while the visiting team had been playing for several weeks, they showed that we had material for a winning team. The detailed score follows:

HARVARD.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holt, 2b.	5	1	3	3	1	0	0
Sears, l.f.	4	1	0	0	5	0	0
Morse, c.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Litchfield, 3b.	5	1	1	1	0	1	0
Vincent, s.s.	3	2	2	2	1	5	1
Foster, 1b.	4	2	2	3	12	0	0
Gregory, p.	4	0	0	0	1	3	1
Slade, c.	3	0	0	0	4	1	1
Gabbraith, r.f.	3	0	2	2	2	0	0
Totals,	35	7	10	11	27	10	3

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slattery, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	2
Pulsifer, p.	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Burrill, l.f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	1
Quinn, 3b.	4	1	0	0	2	3	1
Purington, c.	4	2	2	4	6	2	0
Johnson, s.s.	4	0	1	1	1	1	1
Bennett, c.f.	4	0	1	2	2	0	0
Lowe, 1b.	4	0	1	1	12	1	2
Hinkley, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals,	34	4	7	10	24	10	8

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard	3	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	x	—7
Bates	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	—4

Two-base hits—Bennett, Foster. 3-base hit—Purington. Stolen bases—Johnson, Holt, Foster, Gregory. Bases on balls—by Pulsifer, Sears, Morse, Vincent, Slade, Galbraith; by Gregory—Slattery. Struck out—by Pulsifer, Gregory 2, Litchfield, Sears 2, Holt 2; by Gregory, Slattery 2, Bennett. Umpires—Gerrish and Jenney.

Bates, 12; Murphy Balsams, 5.

On Saturday, April 24th, the team played the Murphy Balsams of Portland, winning easily.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	6	0	—12
Murphy Balsams.	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	— 5

Bates, 11; New Hampshire College, 4.

April 30th, New Hampshire College played on our grounds and gave us an opportunity to practice our pitchers, but failed to make the game interesting.

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, p., 2b.	6	2	4	5	0	3	0
Burrill, l.f., p.	6	2	3	4	1	0	0
Quinn, 3b.	6	1	4	4	1	2	0
Purington, c.	5	0	1	1	13	0	1
Slattery, 2b.p.l.f.	4	1	0	0	0	1	0
Johnson, s.s.	5	1	4	5	0	5	2
Bennett, c.f.	4	1	2	2	2	0	0
Lowe, 1b.	5	2	2	2	10	1	0
Bean, r.f.	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	46	11	20	23	27	12	3

NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haley, s.s.	3	1	0	0	5	9	1
Langlier, 1b.	3	1	2	3	11	0	0
Smith, 3b.	4	1	0	0	4	2	1
Nelson, c.	5	0	1	1	1	1	1
Hayes, l.f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Wright, c.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Rane, 2b.	4	0	1	1	5	3	1
Mather, r.f.	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Richardson, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals,	33	4	5	6	27	16	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates	0	4	5	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—11
N. H. C.	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0— 4

Two-base hits—Pulsifer, Burrill, Johnson, Langlier. Stolen bases—Quinn, Haley. Bases on balls—by Pulsifer, Haley, Langlier; by Burrill, Smith; by Richardson, Purington, Slattery, Bennett. Struck out—by Pulsifer, Smith, Hayes 2, Wright, Mather; by Burrill—Haley 2, Smith, Nelson, Rane, Mather; by Richardson, Slattery. Umpire—Casey.

Brown, 11; Bates, 1.

At Providence, May 3d, we met the Brown University team, probably the strongest college nine in New England, and suffered an honorable defeat.

BROWN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Phillips, s.s.	4	0	2	3	1	3	0
Fulty, 2b.	3	1	1	1	2	4	0
Lander, 3b.	5	2	3	3	2	3	0
Gammons, c.f.	4	2	1	1	1	0	0
Cook, r.f.	4	0	2	4	0	0	0
Boyd, l.f.	5	2	0	0	1	0	0
Casey, 1b.	3	2	1	1	12	0	1
J. Dunne, c.	4	1	1	1	8	2	0
Sommersgill, p.	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
T. Dunne, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	36	11	11	14	27	12	1

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, 2b.	3	1	2	3	1	1	0
Burrill, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Quinn, 3b.	4	0	0	0	3	3	1
Purington, c.	4	0	0	0	5	3	0
Slattery, l.f.	4	0	1	1	2	3	1
Johnson, s.s.	3	0	0	0	1	2	1
Bennett, c.f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Lowe, 1b.	3	0	0	0	9	0	0
Mason, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	31	1	3	4	24	12	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brown	4	1	2	0	0	0	1	3	x	—11
Bates	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	— 1

Two-base hits—Pulsifer, Phillips. Three-base hit—Cook. Stolen bases—Phillips, Fulty, Gammons 3, Casey, J. Dunne. Bases on balls—Slattery, Phillips, Fulty 2, Gammons, Cook, Casey 2, J. Dunne. Struck out—by Slattery, Fulty, Lander, Boyd 2; by Sommersgill, Purington, Bennett 2, Lowe; by Dunne, Pulsifer, Burrill, Quinn, Bennett, Lowe, Mason. Umpire—George.

Bates, 11; Tufts, 6.

On the following day we had the pleasure of defeating Tufts, a thing which we have not done for several years.

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, 2b.	5	2	0	0	3	3	0
Burrill, p.	4	1	1	1	1	5	0
Quinn, 3b.	4	2	1	1	0	2	0
Purington, c.	4	1	1	3	6	1	0
Slattery, l.f.	3	1	1	1	0	0	1
Johnson, s.s.	4	1	2	2	0	1	0
Bennett, c.f.	4	1	1	1	2	0	0
Lowe, 1b.	4	1	2	3	12	0	0
Mason, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Totals,	36	11	9	12	24	12	2

TUFTS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Greul, 1b.	4	1	1	1	10	0	1
Larkin, 2b.	4	2	2	2	2	4	1
Richardson, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	2	0
Butterfield, r.f.	4	1	2	3	0	0	2
Bean, c.f.	4	0	2	2	3	0	1
Meader, c.	4	0	0	0	7	1	0
Crowley, l.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Patterson, s.s.	3	0	0	0	0	2	1
Sanborn, p.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals,	33	6	10	11	24	10	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Bates	2	0	3	3	1	0	2	0	—11
Tufts	2	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	— 6

Two-base hits—Lowe, Butterfield. Three-base hit—Purington. Stolen bases—Pulsifer,

Quinn 2, Purington, Slattery, Johnson, Larkin. Struck out—by Burrill, Greul, Larkin, Butterfield, Crowley, Patterson, Sanborn; by Sanborn, Purington, Slattery 2, Bennett 2, Lowe. Bases on balls—by Sanborn, Quinn, Slattery. Umpire—Stroud.

Portland League, 8; Bates, 3.

On the next day the Portland League team was shut out for seven innings, but won in the last two.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Portland League	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4—8
Bates	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Y. W. C. A.—BRIEF OF PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

THE work of the Association during the past year has been, for the most part, a continuation of the reconstructive movement undertaken during the year preceding; and though we have not yet reached the state of progress that we had hoped for, some advance has been made.

In the Bible Study Department the same course has been followed which was begun during the year 1896. The aim of these classes is to promote the study of God's word in the spirit of devotion, and it is necessary that this feature of the work be made prominent. The Bible study and prayer circles are the life-center of our association work, and I would urge that many others of the students enter these classes.

There has been a new interest in missions this year; and while fewer missionary meetings than usual have been held, the work has gone quietly on, and the foundation of a greater interest, I believe, has been laid.

The finances of the Association are on a firmer basis than ever before, owing to the untiring efforts of the Finance Committee and Treasurer. Our expenses have been unusually heavy this year on account of refurnishing the Y. W. C. A. room, but our bills have all been met. Several methods have been tried, also, for raising money to send delegates to Northfield. It is extremely desirable that we send at least six delegates this year.

The Executive Committee have endeavored to reduce the records of the Association to a systematic condition, and in order to do this, statistical blanks have been arranged, which the chairman of each committee will be asked to fill out monthly. According to the reading of the Constitution, each committee is to hold regular monthly meetings, and in connection with these it is advisable that a record be made and placed on file in the Secretary's book of reports.

The devotional meetings have been well attended and interesting, and the daily prayer-meetings, though small, have been very helpful to those who have attended them. I feel, too, that all these meetings have been conducted in the true devotional spirit, yet we have not had the joy of knowing that one soul has been converted to God in our meetings this year. Shall we not in this coming year consecrate ourselves so entirely to Him that He may work through us with power in this college?

SUSAN MERRILL.

College Exchanges.

APRIL is noted for its variableness, and we wonder if there is not some peculiar destiny for all things belonging to April. Still, April—and then we see in nature a promise of better things, a hint of summer, the perfection of all God's seasons here in this northern clime. So it is with our exchanges. They are a variable company; scarce two among them all could be found to agree in outward aspect or contents, and yet, perhaps for this very reason, harmony is preserved among them, and we perceive that they are all working toward the one goal—the perfection of the college magazine—and something tells us that they are in the April of their existence.

We clip the following dainty poem from the *Peabody Record:*

FORGET ME NOT.

The earth was agleam with the likeness of Heaven,
All Paradise smiled 'neath the bright morning sun;
For God had its name to each sweet flower-child given,
And gladly they blossomed their praise—only one

One poor baby flower stood sad in the gladness,
The sweet head drooped low, and the blue eyes were wet,
And it whispered the brooklet the cause of its sadness,
Its God-given name it had chanced to forget.

Then the brook told the wind, and the wind the All-father,
And he said to his flower, in pitying tone,
"Be thy tears changed to smiles, for, my sweet blue-eyed blossom,
As Forget-me-not, hence, thou shalt ever be known." —*Fannie Wyche Dunn.*

In the *Miami Student* we find the prize oration, "The Stranger Within Our Gates," which deals in a practical, straightforward manner with the ever-prominent question of immigration. This oration recently won for Miami first place in the Ohio state oratorical contest. We extend congratulations. From the same comes this poem:

"WHEN THE LIGHT BURNS LOW."

When the light burns low, in my cottage by the sea,
What a host of shadow memories come floating into me;
Of the days when all was sunshine, free from every shade of gloom,
And life was just unfolding like a rosebud to the bloom;
When Providence was gracious with her bounteous treasure trove,
And you and I were happy in the meshes Cupid wove.—
Were ever hours so blessed as the hours of long ago,
When we builded fairy castles while the light burned low!

When the light burns low; when the light burns low;
How fond and sweet the memories of the life I used to know!
They dispel the cloud of sadness resting o'er my weary head,
As I weep above the ashes where my cherished hopes lie dead;
And I still find joy in living as I learn to look on high,
Where the golden beams of mercy never fade and never die;
And I calmly wait the moment when my summons comes to go,
In my cottage in the evening when the light burns low.

The first chapters of a serial story, "A Debt of Justice," which appears in the *Tennessee University Magazine*, are well written, and the story bids fair to be interesting and wholesome. The farce in two acts, "An April Romance," is but slightly amusing,

and possesses but little real literary merit. However, the number furnishes a good amount of readable matter.

The sketch, "What's in a Name," in the *Sybil*, is natural, and the poem, "Our Angel Unaware," is admirable in thought and expression. This is the accepted time for spring poetry, but we seldom find one like

SPRING AND I.

All the poets sing of spring,
And so do I;
They sing its beauties and such things,
But not so I.
However green the grass may be,
However blue the sky,
There's always mud beneath the trees
And showers from on high.

Poets praise the robin's song,
And so do I;
They like it in the early morn,
But not so I.
However musical its tune,
However bright its lay,
It rouses me from dreams too soon
To meet the coming day.

—*E. T. S.*

In the same number an ingeniously contrived sermon, "Strange as Fiction," attracted our attention.

The *Wellesley Magazine* is noteworthy, and contains several articles of merit, for instance: "The Divine in Philosophy," "Why Miss Betsey Forgot Choir Practice," and "A Story of Old Boston." We like the last especially. There is not the usual amount of poetry. We copy the only poem:

PAST AND PRESENT.

Say not, O ye who read in ancient story
Of knights who died for truth, or maid who gave
All worldly wealth to famine-stricken people,
"We have no maids so true, no knights so brave!"

We still have knights, men strong and loyal-hearted;
Who conquer wrong in their own quiet way,
Uncheered by people's shout or comrade's plaudit,
They fight the shadowy foe-ranks of to-day.

And she who takes in love a child's small off'ring,
With kindly word, that in the child's heart lives
Through after years, like some sweet strain of music,
Is not less great of soul than she who gives.

—*Anna P. Chandler, '98.*

The *Mount Holyoke* usually has a refreshing message for us. In this number the most conservative of readers would be charmed with the artless enthusiasm of "A Glimpse at the Modern Art of Illustrating," which is not in the least prosaic, as the title might suggest, but is a vivid portrayal of the writer's own personal preferences. In a unique sketch, "A Riddle," a curious train of thought is suggested by the words of Ian Maclaren's familiar book: "A hear that they have nae examinations in humour at the college; it's an awfu' want, for it would keep out mony a dreich body." The ideas are well carried out, however, and we are convinced that the writer is not lacking in original thought. Under the Kodac we like the last sketch by M. L. E. and the following:

THE DANDELION ARMY.

A gallant little army went forth to meet the sun,
With grassy spears and banners, as brave as Washington.
Each doughty little roundhead was yellower than gold,
And cried with pride, "We'll beat our foe;
They say he's growing old."

Alas! the little braggarts knew nothing of the sun;
His rays for scarce a fortnight had shone upon each one,
When all that golden glory that made them feel so proud
Was white and light as thistle-blow
Or any summer cloud.

—*D. B., '93.*

A Chat About New Books.

FROM childhood Hawthorne's poetic prose has thrilled my fancy. Although understanding little of their deep meaning, the purity and pathos of his characters have moved my heart; and the Gentle Boy, Marigold, Hilda, and Priscilla, have long been my friends.

So valuable a book as *Memories of Hawthorne*,[1] containing many of his private letters and the recollections of his daughter, wins a prominent place upon my book-shelves.

Mrs. Lathrop says in her preface that the volume is really written by her mother, and surely many of the best pictures of Hawthorne's white soul are seen through his wife's letters.

Their courtship is not long dwelt upon, but a few love letters give us an enchanting glimpse of the days of their engagement. He tells her, "Your soul and intellect breathe forth an influence like that of wild flowers, to which God, not man, gives all their sweetness."

Poverty was cheerfully borne, as Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her mother indicate. "Apollo boiled some potatoes for breakfast. Imagine him with that magnificent head bent over a cooking stove, and those star-eyes watching the pot boil! In consequence, there never were such good potatoes before."

This adoration is shown by all who talk of Hawthorne. Noble must have been the soul that could command such loving reverence from wife, children, and friends in all the difficult situations of life.

There is an occasional note of pain that his custom-house duties keep him from literary labor and hamper his ability to give to others. What a pity that some of the world's vast wasted treasure might not have been used to give Hawthorne that leisure and environment which would have best enabled him to give permanent expression to all his inspirations!

Letters from George W. Curtis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. B. Alcott, George Bradford, J. L. Motley, etc., give us a larger view of the man. We see his genius and his humanity. We learn to interpret more truthfully the hidden meaning in his writings by knowing something of the conditions under which he wrote.

His daughter's memories of their days spent in Italy make an ideal supplement to "Italian Notebooks."

She is a pleasing writer, and yet we do not think of her style. From beginning to close, Hawthorne's noble, inspiring character is before our eyes.

Somewhere I have read that Black, in speaking of Coquette, in his "Daughter of the Heth," said, "I didn't want to make her die, but I had to. If she had lived, the reader would not have remembered her six hours after closing the books."

Perhaps something of that feeling influenced Mr. Hurst in writing *Stephen Lescombe, B.A.*[2] Certainly it is hard to forget the hopeless young tutor. He goes from reverse to reverse until he reaches the extreme of poverty and despair, and dies just as love and fortune prepare to smile upon him.

This is not a healthy book. There is a heavy cloud of doubt and bitterness enveloping it. The young graduate's start in life is from the little parsonage where his parents had lately died. Their goodness and simplicity are assigned as the cause of their misfortunes. The young man's cynical reflections are painful. He passes through "the nethermost hell of unbelief" and only partially emerges. The character of Edith Gascombe might relieve the gloom. But she is too self-sufficient!

The side play in the book is depressing. A fiendish spirit of revenge is exhibited by two of the characters. The writer treats uselessly of sin in its worst forms.

It seems to me that useful books are either to inspire, instruct, or amuse. I cannot find a place for Stephen Lescombe, B.A., among them.

Capt. Cook's Voyages Around the World[3] appear again in good readable form under gay purple covers. The illustrations are not worthy the rest of the make-up, but the frontispiece of the captain studying his chart is best.

Material is taken from the original MSS. of Capt. Cook's journal, first published in 1893. H. M. barque, Endeavour, started in 1768 from Plymouth Sound and explored the islands of the Pacific. The narration of their adventures is curious and interesting.

There is something invigorating in the personality of the keen-sighted explorer. His opinions of the savage inhabitants of the islands, the strange flora, customs, etc., are sometimes instructive, sometimes amusing.

Hermit Princes[4] is a very pleasing little book. It is a clean, pleasant story, well written and original. Japan is the scene of action, and the writer teaches us much indirectly of that fairy-land. So much has been written to excite our fancy in regard to that progressive little country that we gladly welcome new thoughts concerning it.

Rupert Lauristan, the chief character, is a very natural boy who runs away from his step-father and goes to sea on a whaler. The ship is wrecked off the shore of Yezo. Rupert falls in with some fugitives, who were involved in a civil war, and through them meets with many adventures.

The dainty Umé and the other Japanese ladies add much to the beauty. The best description is of the temple at Nikko, with its windbells on the roofs of gold, and the dancer in her pure white satin robes.

In places the style is faulty and the conversation unreal; but there are many good touches of life. A sequel is needed to round out the plot satisfactorily. We have to leave the young hero too soon.

[1] Memories of Hawthorne. By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $2.00.

[2] Stephen Lescombe, B.A. By Julius Hurst. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons; $1.00.

[3] Capt. Cook's Voyages Around the World. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons; $2.00.

[4] The Hermit Princes. A Tale of Adventure in Japan. By Eleanor Stredder. New York: T. Nelson & Sons; $1.00.

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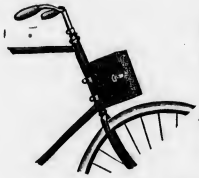
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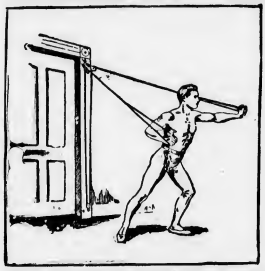
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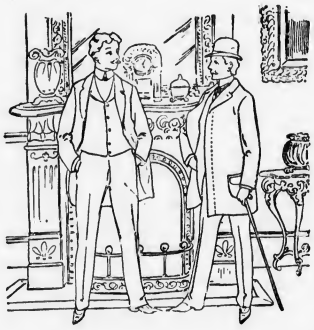
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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. JUNE, 1897. No. 6.

CLASS ODE.

BY MABEL C. ANDREWS, '97.

Come we to-day with songs of glad rejoicing
Our faith to pledge, our vows of love repeat,
While open swings for us Life's shining portal,
And paths unknown wait now our eager feet.

We lift our eyes up to the hills celestial,
Where Heaven's sunlight rests in peaceful calm;
Round us below Earth's shadows lie forbidding,
Down from the heights float strains of holy psalm.

Beckon us upward, crested peaks of glory;
Let thy fair light our holy angel be;
Guarding our hearts from earthly sin and sorrow,
Pointing above to truth and purity.

Yet still we linger ere we pass the portal,
Clasp closer yet the ties that bind us here;
Turn we to thee, oh, shelt'ring *Alma Mater*,
Wait for thy blessing, for thy word of cheer.

May we be purer, may our lives be nobler
For days which we have here together spent,
May the glad harmony of Life be sweeter
For strains of music which our lives have lent.

MELANCHOLY IN THE WORKS OF GEORGE ELIOT AND HAWTHORNE.

VALEDICTORY.

BY EMMA V. CHASE, '97.

THE two modern writers of fiction who most resemble each other in their power to reveal the secrets of the human heart, are both characterized by a somberness of tone which pervades all their works. Yet this subtle melancholy, so elusive when we try to grasp it, is different in the two. Hawthorne's is like the pensiveness of twilight, a sadness so intertwined with grace and beauty, and faint gleams of sunshine, that we smile through our tears. George Eliot's is the deep gloom of an aching conscience, or the cold melancholy of despair.

George Eliot is pre-eminently a moralist. It is her one aim to show us truly the change in the souls of men caused by temptation and human frailty. She uses her every power, she lavishes all her art on this one purpose. And so well does she succeed that never for one instant, while we read her books, can we forget the heart tragedy she is presenting. At the gay party, in the freshness of the morning, it is there, as a shadow, turning the gayety into bitterness and the beauty into mockery. Do you remember that even the lovely gift Tito gives Romola on their betrothal day is somehow linked with his falsehood? Then George Eliot is so true to life in her description of the world and in her revelation of human nature, that her truths come home with an awful force. In the irresolute, approbation-loving Arthur Donnithorne, in the pleasure-seeking, self-indulgent Tito, perchance we find some secret trait of our own natures revealed to us in all its enormity. Then our heart burns and our conscience stings, even

as if it were no tale, but our own life story.

The gloom in the works of George Eliot has well been called the "Supreme Melancholy." For the world of her tales is a Godless world. No Divine hand is shaping the destinies of man. The only reward to the pure soul who has triumphed over the forces of evil, is the cold hope that his life may lighten the suffering of mortals, and that his influence may live after him. She leaves no room for the perfection of the individual. Her noble characters in the end either sink to the commonplace, like the high-minded, generous-hearted Dorothea, or lose their personality in the general good. The final Romola is not the proud, yet dutiful, confiding daughter of the blind scholar; she is a new being, a benignant spirit ministering to the sorrows of the world, grand, but only with the lifeless grandeur of the chiseled marble. Yet she is the embodiment of what George Eliot looked to as the richest hope for man, expressed in her familiar sonnet:

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

Hawthorne, on the other hand, is the poet moralist. And just as a musician shudders at the slightest discord, just as his own Artist of the Beautiful shrinks from the harsh, unimaginative world, so Hawthorne recoils at the lack of moral harmony. His fine artistic perception teaches him what is noble in the human heart. And with the pain that only the artist soul can know, he shudders over the sorrow and sin so closely intertwined with virtue in this world. It is the reflection of this pain that lends a sadness to his stories. Yet it cannot give them bitterness. For his nature demands artistic beauty, and, perhaps, with the feeling embodied in Greek art, that perfect beauty excludes suffering. Even in his tales that deal so largely with sin, he shows such fine delicacy, such masterly skill, that he takes away the deep sting, leaving only this subdued melancholy. Many are his devices. He places his scenes outside of our every-day world, in early New England or among the classic ruins of Rome. And he introduces strange fancies, like the woodland faun, mysterious suggestions, which lead us into a world of the imagination. Then, frequently, the characters that are most closely connected with some great sin, have such fine natural traits, so much good mixed with the evil, that they do not seem a part of the sordid, wicked world. We must admire the warm heart of Miriam, the queenliness of Hester, and the delicate sensitiveness of Arthur Dimmesdale. And sometimes we can almost forget this gloom produced by sin. As we gaze at the Great Stone Face, as we sport with the little Snow Image, as we watch the fair Hilda feeding the doves from her lofty tower, our hearts overflow with innocent joy.

Nor is Hawthorne's sadness a hopeless gloom. He leads us to trust in a Divine care, and, as if questioning why a good God should permit the discords of sin here, he writes "The Marble Faun" to teach that, could we see the

Creator's entire plan, we should find no discord, but one perfect harmony.

Even as is true of every thoughtful writer, these two do but reflect themselves in their works. George Eliot, with no belief in a Divine Providence, trusting herself for her moral code, has broken a great social law. The heart-ache in her stories is but the stinging remorse of her own conscience, unrelieved by the benediction of forgiven sin. And Nathaniel Hawthorne reveals in his tales the sadness of his own poet's soul over the discords of sin in the world, a sadness tempered by his trust in God and his hope for the hereafter:

"On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round."

ARMENIA.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

By Susan Merrill, '97.

I.

From the heights where the garden of Eden
First smiled to the eyes of God,
With its lakes of glittering silver
And its rivers full and broad,
The dark-eyed sons of Japheth
Swept down, with camel-train,
To aid their kinsmen in building
A tower on Shinar's plain.

They would build a tower so mighty
That its top should pierce the sky,
So large it could compass an army,
So firm it should stand for aye;
And, of all the tribes of Noah
Were none so true of hand,
So skilled in the art of building
As the sons of Japheth's band.

So they joined in building the tower,
And the work rose ever higher,
Till its massive walls looked slender
As a far cathedral spire,
When Belus, a warlike giant
Born of accursèd blood,
Presumptuous spake to the workmen
Who, silent, before him stood.

"Belus is master.
Workmen, toil faster,
Swift raise the tower.
He shall direct it,
He shall protect it,
Belus has power.

Mighty is Belus,
Haughty and jealous,
He rules the tower.
Build, he commands it,
Build, none withstands it,
None breaks his power.

Were't not his pleasure,
Who would dare measure
Stones for this tower?
Belus is master,
Workmen, toil faster,
Belus has power."

Silent, but stern, the people
Listened to Belus's word.
Silent, but inly raging,
His empty boast they heard,
Till Haig, the noble ruler
Of Japheth's realm and band,
Stepped forth and commanded audience
By gesture of the hand.

"We, who are sons of Japheth, hither came
To build this tower with kinsmen brave and true.
Our work is firm and sure, we have no shame,
Nor bear reproach, as slaves and servants do;
And, if the vaunted power indeed is thine,
As thou wouldst fain persuade us, build alone
Thy wondrous tower. No hand of Japheth's line
Shall place on yonder walls another stone."

Thus spake the patriarch Haig,
And called his tribe away,
And, back from the plains of Shinar
They went, at dawn of day;
Back to the fertile highlands
Where, outlined against the skies,—
The wanderer's guide—the cloven peaks
Of snow-crowned Ararat rise.

But Belus directed the tower,
And ever higher it grew,
Till the Lord of Heaven came down to see
What his creatures strove to do;
And, at His command, confusion
Fell on the tongues of men,
And the tower was left, unfinished,
On Shinar's lonely plain.

Then Belus was full of anger,
And envy consumed his soul,
And he thought to wreak his vengeance
On those who had spurned control;
So he gathered a terrible army
And marched against Haig's land,
Eager to dip in Haig's blood
His own unconquered hand.

He marched in the early morning
And he marched through the gloomy dark,
Till he met with Haig's army
Near the happy village of Hark;
And the little children were sobbing,
And the mothers trembling stood.
They had heard of the fame of Belus,
The giant of accursèd blood.

But Haig gathered his warriors
And spake to them, general-wise,
And, trusting their cause to Jehovah,
They looked their foe in the eyes.
There was sound of shout and trumpet,
There was clatter of spear and shield,
And a battle-cry that thrilled the sky
As they met on that bloody field.

But the Lord God fought for Haig,
And strengthened him for the fray
When the haughty Belus fronted him
In savage wrath, to slay.
And his eye was quick and trusty,
And his hand was strong and true,
And, with heart made bold by battle,
The boastful chief he slew.

Then the sons of Ham were scattered,
And Haig's men drew near
And took from the fallen giant
His mighty shield and spear;
And they buried the slain of the army,
Each warrior where he sank,
And called the place, from its many graves,
By the name of Keresmank.

II.

The chamber of the king was thrown
Wide open to the sinking sun,
Whose beams had tinged, with roseate light,
The village tents of stainless white.
The king, reclining on his bed,
With painful effort raised his head,
And beckoned to his side
His first-born son and princely heir,
With strength to do and will to dare,
The nation's hope and pride.

The noble youth bent low his head,
And Haig's trembling hands were laid
In blessing on his first-born's brow;
"My son," he said,—his voice was low—
"God give thee strength of heart and hand
To govern this, thy fathers' land.
God grant thy people shall be true,
Thy blessings great, thy troubles few;
Yea, thou shalt win in every strife,
For God hath ordered so thy life.
Thy name shall be, from age to age,
This people's priceless heritage.
And they shall be"—with sudden gain
Of strength, or slipping off of pain,
He raised himself, his feeble tone
Grew loud as silver clarion—
"And they shall be a nation, strong
In warfare, free from greed and wrong,
Rich in the wealth of lands and gold,
In statesmanship and learning, bold;
Brave, strong, heroic, they shall stand
The peer of any neighbor land
Till that dark day."—His dying eyes
Pierced through the veil of centuries,
And there beheld a sight so dread
He fell back, writhing, on his bed.
But Armen soothed his dying sire,
And plead to know the vision dire,
And sought his country's fate to learn:
A thousand fears within him burn.
"Oh, tell me, Father, what thou seest?"
"I saw a loathsome, hornèd beast
That did devour the people all,
The rich and poor, the great and small;
Destruction was his watchword, death
The mildest portion of his wrath:
Before him spread a wild despair,
Behind him all was desert, bare
Save where 'twas strewn with bones and
blood,
"O heaven, be merciful! O God—"
With that wild cry the king fell dead.
Prince Armen laid him on his bed.
With reverent step he left the room,
And twilight wrapped its somber gloom
Around the village; while with tears
And agony of unknown fears,
Prince Armen knelt before his God
And wrestled for his country's blood.

But, ask ye what the vision meant,
The brave Armenian, worn and spent,
Makes answer: "Even as 'twas foretold
Our story runs; in lands and gold,

In learning and in statesmanship,
With scarce a backward turn or slip,
We steadily advanced until
The Emperor Constantine,
His selfish purpose to fulfill,
Joined with the Saracen
To wring, from our too prosperous land,
Gold, for his palaces so grand;
Gold, for debaucheries and pride;
Gold, for his favorites and his bride;
Gold, for his pleasures—all our store
Of hard-got wealth was ours no more;
And when our helpless land was left
Of all defense and means bereft,
The Moslem, breathing fire and blood,
Poured over us, a cruel flood.

This was our last and greatest woe,
No other pestilence or foe
But sometime passed from us away,
No other torture came to stay,
But this—whatever else betides
The hated Moslem still abides.

III.

The land of Haig and his princely son—
His first-born, Armen—prostrate lies to-day,
Bereaved and tortured, naked, starved, undone,
To growing horrors, nameless ills, a prey.
Her hunted children vainly, vainly cry
For freedom from oppression, death, and wrong—
The blood of martyred millions pleads on high,
"How long, O Lord, how long?"

The mightier nations seek but worldly gain,
And crush their fallen neighbor, in their greed,
And they who swear protection, swear in vain,
And, with each promise, cause new wounds to bleed;
Though bound by reason, by belief, by blood,
Unmoved, they hear their suffering sister's moan,
And, when her famished children cry for food,
Give them—not bread—but stone.

Alas, that, in a moment of such need,
There should be lack of Christian chivalry!
That our mean cowardice and wanton greed
Should weakly let such barbarous practice be!
Alas, that we should live to be a shame
To Him who made us noble, strong, and free!
May God forgive us that we bear His name
And make it mockery!
Arise, ye nations! cleanse your guilty hands,
Go, raise your bruisèd sister from the dust,
Defend her from the accursèd robber bands,
From fire and famine, massacre and lust!
Put greed of power from your souls afar
And show to all the waiting world around
How precious human life and honor are
On whatsoever ground!

And thou, Armenia, thou art now become,
In very truth, a place of many graves!
The horrors of thy wailing strike us dumb!
Thy strength is broken, but thy spirit lives.
Great is thy suffering, great be thy reward
Won by the travail of the Crucified,
And, in the eternal glory of thy Lord,
Rest thou, well-satisfied.

ON LIFE.

CLASS-DAY ORATION.

By J. A. Marr, '97.

FAR back in the past, before the ice sheets had begun their journey, when the only records were those written beneath the sea, science tells us that the earth was peopled with other forms. Monster saurians wandered to and fro engaging in deadly struggle, all uncaring, all unconscious. Ages passed, and at last an eye looked out that saw and a mind that knew. The cosmic process had revealed itself. Out of chaos, man had finally appeared. He saw before him the daily conflicts of a writhing, struggling, surging mass, but gradually beneath it all he felt some purpose, he perceived some plan, and to him came the all-perplexing question, whither bound?

After the best thought of three thousand years, with all its attendant philos-

ophies and truths, the question still remains partly answered, partly unanswerable. In its search after the infinite, the human mind has entered every avenue of knowledge. The heavens, the sea, the earth, have been explored, and if silence yet guards the absolute end, a direction, a process has been discovered, and the plan is always unfolding. Is perfection the final goal? But what is perfection, self-realization? The conscience, the me, the man, changes from age to age. Is it adaptation to environment? Environment may rise or fall. Is it absolute knowledge of all things? Then perfected man becomes a God. Less than that, he will still strive and delve and search after the yet unknown. From height to height each age advances, but the end seems ever receding.

Onward and forever on we sail life's seas, seeking some port always just beyond. Storms rise, the sky becomes overcast, but our ship is safe and seaworthy, at the helm is a sure hand. Still sail we will and must; but how? Is life all at the end, or partly in the passing? Upon this voyage what is the duty of man?

Where positive knowledge was wanting, the ancient based his philosophy largely upon the feelings. Though he thought and speculated, from his unaided eye the distant star withheld its true relations; the earth and sea their hidden secrets. Unacquainted with nature and her long processes, he wrapped himself in his ideals, frowned upon a degraded world, and left it to its own corroding care. The Indian sage looked out upon pleasant fields, his fertile valleys stretched away along the distant mountains, for him the birds sang and the flowers bloomed, but in them he saw no light. He looked not here, but afar off for truth. He fixed upon the then and not the now. Misunderstanding or unconscious of his relations to things beneath, sympathy went out, and if he lived for kingdom, his life was dust.

Yet there must be ideals; the universe declares it, our nature demands it. They are the inspiration of all progress. When they are tempered with knowledge, the perception becomes clearer, the sympathies grow broader and deeper, the harmonies higher and grander; and if the day of perfect agreement between mind and soul shall arrive, there will rise up to the great Eternal one universal symphony for the peace within man surpassing in magnitude and grandeur the "broken music" of all the long, unfinished past.

But that noon-time has not arrived. It may be that some chords will be always to be found. Perhaps the sun may not reach the zenith, for then might come a setting.

But life lies not in dreaming; there is a work to be done. Is the race or the individual not what they ought to be, and will frowns mend matters? Is that a true philosophy which turns inactively and unsympathetically from the struggling present and looks with undivided eye to the future? If we are dissatisfied with this world where we have been placed to live and labor, and can enjoy not its beauties, shall we not, if the constant laws hold true, be dissatisfied in our next appointed place?

Within the rude hamlet the hearth is cold, the untaught mind sits brooding; search there, and you may find a grail.

What can we know? That some power reigns. There is a process at work before us that bears the unmistakable stamp of some infinite mind. If we may not know the final end, we can see the general movement and tendency of things. We may approximate what has been from what is; what will be from all that is gone before. Duty, however, lies not in circumscribing the processes of the universe, but rather in discovering those processes, and so far as we can, aiding them on. Life is not in the achievement, but in the ever achieving. Mark the direction, find your place and fall in, thunders the passing procession of humanity; other lights will appear along the way, and your place must be filled now, and only by you.

Labor on, lowly toiler, gathering the scattered sunbeams from day to day; if your lot be humble, your hope may be strong, and upon you the character of another generation depends.

Search on, unwearied seeker of the truth; if the higher doubts be yours, so is the higher being. You are tracing the thought that laid the foundations; in your further discoveries is the light of future and brighter civilizations.

With face still turned across the sea, we will yet work hopefully on, cherishing the good to be found along the way, striving faithfully to diminish the evil. In the next duty the clouds may break, and through the clearing rifts we may find ourselves standing in the splendor of the great eternal dawn.

CLASS ODE.

By Mabel S. Garcelon, '98.

Our lives are God's looms, and each morning
  He places within our hands
A shuttle, to use in the weaving
  Which He alone understands.
Three years in the sunshine together
  We've watched our patterns grow,
And through all the shining fabrics
  Fair threads of Friendship glow.

And each, as he works at his weaving,
  Will find his own life bright
With hues from his neighbors' patterns
  Wrought out within his sight.
Yet, threading the roseate colors,
  Dark lines of grief appear;
For two have completed their weaving,
  Leaving sweet mem'ries here.

What years may bring forth in our patterns
  We cannot see to-day,
For some with Fame's threads may be golden,
  And some may be sober gray.
But whether the fabric be shadowed,
  Or plain, or rich, or gay,
May none be ashamed of his weaving
  When he lays it down for aye.

OBLIGATIONS OF OUR EDUCATED MEN.

IVY-DAY ORATION.

F. U. Landman, '98.

IN a few days we shall celebrate the one hundred twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of our independence. The tongues of bells and the mouths of cannon will again hail the day of our country's liberty, while millions will assemble to hear orators and statesmen recount the blessings of a happy and free people. Rich and poor, high and low, will rejoice anew that they live in a country of such marvelous progress and so great opportunities.

The history of our past marks the stability of our Republic. Has there ever been an emergency that has not called forth talents equal to the diffi-

culty? We had an Adams to strike for freedom; a Jefferson to write the Declaration of Independence; a Washington to lead us to victory; a Hamilton to establish a sound financial policy; a Webster to sound the key-note of constitutional liberty; a Sumner to teach the equality of all men; a Lincoln to emancipate the slaves; and a Grant to lead the conquering armies of the North.

But the marvelous growth of our country, its increasing complexity of government, with great political and social questions, constantly demand an increasingly wise and intelligent leadership. This great responsibility falls upon our educated men, men whose training has not only fitted them to meet the questions and difficulties of the day, but those who have learned to work for other than selfish motives. It is certain that the college men of this decade will shape the history of our country for the first quarter of the next century.

What, then, in particular are the obligations resting upon these trained men? To the home that reared them; to the schools that taught them; to the state that protects them; to the country that has given them liberty and equality, they owe their whole service, not a service of slavery but a service of privilege; and there is no higher duty in the home, state, nation, or Kingdom of Heaven than to serve.

Whether an educated man becomes a physician or lawyer, preacher or teacher, mayor of a city or police officer, governor of a state or representative to Washington, he must work unselfishly for the interests of mankind. If he is a physician, he must give his life for his patient, be he rich or poor; if he is a lawyer, he must plead for his client, but love justice more than victory; if he is a merchant, he must serve the public with a philanthropic interest; if he is a teacher, he must give inspiration and energy to his pupils; if he is a preacher, he must give his life for the world; if he is a politician, he must lead the state toward godliness. All this is imperative if the educated man meets his obligations.

In any one of these professions, the real man, the true man, the man of character, exerts an unmeasured influence. But no class of men can do more to determine the preservation of our free institutions than the teachers of the present day. Some one has well said that the school is the nursery of intelligent citizenship and the inspiring source of a sterling type of genuine patriotism.

There is an inspiration in hearing a German speak the name of his beloved fatherland. Let the students of our own schools learn to feel deeper patriotic pride as they sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

A divine responsibility rests on the schools and colleges for the future of America. Merrill Gates says: "To teachers, co-operating with Christian homes and the church of the living God, is entrusted the preparation for noble, patriotic service of those who shall be the men of light and leading in the century so close at hand."

But the civil duties of educated men are no less imperative than the professional duties. The obligations that come with citizenship are paramount in the life of the state and nation. No man can forget that he is a citizen and do his duty.

Liberty is not a gift; it has to be won and preserved. Intelligence, mingled with public virtue, alone can maintain the stability of our American institutions. If our government is sometimes weak, it is not because we need more laws, but a better enforcement of those which we now have. Why do we have so much crime and debauchery in our cities? Is it not because we do not have capable officers? We need a greater number of educated citizens who have enough virtue and courage to enforce our laws, and ample officers to do their duty.

If there is anything we should be ashamed of in our governmental affairs, it is the political corruption of our time. Voters bought and sold; monopolies dictating legislation; bosses ruling the elections, and party strifes in Congress; party wrangles defeating the "Arbitration Treaty" and clogging the wheels of legislation. The responsibility rests on educated men. Let them accept it.

All political questions, such as capital and labor, tariff measures, taxation, the race question, immigration, must be dealt with wisely by educated men, or we shall lose our liberty. Go into the cemetery of the ages, and there read on the tombstones of the republics long since dead the cause of their downfall. Greece, the land of scholars, conquered by her own corruptions; Rome, the ruler of the world, betrayed by Romans. Our Greece or our Rome will not fall and the educated power be guiltless.

We stand now awaiting the dawn of a new century. Look on the ocean shore of time and watch the life wrecks as the tide wafts them on the sand. See weeping fathers and broken-hearted mothers agonizing over the body of a drunkard son or a fallen daughter. See the orphaned children and widowed mothers searching in vain for the husband and father. See all the sad sights of vice and wickedness, and listen to the pitying cries and prayers. Look on these scenes, and tell me if the duty of man to man and brother to brother is fulfilled here in our loved country. Who but our broad-minded, large-hearted, educated men should lead in saving our young men from the snares and pitfalls of a dissolute life, and in making of them the men that our country will soon need to preserve her integrity?

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thy Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

IVY ODE.

Words by A. D. TRUE.
Music by M. E. STICKNEY.

To-day, with gladness and with songs
Our loving tribute we bestow,
As in the days when joyful throngs
Placed laurel on the victor's brow.
Here freely gracious Wisdom yields
The spoil of all earth's battle fields.

The fleeting years since first we met,
Each with its time of work and play,
Like golden rings with jewels set
Are treasures, counted o'er each day;
For we, where'er our lot is cast,
May live again, in thought, the past.

May shower and sunshine nurture well
This ivy, planted by our hands.
Long may its beauteous foliage tell
The wondrous power of friendship's bands.
Here let the storm king stay his might,
Nor e'er destroy its verdure bright.

Cling, tender ivy, to these walls:
Inclose them in thy soft embrace,
As we shall guard in Memory's halls
Each hallowed spot, each kindly face.
Though we as classmates soon shall part,
With tendrils strong bind thou each heart.

AN IVY-DAY SERMON.

By Sadie M. Brackett, '98.

One Sabbath, in search of a sermon,
Since none could be had in town,
I wandered far up a hill-side
And silently sat me down.

Guarding the little valley
Were mountains, blue and grand;
Below, a rocky river,
Farm-houses, and meadow-land.

The buzz of insects 'mid clover,
And incense from strawberries red,
Sent a drowsiness stealing o'er me,
Till I slowly dropped my head.

Breathing a prayer that Dame Nature
Might preach me a sermon that day,
I closed my eyes in the sunshine,
And asleep on the hill-side lay.

Then Mother Earth gently rocked me
And whispered soft in my ear
From a text in twelfth chapter of Romans
A sermon, simple and clear.

"Child of mortals, weary human,
Safe your head upon my breast.
Would that others oftener lingered,
Sought my arms for peace and rest.

"Strange, men scorn my soft entreaties!
Rush and bustle up and down,
Burdened with a load of duties,
Longing ever for renown.

"Writing, fighting, love-vows plighting,
Setting all the same swift pace,
Struggling, straining, true hearts paining,
For the highest world-born place.

"Even to the realms of Nature
Came this madness, passion-fraught.
Once my children strove together,
As by mortals they were taught.

"I was startled one fair summer
By a million-voiced throng,
All my lovely flower children
Clamored loudly, clamored long.

"They would know which one was fairest,
Which was first, which best of all.
Some among the many voices
Now distinctly I recall.

"First the Goldenrod spoke boldly,
Proudly raised his showy head;
While the others, though impatient,
Listened to the words he said.

"'I am the kingly Goldenrod,
I rise from out the ugly sod
And grace the land
With lavish hand,
As becomes the child of the sun-god.

"'I smile on men and win their praise,
They make of me quite a popular craze,
And seek my place,
And paint my face—
As becomes the child of the sun-god.

"'I bloom from your hand in the North and the South,
Whether there's rain or whether there's drouth.
Then choose me now,
In faith I vow
'Tis due the child of the sun-god.'

"Chose the Lilies white a spokesman
And in accents pure and clear,
Laden with their many odors,
Sweet their song fell on my ear.

"'Hear! the Lilies, Water Lilies,
Lilies fair to see,
Strands of gold
In waxen mold
Scent the air for thee,
Floating merrily, smiling cheerily,
Dancing in our glee.

"'List! the Lilies, Valley Lilies,
Lilies shy to see.
Hearts so pure,
Bells demure,
Fragrance shed so free.

Nodding airily, tinkling fairily,
Dear are we to thee.
"'Hark! the Lilies, Easter Lilies,
Lilies pure to see,
Holy grace
In each face,
Of Christ's own heart the key.
Altars decked with us, fair rooms flecked with us,
Are we not dear to thee?

"'Hear the Lilies, Calla Lilies,
Lilies sad to see,
With our breath
Adorn we death,
Hear our solemn plea.
Hearts are moved by us, sorrows soothed by us,
Seem we not best to thee?'

"Softly came the shy wood Violets,
With their love and modest worth,
Sang of sheltered nooks in forests,
Fairy spots that gave them birth.

"But I scarcely heard their pleading;
For the Buttercups, more gay,
And the sunshine-hearted Daisies
Sang together a merry lay.

"'Daisies and Buttercups,
Ha ha ha, ha!
We are a jolly twain,
That's what we are.
Laughing, we toss our heads
All the long day,
Wind blown on meadows or
Dusty highway.
Babies reach dimpled arms,
Think we are stars,
Gleefully bear us to
Happy mammas.
Hot little chubby hands
Gladly we press,
Proud to be honored by
Baby's caress.
Maidens with saucy smile
Buttercups try,
Whether they butter like
Thus to descry.
Others with pensive brow
Seek whom to wed,
Counting the daisy crown
Ruthlessly shed.
We are beloved of all,
Everywhere found,
Are we not first of thy
Children around?

Daisies and Buttercups,
Ha ha ha, ha!
Choose then thy jolly twain,
Tra la la, la!'

"Gravely next the Berries questioned
If the place was not their due,
Since their work was far more useful
Than the work that others do.

"'Mother Nature! Mother Nature!
Hear thy Berries now, we pray.
We have served you many seasons
In an honest, useful way.

"'Surely, those who have but perfumes,
Showy colors, grace, or mirth,
Are not equal to the flowers
Giving to thy Berries birth.

"'We produce by faithful labor
Fruit quite worthy of thy name.
Are not we thy noblest children?
Do not we deserve this fame?'

"Many, many other voices
Sought the highest place to win;
But I wearied of their boasting
And the strange, untimely din.

"So I called the twining Ivy,
Child of romance and of song.
I will tell you of her story,
'Tis not burdensome nor long.

"Ere the centuries were counted
And men knew the march of time,
Many gods in varied guises
Dwelt with all the human line.

"Bacchus, sportful, wooed a maiden
Fair as sea-nymph, fair and pure;
But with all his merry fancies
He could not the maid allure:

"For a mortal lover wooed her,
Proudly claimed her for his bride,
Brave he was, a mighty warrior,
And his suit was not denied.

"Zeus, in awful wrath and fury
That a mortal e'en should dare
This, a god, to seek to rival
And himself with gods compare,

"Sent with dark and fearful menace
Through the heavens storm on storm,
Hurled fierce thunderbolts, unerring,
Smote the lover's youthful form.

"Then upon the fallen warrior
Granite boulders poured the god,

Heaping rocks on rocks above him
Till a vast pile hid the sod.

"To this spot the maiden wandered
Day by day with failing strength;
And the grief and pain within her
Wore her life away at length.

"Sorrowing, her faithful people
Laid her at the granite's base.
Like the passing of a vision
Was the smile upon her face.

"Born from where her form lay buried
Came a tender dark-green vine.
Quick its tendrils sought the boulders,
Twining them in graceful line.

"And this seems the fair vine's mission,
Barren spots to beautify,
Hiding grim and moldy ruins
Else unsightly to the eye.

"Climbing miles on miles o'er ledges,
Clinging oft to cloister walls,
Grateful to the students' vision
When it drapes the classic halls.

"Thus of all my flower children
This one vine has pleased me most,
Through its modesty and virtue,—
Ah! it needs no prouder boast.

"So I called the twining Ivy,
Seeming her restraint to chide,
Questioning why she was silent.
Meekly then the vine replied:

"'And how should I presume to rival these,
Thy fairer children?
I have no flowers of varied hue
To please the eye;
Nor berries grateful to the human taste;
Nor do sweet perfumes
Breathe from out my twining branches.
Yet hast thou been
Ever most lenient and kind;
And I would seek
Some humble corner of thy realm,
There to remain secure.

"'Permit me in a lowly way
To hide unsightly parts of thy domain;
And still to dwell 'mid rocks,
In places all unsuited to a race more frail.
Here will I ever serve thee
With a grateful heart,
Happy to bear my part
In thy great universe of beauty.'

"But the clamor of the Roses
Hushed the Ivy's low, sweet voice,
And the Pinks and gay Nasturtiums,
Hollyhocks, Verbenas choice,

"All the honest tribe of Asters,
Fringed Blue Gentian, Columbine,
Dandelions straight and sturdy,
Lousewort, Mint, and Eglantine,

"Raised their voices loud in protest,
Claimed first honors at my hand,
Stirred the breezes with their uproar,
Far and wide through all the land.

"Some were angry, some complaining,
All distressed and restless grew.
That ambition leads to discord,
Is a maxim sad and true.

"Then I bade them all be silent,
And in love and sorrow cried—
That I might restrain their passions
And reprove their eager pride—

"'Oh, my foolish, wayward children,
Why this painful, noisy strife?
Are you weary of love's bondage,
Would you change this calm, sweet life?

"'Change for anxious care and sorrow
All your glad, free-hearted days?
Oh, my children, learn this lesson:
Ways to fame are barren ways.

"Let men strive for empty honors,
Crushing one another down,
There are aching hearts, and cold hearts,
On the highway to renown.

"'Those of you are dearest, fairest,
Who their place most beautify
By the constant, boundless giving
Of what virtues in them lie.

"'All of you are dear, my children,
All of you are fair to see.
Seek some other life to honor,
Thus will you seem best to me.'"
. . . . . .
A horn from a distant farm-house
The spell of my dreaming broke,
Amazedly,—dazedly,—stirring,
My mind from its slumbers awoke.

I wandered a-down the hill-side
In the heat of the noonday sun;
Nor knew if my sermon was over,
Or whether 'twas just begun.

'Twas thus St. Paul's words came o'er me,
As they never had come before—
"In honor prefer one another,"
As Christ in the days of yore.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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ANOTHER college year has drawn to its close, and each class graduates into a larger life. The Freshmen expand into Sophomores; the Sophomores contract into Juniors; the Juniors evolve into Seniors; and the Seniors say good-bye to College and go out to the serious work of life, doubtless with good hopes and high ambitions.

We greet them all. To the newly enflated Sophomores we extend our heartiest congratulations; to the seriously contracted Juniors we offer our condolences. We of strange Senior dignity will try to uphold our position and enforce respect from all; while the sweet and noble graduates have the hearty good wishes of all the classes.

To graduate from college life and duties into the perhaps larger sphere of action outside, is the ambition of each during the four years of work. The world outside expects much from college men and women, while the graduate usually has beautiful visions and day-dreams of wonders to be accomplished. How few of these ever materialize into realities! So, lest the coming disappointment be too great, we would extend most willingly a few words of good advice to the members of '97.

Don't attempt to turn the world upside down the first thing, but wait until you get the right kind of leverage that extends above the earth, and have established a fulcrum somewhere outside of self, and then, when you get in line with the eternal forces, bear on all the weight you have, and if you do not astonish the world by overturning something, you can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you made a good try.

However, you need not be discouraged at failure. Galileo did not revolutionize science until after he was dead; Jesus Christ failed to spiritualize more than a score of men during three years of severest labor, but that proved no measure of his after-success. Failure is part of the divine plan. With your four years of enlarged mental and spiritual training, go forth and stand for the very best and holiest ideals of which your nature is capable, and then be content with apparent failure, knowing well that your efforts shall add to the sum of human progress.

THE *resumé* of our achievements in athletics during the past term is by no means unfavorable. In baseball we were second to none of our rivals in the state league; in track athletics we won the second place, which is as much as can be reasonably hoped for with the present facilities for training; in tennis we divided the honor of second place with Colby. In this department we were unfortunate in not having players of experience among the upper classmen. The fact, however, that lower classmen were forced into this work will make us stronger for the coming years.

A noticeable feature of our athletics this season is the large number of men engaged in some one of the out-door sports. If we are not burdened with a mistaken notion, the chief and sole aim of college athletics is not the production of a phenomenon in the person of a first baseman, a quarter-back, or a sprinter, nor the winning of notable victories in intercollegiate contest, nor yet that honor and glory which the college is supposed to gain from such victories, but one of the first objects to be sought is the benefit to be derived by the individual from a proper amount of out-door exercise.

AMONG all the activities of college life, music has not been neglected this year at Bates. Never before was there so much musical talent among the students, and never before was it so well organized. The Glee Club, the Ladies' Glee Club, the College Quartette, the Orchestra, and the Band, are all in a flourishing condition; and their numerous engagements in Lewiston and all over the state attest their popularity. The musical parts in society meetings have been of a high order of excellence, and there has been a decided improvement in the music at chapel exercises. Steps have also been taken towards the publication of a *Bates Song Book*, and we know of several good songs that have been written for it. With the Class of '97 we lose one who has done much for music at Bates, yet let us hope that the interest aroused in the past year will suffer no diminution in the coming year.

AS the time comes when college students again separate for the vacation, we may well consider our conduct during the summer in relation to our college.

Every student will form new acquaintances; some will have opportunity of association with many people of differing stations in society, and over a wide range of territory, each of whom considers the student as a representative of his college. We realize that our athletic teams are regarded in this light, but do we fully appreciate the fact that the principle applies no less truly to each student? It is almost impossible for a college man to conceal his identity for any length of time, even did he wish to do so, for his thoughts are full of college life, and they find abundant expression.

Every one who has ever heard of a college has instinctively formed some opinion concerning its merits. With this fact in mind, let us honor our *Alma Mater* through the summer months.

College News and Interests.

M. I. C. A. A. MEET.

THE third annual field meet of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held on the new athletic field at Brunswick, June 9th. Bates sent sixteen men—Foss, '97; Pulsifer, '98; Tukey, '98; Bruce, '98; Merrill, '99; Saunders, '99; Elder, 1900; Healey, 1900; Stinchfield, 1900; Richardson, 1900; Robbins, 1900; Griffin, 1900; Rogers, 1900; Willis, 1900; Roberts, 1900; Call, 1900. Bowdoin was represented by a strong team, and easily secured first place, with a score of 71 points; Bates was second, with $24\frac{1}{2}$, and U. of M. and Colby, third and fourth, with a score of 16 and $14\frac{1}{2}$ respectively. One of the most interesting features of the meet from a Bates standpoint, at least, was the winning of the three long runs by Foss. Merrill secured a second place in mile and two-mile runs, and Saunders won a second in hammer throw, and was tied for third in high jump. Below is a summary of events:

Two-mile run—A. W. Foss, Bates; O. C. Merrill, Bates; E. A. Livermore, U. of M. Time, 11m. 13s.

220-yards dash—C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; E. Stanwood, Bowdoin; F. B. Merrill, Bowdoin. Time, 23 3-5.

Pole vault—E. T. Minott, Bowdoin, and W. B. Clarke, Bowdoin, tied for first place. R. F. Chapman, third. Distance, 9 ft. 11 1-4 in.

Shot put—E. R. Godfrey, Bowdoin; A. S. Grover, U. of M.; A. A. French, Bowdoin. Distance, 37ft. 5 in.

Running high jump—R. A. Gibbs, U. of M.; W. O. Stevens, Colby. W. A. Saunders, Bates, and H. P. Merrill, U. of M., tied for third. Distance, 5 ft. 5 1-2 in.

Hammer throw—A. A. French, Bowdoin; W. A. Saunders, Bates; F. P. H. Pike, Colby. Distance, 100 ft. 4 in.

Running broad jump—C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; F. B. Merrill, Bowdoin; J. H. Swain, U. of M.

Half-mile run—Won by A. W. Foss of Bates; C. S. Clement of Colby, second; H. E. Marston of Bowdoin, third. Time, 2m. 9s.

Two-mile bicycle—Won by F. A. Stearns of Bowdoin; W. B. Chase, Colby, second; H. B. Neagle, Bowdoin, third.

100-yards dash—Won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; F. M. Rollins, U. of M., second; E. Stanwood, Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 2 5s.

Mile run—Won by A. W. Foss, Bates; O. C. Merrill, Bates, second; J. D. Sinkinson, Bowdoin, third. Time, 5m. 3 2-5s.

120-yards hurdle—Won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock, Bowdoin, second; R. Spencer, Colby, third. Time, 17 3-5s.

440-yards dash—Won by G. F. Stetson, Bowdoin; A. S. Merrill, U. of M., second; W. G. Hooke, Colby, third. Time, 56 4-5s.

220-yards hurdle—C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock, Bowdoin, and R. Spencer, Colby, tied for second. Time, 28 2-5s.

COLLEGE FIELD DAY.

'NINETY-NINE again won the class cup in the annual Field Day, June 5th. Four records were broken—440-yard dash and two-mile run by Foss, '97, and shot put and hammer throw by Saunders, '99. The whole number of points were divided as follows:

Seniors—33 points.
Juniors—29 points.
Sophomores—47 points.
Freshmen—28 points.

The following are the events and winners:

100-yards dash—Quinn, '99. Time, 11 1-5s.
220-yards dash—Tukey, '98. Time, 26 1-5s.
440-yards dash—Foss, '97. 56s.
Half-mile run—Foss, '97. Time, 2m. 9 2-5s.
Mile run—Merrill, '99. Time, 5m. 11s.
Two-mile run—Foss, '97. Time, 11m. 17 1-5s.
120-yards hurdle—Tukey, '98. 18 4-5s.
220-yards hurdle—Tukey, '98. 29 1-2s.
Pole vault—Frost, '98. Distance, 8 ft. 1-2 in.
Putting shot—Saunders, '99. Distance, 34 ft. 7 in.
Throwing hammer—Saunders, '99. Distance, 95 ft. 4 4-5 in.
Running high jump—Willis, 1900. Distance, 5 ft. 3 3-5 in.
Running broad jump—Elder, 1900. Distance, 19 ft. 10 4-5 in.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Au revoir, '97.

Miss Files received the prize for Junior essay.

Rumor says that 1901 will be the largest entering class yet.

The Freshmen gladly welcome Miss Mary Smith to their number.

The subject of the Sophomore prize essay was: "What is a Liberal Education?"

The base-ball men have elected Pulsifer, '99, captain, and Wheeler, '99, scorer for the next year.

Professor—"What did the colonists use for small change?" Voice from the class—"Cannon balls."

The Juniors were pleasantly entertained on the evening of Ivy Day by Miss Hall, at her home on Howe Street.

The board of editors of the *Latin School Echo* are to be congratulated upon the fine appearance of their paper.

The Latin School Union tendered a reception to the literary societies of the college, Saturday evening, June 12th.

The prize offered to the members of the Middle Class of the Latin School for the best essay was awarded to Clarence L. Jordan.

Wright, '97, has been promoted from his position as corporal of the Nealey Rifles to that of 1st lieutenant and quartermaster of the 2d Regiment Infantry, N. G. S. M.

The officers of 1900 for the ensuing year are: President, Robbins; Vice-President, Emerich; Secretary, Miss Sweetser; Treasurer, Packard; Councillors, Robbins, Johnson.

The Y. M. C. A. sends seven delegates to the summer conference at Northfield,—Landman, '98; Costello, '98; Sprague, '98; Gray, '99; Richardson, 1900; Manter, 1900; Dunham, 1900.

Tuesday, June 22d, was observed as Ivy Day by the Juniors. The programme was:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration.—The Obligations of Educated Men. F. U. Landman.

Selection. Orchestra.

Poem. Sadie M. Brackett.

Selection. Orchestra.

PRESENTATIONS.

CLASS ODE.

PLANTING THE IVY.

Mr. Hawkins, the toast-master, made presentations as follows:

Modestus.—Potato. J. P. Sprague.

Mademoiselle de Paris.—Author's Blanks and Pencil. Mertie B. Maxim.

Sage.—Volume and Lamp. H. W. Blake.

Choragus.—Baton. Persie L. Morrison.

Vox Tenuissima.—Megaphone. W. S. Parsons.

Matron.—Plan and Rules. Emma Skillings.

Spectator.—Opera Glasses. F. R. Griffin.

Acht und Neunzig.—Emblem. Ellen W. Smith.

The Y. W. C. A. sends Miss Weymouth, Miss Tasker, and Miss Farnum of '98, and Miss Roberts and Miss Edgerly of '99, as delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Northfield this summer.

The class officers of '99 are as follows: President, Wheeler; Vice-President, Pulsifer; Secretary, Miss Lord; Treasurer, Graffam; Orator, Calhoun; Poet, Miss Chase; Toast-Master, Bassett; Odist, Miss Coan; Marshal, Quinn; Councillors, Bassett, Calhoun, Fuller.

At the prize declamations of the

Class of '97, Nichols Latin School, given in the Main Street Church on Friday evening, June 19th, the first prize was awarded to St. John White, and the second to J. E. Wilson. Music was furnished by the Ladies' Glee Club of the college.

The officers who will serve Piæria for the next year are as follows: Griffin, '98, President; Calhoun, '99, Vice-President; Miss Maude Mitchell, 1900, Secretary; Dunham, 1900, Treasurer; Sprague, '98, Miss Rounds, '99, Dennison, 1900, Executive Committee.

Polymmnia has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Toothaker, '98; Vice-President, Wheeler, '99; Secretary, Miss Pearl Small, 1900; Treasurer, Graffam, '99; Executive Committee, Parsons, '98, Miss Blake, '99, Packard, 1900.

Professor Hartshorn's room has been transformed into a thing of beauty. The walls have been replastered and tinted; a polished floor has been laid; a new chair and desk provided; and pictures, '97 trophies, and busts of Shakespeare, Scott, and Milton adorn the walls.

At their meeting on June 4th, the Eurosophians elected the following officers: President, Tukey, '98; Vice-President, Tetley, '99; Secretary, Miss Getchell, 1900; Assistant Secretary, Miss Trask, 1900; Treasurer, Foster, 1900; Executive Committee, Hawkins, '98, Churchill, '99, Miss Summerbell, 1900.

Some of the Seniors have already secured positions as teachers for the next year. Miss Knowles will teach the sciences in the high school at Bristol, Conn.; Burrill is to be principal in the high school at Gorham, N. H.; and Miss Buzzell will teach mathematics and the sciences in the high school at Newton, N. J.

The library has been fortunate in receiving a large number of books the past month. Among the additions are fifty volumes obtained from the proceeds of Mrs. Tryon's lecture, twenty-one volumes presented by the Class of '97, twelve volumes presented by Professor Angell, five volumes presented by Miles Greenwood, Bates, '91, and three volumes presented by Miss Woodman.

At the intercollegiate tennis tournament held at Portland, June 7-10, Bates was represented by Summerbell and Courser, both of 1900. University of Maine sent no representatives. In the singles, Dana and Ives of Bowdoin won first and second places, also first in the doubles. The second place in doubles lay between Bates and Colby, but was not played off on account of rain.

The officers of the Athletic Association for the next year are: President, Costello, '98; Vice-President, Bassett, '99; Secretary, Dennison, 1900; Treasurer, Palmer, '99; Base-Ball Manager, Collins, '98; Foot-Ball Manager, Sprague, '98; Tennis Manager, Conant, '98; Manager of Track Team, Merrill, '99; Directors, Hinkley, '98, Parsons, '98, Churchill, '99, Pulsifer, '99, Richardson, 1900, Willis, 1900.

The honors in '97 were awarded thus: Valedictory, Miss Chase; Salu-

tatory, Milliken; Psychology (first), Miss Knowles; (second), Vining; Ancient Classics (first), Skillings; (second), Miss Sleeper; Modern Languages (first), Miss Andrews; (second), Miss Purington; Mathematics (first), Miss Buzzell; (second), Miss Hanson; Chemistry (first), Miss Roby; (second), Burrill; English Literature (first), Miss Snell; (second), Durkee; Physics (first), Foss; (second), Miss Winn; History and Economics (first), Stanley; (second), Miss James. General Scholarship, Miss Houghton and Miss Merrill.

The Class of '98 elected officers for the Senior year, Thursday, June 24th, as follows: President, Costello; Vice-President, Blake; Secretary, Miss Maxim; Treasurer, Tukey; Chaplain, Landman; Marshal, Hinkley; Councillors, Sprague, Landman, Costello, Tukey; Executive Committee, Toothaker, Miss Perkins, Miss Skillings, Conant, Knowlton. The Class-Day parts are: Oration, Woodside; Poem, Miss Garcelon; Prophecy, Griffin; History, Hawkins; Address to Undergraduates, Parsons; Address to Halls and Campus, Miss Tasker; Parting Address, Miss Sadie Brackett; Ode, True.

By an agreement made by the base-ball managers of the four colleges, all games must be played on or before June 12th. Bates and Bowdoin each won and lost three games; University of Maine won three and lost two; Colby won two and lost three. Since the final game between University of Maine and Colby was not played, there could be no disposition of the pennant. The score by innings of our games follows:

Orono, May 15th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
U. M. . . .	1	0	0	1	0	3	0	4	4	—13
Bates . . .	1	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	— 6

Lewiston, May 18th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates . . .	6	4	0	0	5	3	3	4	x	—25
U. M. . . .	3	0	0	0	3	3	2	1	0	—12

Lewiston, May 26th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bowdoin . .	1	0	0	0	0	4	0	2	0	— 7
Bates . . .	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	— 4

Waterville, June 12th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Colby . . .	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	0	0	2	— 8
Bates . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	1	— 7

Bates . . .	4	2	2	4	1	.	.	.	.	—13
Colby . . .	1	5	0	3	0	.	.	.	.	— 9

Brunswick, June 8th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates, . . .	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	1	2	— 9
Bowdoin, . . .	0	0	0	0	2	3	2	1	0	— 8

On Friday evening, May 21st, we defeated Colby in intercollegiate debate. The contest was held at City Hall and was attended by a large audience. Ex-Mayor Newell presided over the exercises and Hon. Nathan Webb, Rev. J. S. Jenkins, D.D., and Hon. Horace Burbank served as judges. Our opponents made it manifest from the outset that Colby had entered heartily into this work with no intention of taking a second place, the disputants from the two institutions being so evenly matched as to make the debate of exceeding interest to those present. Colby was especially strong in oratory, while the Bates men clearly had the advantage in argumentation.

The members of the Senior Class and the Faculty met Thursday evening,

June 10th, for the dedication of Professor Hartshorn's room. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Foss, Class President, and the response by Professor Hartshorn. Mr. Durkee acted as toast-master, and the following toasts were given: Shakespeare, Miss Twort; Milton, Mr. Vining; Scott, Mr. Skillings; '97, Mr. Stanley; Bates, Professor Jordan. Songs were sung, refreshments were served, and a general good time prevailed. One of the songs was as follows:

TUNE—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Lest 'Ninety-Seven be forgot
And never brought to mind,
That we may keep her mem'ry green,
This room we leave behind.
This room so green, so green, my dear,
To each beloved classmate,
This room so green, so green, my dear,
We meet to dedicate.

'Twas here we dined on cracker lunch,
When Lycidas was dead;
'Twas here in sophomoric days
On old, dry Bain we fed;
In Psyche we've oft, we've oft, my dear,
Begun with awful pair,
And flunked full many a time. May be
We all shall flunk again.

We've laid the floor of maple tough
And shined it well all o'er,
To show we are, though tough at first,
Now polished like the floor.
We've bought a chair that wiggles much
For our English Prof.
Lest when he wiggles back so far
Those chair legs wiggle off.

To 'Ninety-Seven's glory now
This room we dedicate,
And to all who helped in ducking well
The Class of 'Ninety-Eight,
To Ethics and to Psyche so dear,
To Anglo-Saxon lore,
This room so green we dedicate
Henceforth, forevermore.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

SUNDAY, June 27th, at 10.30 A.M., President Chase delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. He spoke of the possibility of solving life's problems by the recognition and practical acceptance of the Divine Fatherhood. His text was Luke 2:49—"Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business."

In the evening Rev. E. R. Purdy of Portland gave a very helpful address before the two Christian Associations.

CHAMPION DEBATE.

Monday, June 28th, at 2.30 P.M., occurred the annual Sophomore Debate. The question and participants are as follows:

Does the government of the United States more truly represent the wishes of the people than the English government does?
Affirmative—Lettice B. Albee, Oscar C. Merrill, Lora V. King.
Negative—Charles S. Calhoun, Fred E. Pomeroy, Blanche M. Whittum, Edward B. Foster.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Junior Exhibition was held in the evening at 7.45. The following is the programme:

MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.
Building a Man. Frank Pearson.
The Leaders Lead. William S. Parsons.
Abraham Lincoln and the Rights of Man. Tileston E. Woodside.
American Municipal Government. John P. Sprague.
MUSIC.
The American Spirit. Louis B. Costello.
Woman in the Professions. Julia F. Leader.
Responsibilities of Citizenship. Ansel A. Knowlton.
Individualism. Adah M. Tasker.
MUSIC.

The Broader Freedom. Thomas S. Bruce.
Success and Failure. Florence S. Farnum.
Intellectual Aristocracy. Emma Skillings.
Sympathy Inspires. Sadie M. Brackett.

MUSIC.

CLASS DAY.

Tuesday, June 29th, was Class Day. The order of exercises follows:

Oration—On Life. J. A. Marr.
Class History. R. B. Stanley.
Class Prophecies. Miss D. M. Twort.
Address to Undergraduates. J. S. Durkee.
Address to Halls and Campus. W. P. Vining.
Poem. Miss S. Merrill.
Parting Address. Miss Nellie A. Houghton.

SINGING CLASS ODE.
PIPE OF PEACE.

CONCERT.

In the concert which was given Tuesday evening at Main Street Church, a pleasant feature was introduced, that of securing the talent from the college. The two Glee Clubs, the Orchestra, several vocal and instrumental soloists, and a reader, combined to give a high-grade entertainment.

SOPHOMORE TEAM DEBATE.

Wednesday, June 30th, at 10 A.M., occurred the Sophomore Team Debate for the Drew prize.

Is it desirable for the United States to annex Hawaii?
Affirmative—A. C. Wheeler, G. A. F. Hutchins, E. S. Palmer.
Negative—F. P. Wagg, H. C. Churchill, H. C. Small.

ALUMNI EXERCISES.

The literary exercises of the alumni were held in the Main Street Church, Wednesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. The programme included an oration by Rev. W. H. Bolster, D.D., '69, pastor of Harvard Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., on "The Man and His Ideal," and a poem by Clarence A. Chase, '84, of Auburn. These exercises were followed by a reception given by the Alumnæ Club in the vestry.

COMMENCEMENT

THURSDAY, AT 10 A.M.

Salutatory.—Social Efficiency a True Test of Worth. Carl Elias Milliken.
Ich Dien. Richard Balkam Stanley.
(History and Economics—First Honor.)
Crystals. *Susan Merrill.
(General Scholarship.)
Al Horan. Stella James.
(Physics—Second Honor.)
Work, the Universal Ordinance.
*Winnifred Sarah Sleeper.
(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)
What Shall Women Study?
Charlotte Mary Hanson.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)
The Benefits Derived from a Study of Nature.
*Mabel Weston Winn.
(History and Economics—Second Honor.)
Democracy and Education. Everett Skillings.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)
German Normal Schools.
*Margaret Fanning Knowles.
(Psychology—First Honor.)
Truth-Marking. Eva Blanche Roby.
(Chemistry—First Honor.)
Equality of Men. Walter Perley Vining.
(Psychology—Second Honor.)
Morality in Words. Clara Anna Snell.
(English Language and Literature—First Honor.)
Chemistry: Its Problems and Uses.
*Fred Wilson Burrill.
(Chemistry—Second Honor.)
"The Moaning of the Homeless Sea."
James Stanley Durkee.
(English Language and Literature—Second Honor.)
Winner, but Loser.
*Frances Elizabeth Purington.
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)
Iconoclasm and Religious Progress.
Mabel Caroline Andrews.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)
The Future of American Literature.
*Mary Buzzell.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)
Sonnet Literature. Nellie Agnes Houghton.
(General Scholarship.)

The Future of Africa. Alvin Warren Foss.
(Physics—First Honor.)

Valedictory.—The Melancholy of Hawthorne and George Eliot. Emma Vivien Chase.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

* Excused.

Commencement Dinner in Gymnasium at 2 P.M.

Promenade Concert and Illumination of Grounds at 8 P.M. on college campus.

Friday, July 2d, at 8 P.M., reception to the graduating class and their friends by President and Mrs. Chase.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '97.

Andrews, Mabel Caroline; residence, Wilmot Flat, N. H.; fitting school, High School, Concord, N. H.; intended occupation, ministry.

Bailey, Adelbert Wesley; residence, Lewiston; fitting school, High School, Bath; intended occupation, undecided.

Barrell, Charles Martin; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, undecided.

Brackett, Percy Wentworth; residence, Detroit, Me.; fitting school, Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield; intended occupation, medicine.

Burrill, Fred Wilson; residence, Corrina, Me.; fitting school, Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield; intended occupation, medicine.

Buzzell, Mary; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, High School, Rochester, N. H.; intended occupation, teaching.

Chase, Emma Vivian; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, High School, Lewiston; intended occupation, teaching.

Childs, Herman Andrew; residence, Lewiston, Me.; intended occupation, ministry.

Cobb, Caroline Lillian; residence, Ashburnham, Mass.; fitting school, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham; intended occupation, teaching.

Cunningham, Edward Freeman; residence, Edgecomb, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, teaching.

Durkee, James Stanley; residence, Yarmouth, N. S.; fitting school, Batavia Academy, N. Y.; intended occupation, ministry.

Foss, Alvin Warren; residence, East Raymond, Me.; fitting school, Bridgton Academy; intended occupation, medicine.

Hanscom, Alpheus Claybert; residence, Lebanon, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, undecided.

Hanson, Charlotte Mary; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School, Auburn; intended occupation, undecided.

Hewins, Mary Annette; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, teaching.

Houghton, Nellie Agnes; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School, Auburn; intended occupation, teaching.

Hubbard, Allen Lewis; residence, North Limington, Me.; fitting school, Limington Academy; intended occupation, law.

James, Stella; residence, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.; fitting school, Storer College; intended occupation, medicine.

Knowles, Margaret Fanning; residence, Lubec, Me.; fitting school, Wilton Academy; intended occupation, teaching.

Marr, James Archibald; residence, Westerly, R. I.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, undecided.

Merrill, Susan; residence, Brownville, Me.; fitting school, Foxcroft Academy; intended occupation, undecided.

Michels, Nellie Belle; residence, Brunswick, Me.; fitting school, Brunswick High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Milliken, Carl Elias; residence, Augusta; fitting school, Cony High School, Augusta; intended occupation, undecided.

Palmer, Herbert Lorenzo; residence, Charleston, Me.; fitting school, Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston; intended occupation, undecided.

Parker, Horatio Perkins; residence, Greene Corner, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, undecided.

Porter, Blanche; residence, Westbrook, Me.; fitting school, Westbrook High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Purington, Francis Elizabeth; residence, West Bowdoin, Me.; fitting school, Cony High School, Augusta; intended occupation, teaching.

Roby, Eva Blanche; residence, South Sutton, N. H.; fitting school, New Hampton Literary Institution; intended occupation, teaching.

Sampson, Arthur Laforest; residence, Farm-

ington, Me.; fitting school, Farmington High School; intended occupation, journalism.

Skillings, Everett; residence, Portland, Me.; fitting school, Portland High School; intended occupation, ministry.

Slattery, John Francis; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Sleeper, Winifred Sarah; residence, Sabatis, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Smith, Ivy Houston; residence, Gray Corner, Me.; fitting school, Pennell Institute, Gray; intended occupation, missionary.

Snell, Clara Anna; residence, Winthrop, Me.; fitting school, Winthrop High School; intended ocuupation, teaching.

Stanley, Richard Balkam; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, law.

Tobien, Arthur Patten Davis; residence, Templeton, Mass.; fitting school, Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass.; intended occupation, teaching.

Twort, Daisy May; residence, Lynn, Mass.; fitting school, Lynn High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Vickery, Maud Alice; residence, East Machias; fitting school, Washington Academy, East Machias; intended occupation, teaching.

Vining, Walter Perley; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Winn, Mabel Weston; residence, Cumberland Center; fitting school, Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center; intended occupation, teaching.

Wright, Charles Otis; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, ministry.

Alumni Department.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Editor of Alumni Department:

IN response to your request I take great pleasure in expressing a few thoughts that impress themselves upon me most strongly concerning the "Work of the Literary Society at Bates and its Significance to the College."

I was pleased to learn from the last number of the STUDENT of the formation of the new society. For its success and prosperity all alumni will join in good wishes. That need was felt for this organization is indicative that the vitality and earnestness which have characterized the literary society of the past have not abated, and if the gratifying reports of the work itself are to be credited, it appears that in this, also, the societies are not only reaching the previous standard, but are attaining each year a still higher degree of excellence.

Why the literary society at Bates holds the unique and important position which it unquestionably does is to be accounted for on a rational basis; simply that of supply and demand. The college has need for just that which the literary society has to give. What this need is and how the society can meet it are two questions that it may not be unprofitable for us briefly to consider.

The aim of every good college may be regarded as threefold: to bestow broad culture, to stimulate and develop mental powers, and to give some degree of mastery in the use of both knowledge and faculties. In the meeting of each of these aims it is not difficult to see that the literary society is an im-

portant and indispensable auxiliary. In the university this is not the case because of the different scope of the work. The purpose of the university is to give to each student special and professional training in the particular department in which he has chosen his life work. Thus, as it is here at Cornell, instead of the general literary societies, each department has its own technical associations devoted exclusively to the consideration of some one particular subject. In its place this is well, except in its effect upon those who are unfortunate enough to be obliged to seek college training from a university curriculum.

The foundation for the superstructure of the business world or the professional school should be laid in the college, and in that foundation, as we have said, breadth of culture is a first essential. To give this, the prescribed work of the class room is of itself inadequate.

In the weekly programmes of the society the student will be introduced to subjects that might not otherwise come to his attention, and his mind will be turned into new fields of thought and investigation. Moreover, if he be called upon to present some phase of a subject with which he is already familiar, the stimulus of an audience of his equals and superiors will drive him into freshness of research and originality of presentation. The result, it is true, will be superficial; it will be a skimming over a vast number of subjects, but it is just this that is needed. Old questions will be seen in new lights. Students are brought together from all classes and from every diversity of interest, talent, and taste. Such organizations as Polymnia and Eurosophia are but "joint-stock associations." Each member adds a share to the general wealth, receiving in return good dividends from the productiveness of the common intellectual life of the whole.

It may be urged that the faithful student, realizing that he needs much more for full mental equipment than the best prescribed line of study alone can give him, will of himself seek to supplement this by wise reading and helpful interchange of thought with fellow-students. On this private culture the scholar must, of course, always largely depend, but even this is greatly aided by his literary society, which will not only make that reading purposeful and the obligation to produce at an appointed time something as the result of that reading—a spur to exertion—but he will find, moreover, that he is guided in the choice of that reading. My attention has been called to this very point here this week in observing the number who have been doing "incidental reading" of Lanier and Kipling as a result of mention that has been made of them in one of our associations recently.

The help, however, which the society becomes in enlarging one's range of thought and information is not all. It is an important means of mental development. It was from schools of disputation, of which our debate is but a copy in miniature, that the Greek mind was produced, to which we still look for models in mental attainment.

Discussion,—the throwing of the mind back on its own resources, the forcing it to search into the crannies of its chambers for vital answers,—this sharpening of intellect upon intellect, is not this now as then a permanent factor in intellectual growth? It still clears mental cobwebs and gives quickened intellectual life.

Here, also, is afforded opportunity for correcting illogical mental processes, biased and narrow habits of thought, and false estimates. The influence of these weekly meetings is, moreover, refining, and the social advantage of association with congenial friends is educating in itself and will be a source of pleasant memories always to be cherished.

But most of all does the literary society supplement the other work of the college by affording an easy opportunity for the exercise of faculties which the studies of the class-room have newly awakened and for testing their real power, as well as the trustworthiness of the impressions that have been received. The day of the recluse is passed. Knowledge gained and mental discipline are of little value if their possessor have not the ability to put them to use. It may be that the world does not now seek so much the eloquence of a few great orators, but what it does do as never before is to demand from every man and woman who desires recognition in any of its spheres the ability to express with ease and clearness what he may know. Each must be willing to bring whatever gifts and attainments he may possess to the common use of all.

The secret of the success which is often attained by the "self-made man" is said to lie not in the fact that he has less with which to do, but because he has completest mastery over his mental faculties. "His intellectual arsenal is less liberally furnished, but he has perfect familiarity with all its weapons."

No opportunity, after leaving college, will furnish the student a better chance of testing his steel and taking his aim. He can better afford, here in the college days, to risk the random shots that may miss the mark than in the real conflict of life, where failure may mean defeat.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.,
March 5, 1897.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BATES, '78, now mourns for the second member of its class. John Quincy Adams has joined his brother *Morius* among the silent majority. He died at Guilford, N. H., where he was pastor, on April 16th, after a very severe illness.

He was born in Bowdoinham, Me., January 10, 1848. Converted when nineteen, he felt a strong conviction of duty to preach the gospel, but he did not leave his father's farm until twenty-two years of age. Then, with a determination to prepare for the ministry, he went to Nichols Latin School. He graduated from Bates in 1878, and from the Divinity School in 1881. His classmates knew him as a kind, earnest man, who could not be swerved from the course he had marked out. He was a faithful, plodding student, who

foresaw what advantage the discipline would be to him in his chosen life-work. He never forgot the object for which he was seeking an education. With respect for his teachers and honesty in all his dealings, his was a record of "honor." Thus the student, with manhood developed and mind cultivated, became in turn the teacher of men.

At graduation he became pastor of the Free Baptist Church at South Parsonsfield, and August 10, 1881, he was married to Miss Minnie L. Jones of Lewiston, who with two children survives him. During this first pastorate of three years he labored faithfully, helping to repair the house of worship, and leaving a united and stronger church. After this, owing to the illness of his wife, he resided in Lewiston, supplying for a year the church at Kennebunk. His own health was not always good, but in 1885 he assumed the pastorate of the church at West Buxton, which he served about four years. His next pastorate began in Guilford, N. H., in 1893, where death came to him in the midst of pleasant labors.

His work as a minister was not less true and earnest than as a student. His people always found him a kind friend, a wise counselor, and a sympathetic pastor. He was a plain and earnest preacher of the gospel, making no apologies for sin, but holding the standards of life high as he had learned regarding them. To say that the works of such a man will live after him for the world's good, is but expressing an evident truth. One, who knew him as a class-mate, room-mate, and fellow-worker in the ministry, and learned to respect his sterling character, gladly gives these words of appreciation.

F. D. GEORGE.

ALEXANDER BENJAMIN McWILLIAMS.

ON August 13, 1896, Alexander Benjamin McWilliams died from heart failure while bathing at Crescent Beach.

Mr. McWilliams was of a modest and retiring disposition, never thrusting himself upon the attention of others or seeking advancement by any means save honest and faithful endeavor to render real and helpful service. He was born at Quebec, P. Q., July 1, 1862. He prepared for college at the Latin School, entered Bates in 1883 and graduated in 1887, meanwhile teaching fourteen sessions in the Lewiston evening schools. He made a manly struggle for his education, being dependent upon his own efforts. He was employed during his summer vacations at hotels in the mountains and at other summer resorts.

In August, 1888, he accepted the mail agency on the line of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway. Subsequently he became superintendent of the carrier service of the Lewiston post-office. In August, 1889, he was married to Miss Emma Amanda Park of Canton, Me. This union was blessed with two children, both daughters. The elder of the two, as the first child of a member of '87, received from the class a silver cup.

In 1891 Mr. McWilliams was elected a member of the Lewiston School Board. He had long cherished the

hope of entering the medical profession, and it was with great reluctance that, in compliance with the advice of his physician, he turned from the study of medicine to seek out-of-door employment. His wife and one child survive him.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford is expected home from his foreign travels in July.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase delivered one of the principal addresses at the Maine Unitarian Conference, recently held at Belfast.

'79.—E. A. McCollister, M.D., has removed from Gray, and opened an office in Lewiston.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee is soon to publish a "Beginners' Greek Book."

'82.—F. L. Blanchard has recently published in *Harper's Weekly* a very interesting illustrated article on "The City of Buffalo as a Manufacturing Center."

'82.—Miss E. B. Forbes is lecturing in the interests of the Christian Union.

'87.—Rev. E. C. Hayes has so far recovered his health that he intends soon to begin active work in the ministry.

'87.—H. E. Cushman is to receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the department of Philosophy at Harvard this year.

'88.—W. L. Powers is Vice-President of the Maine Schoolmasters' Club.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright of Livermore Falls, delivered an address at the convention of Maine Universalists, at Rockland, June 7–10, on "How to Interest the Uninterested."

'89.—Dr. E. L. Stevens has been recently visiting in Lewiston.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon has been coaching the Bowdoin College track team during the spring.

'90.—H. V. Neal has returned from his studies at Naples, Italy. He intends to engage in college work next year.

'91.—Rev. W. L. Nickerson is pastor of the F. B. Church at Rockland.

'91.—W. B. Watson was recently married to Miss Pinkham of Auburn. He is city editor of the *Portland Express*.

'92.—R. A. Small receives this year the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard. For next year he is to be a member of the Faculty of Brown University, with the title of Instructor. He is to teach Argumentation and Anglo-Saxon.

'92.—C. N. Blanchard delivered the Memorial Day address at New Sharon.

'93.—A. B. Libby is at the Maine Medical School.

'93.—W. C. Marden is practicing medicine at Pittsfield.

'93.—G. M. Chase has resigned his position in Fairmount College, and will enter Cobb Divinity School next fall.

'93.—Miss G. P. Conant has recently received a $300 prize in the department of English at Cornell. This prize carries with it some duties as an instructor.

'93.—R. A. Sturges is a member of the Columbia Law School Quartette.

'94.—E. J. Hatch is pastor of the F. B. Church at Wheelock, Vt.

'96.—The law firm at Manchester, N. H., with which A. L. Kavanaugh is studying, is soon to remove to Lewiston.

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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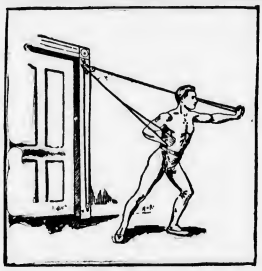
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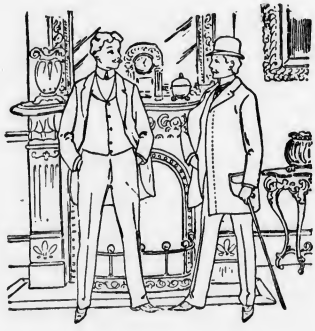
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THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. SEPTEMBER, 1897. No. 7.

THE ORGAN PUMPER.

To their pews the saints are gliding,
With their faces calm, serene,
While the scowling organ pumper,
Takes his place behind the scene.

First the prayer, then the preaching,
Music often comes between;
No one sees the organ pumper,
For he is behind the scene.

Yet he hears the solemn sermon,
For his ears are very keen,
And he listens there intently,
In his place behind the scene.

Well he knows the sacred singing
Would not sweetly intervene
If he should forget the moment
He must jump behind the scene.

"Is the music not entrancing?"
Breathe the sisters, as they rise.
"Yes, indeed," the brothers whisper,
As they close their pious eyes.

"O, I am so tired of pumping
This infernal old machine!"
Growls the weary organ pumper,
As he pumps behind the scene.

Ah, while some enjoy the sweetness
From life's laboring machine,
There are others, pumping, pumping,
Wearily behind the scene.

—*W. T.*, '99.

A VISIT TO THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

BEFORE leaving Paris I wished to attend a "*séance*" of the French House of Representatives. How should I get in?

Madame B—— said that the way was to go to the side entrance of the old palace, which stands on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Place de la Concorde, and there, she continued, "you will find on guard a man with on his head what you call it?" (flourishing expressive hands around a shapely head).

It turned out that she was struggling for "cocked hat."

"Then," speaking with a slight hesitancy, "you will gif him somethings and he will take you in and gif you a good place to see."

That was one way; but I preferred another. So, some days later, happening to be going down the Avenue de l'Opera and to see the sign of the United States consulate, I went in. On the ground floor (the first floor of a French building is, in reality, always the second floor) I was put into a slow elevator that seemed *en route* long enough to reach the stars. It stopped at length with a violent clucking. Then the doors opened and I was received in a small ante-room by a polite *garçon*, who forthwith ushered me into another and larger apartment. Here, in what seems, in the retrospect, a big iron cage, was a mulattoish-looking official who, on being informed of my desire, said, in tones that recalled the deep music of the speech of Frederick Douglass:

"You will have to apply at the office

of the United States ambassador in the Rue de Galilee."

"Will a request by mail be sufficient?"

"You would better apply *in person*, sir."

I knew where the ambassador resided. I had been there before and was well received.

One does not like to put too many requests for favors in one place. However—

Drifting about over the sea of Parisian life, I found myself a few days later gazing with patriotic emotions at the bronze group of Washington and Lafayette, in the Place des Etats Unis. It suddenly "ran up to me" that I was near the Rue de Galilee, and that I might now put in my application for a ticket to the Chamber.

After a season of waiting for others who were ahead of me on some business of their own, I was courteously received by the chief secretary of the embassy and obtained his promise to do his best.

"Thank you. And is there anything more for me to do?" I inquired, looking the secretary exactly in the eye—for he was a Frenchman and I was a sight-seeing traveller.

"Nothing at all," he replied, with soul-enrapturing sense and decision. "I will make the application at once, send you the permit, and you will be quite welcome. It will require several days to effect the thing."

One week later was delivered at my hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines a communication marked "urgent." The secretary had been successful. He wrote: "I enclose herewith two tickets for the sitting of Saturday of the Chamber of Deputies. They were applied for the day you called and were received this morning." I might have been seen to smile with unmistakable satisfaction.

It was a fine, spring-like day in February when we passed through the Place de la Concorde, noting anew the exact spot on which stood the guillotine when, just before her execution, Madame Roland cried, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Threading our way through a mass of rapidly moving vehicles, we crossed the Pont de la Concorde and stood before the old Palais Bourbon, on the Quai d'Orsay, more recently known as the Palais du Corps Législatif, and now labeled the Chamber of Deputies.

The building now in use by the deputies of France was begun early in the eighteenth century for the Duchess of Bourbon. It was subsequently greatly enlarged by the Prince of Condé. In 1790 it was declared to be national property and has since been used as such. The façade, facing north, exactly opposite the Place de la Concorde, is in the style of a Greek temple with a handsome Corinthian colonnade composed of twelve columns. The approach to the portico is rendered interesting by statues of D'Aguesseau, Colbert, L'Hôpital, and Sully; and on either side are sculptured reliefs by eminent artists. In the tympanum stands a group, by Cortot, representing France with the constitution, between Liberty and Order, summoning to her aid the genii of Commerce, Agriculture, and Peace. While the Chamber of Deputies sits here, the French Senate holds its sessions in the

Palais du Luxembourg, about a mile distant.

Entering the court at the right of the broad flight of steps in front, we were immediately challenged by one of the attendants. The sight of our pass calmed his slightly perturbed spirit. Through an unpretentious entrance we gained the interior of the building. Directed by uniformed guards stationed at every turn and entrance, we went through echoing corridors, up a winding stairway, and along a passage where more of our clothes were taken possession of than we really cared to part with; but how can one resist the persistency of an official who speaks only half intelligible French and has the great authority of the Republic back of his manœuvres for a fee? I would have given the man my boots (I do not mean as boots are sometimes given) had he asked for them, for the sake of the end in view.

At length we were seated in the gallery overlooking the splendid assembly hall. It is semicircular in form and is lighted only by a hemicycle above the president's chair. As daylight fades and artificial light becomes necessary, it is provided above this hemicycle, from unseen illuminators, in a way that seemed to us as novel as the effect was delightful. The roof of this splendidly constructed room is upborne by twenty marble columns, behind which are the two rows of galleries for the public, containing sittings sufficient, I judged, for several hundreds of persons—a provision much ampler than that in the British House of Commons. On the wall above the president's seat, beneath the semicircular light, is a large reproduction in tapestry of Raphael's "School of Athens." On both sides of this, in niches adorned by beautiful Doric columns, are marble statues, by Pradier, of Liberty and Public Order. The tribune, from which orators address the Chamber, is in front of the president's chair, considerably lower down and but little higher than the floor of the Chamber. The front of this tribune is adorned with a fine and appropriate sculpture in bas-relief. The costliness and beauty of the entire hall are in accord with the few features thus suggested. Here, in 1795, was the assembly place of the Council of Five Hundred. In 1848, the Duchess of Orleans here presented her two sons, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, before the National Assembly, in the hope of obtaining the throne. The same year the Assembly was expelled from the hall by a resistless mob. On the 4th of September, 1870, another mob forced an entrance, making the building ring with their cries of "*Vive la République!*" The assembly dispersed, and down at the Hotel de Ville the republican members formed a new government. It would be an empty mind indeed that during the half hour while the galleries were filling, before the "*séance*" began, could not find food for thought in the French Chamber of Deputies.

Two o'clock. The hour has arrived. The galleries are full. All the front rows of seats are given to ladies. A flutter of expectation is heard as some officials appear in the chamber below. A door opens and in come a few others. One ascends the stairs

leading to the president's chair. "*Monsieur le President!*" calls a clear voice, and M. Brisson, a gray-haired and well-built man, sits down in his seat of honor and responsibility. Not twenty deputies are yet in the chamber. Both now, and also after the speaking has begun, I remember a joke which appeared in a Paris paper. Scene—outside the Chamber of Deputies. Little Marie—"Who are all these men walking about outside here, father?" Father—"Those, my dear child, are the members of the Chamber." "Are these all the members there are?" "No, there is one more." "Where is he, father?" "Inside, my dear, making a speech." I comment to a gentleman at my side on the smallness of the number present as the bell rings for the opening of the session. He shrugs his shoulders and remarks that the members will be in presently.

Soon they enter in considerable numbers. An audible, though suppressed recognition, half an exclamation and half a titter, sounds along the galleries, as the Mohammedan representative takes his seat, arrayed, without the slightest deference to Parisian styles, in his full turban and flowing, cream-colored robe. By the time the president gets through with his rather monotonously and indistinctly read budget, a fair number of deputies are in their places to listen to the first speaker of the afternoon. Within two hours the seats become well filled, and when the debate is at its hottest there are plenty to clamor for the tribune and to contribute to the medley of sounds that fills the Chamber. They are in general a good-looking body of men, with well-shaped heads, very many having the interesting spot on top which Paul Flemming saw on the head of the stout gentleman described in "Hyperion." That head, being a little bald at the summit, looked not unlike a crow's nest with one egg in it.

The subject under discussion does not, I regret to find, refer to the position to be taken by France respecting the refusal of Greece to retire from Crete; but it is one which gives considerable animation to the speakers and affords an opportunity for exhibitions of Gallic wit and sarcasm. The socialists are endeavoring to obtain a commission to investigate the *modus operandi* of electing a republican delegate from Neuilly, whose election has just been confirmed by a committee of the Chambers. M. Viviani, socialist, in a long address, makes pointed accusations of the use of a corruption fund, quotes much documentary evidence from letters in his possession, and demands a thorough investigation. M. Jumel, the republican chairman of the committee that has confirmed the election, follows. He carries a big head on broad shoulders and does not appear to be of an excitable temperament, although a Frenchman. And yet he gives the lie direct to M. Viviani respecting alleged corrupt doings, and claims that some perfectly permissible things, jokes (*"plaisanterie"*) in fact, have been misconstrued intentionally by the wicked socialists and made to have a sinister look. This point provokes loud exclamations from "*l'extreme gauche.*" He further excites the socialists by accusing them of the very crookedness which they allege

against the honest republicans. A bald-headed socialist with big eye-glasses now gets the tribune and in clear, incisive utterances overhauls M. Jumel's political record, showing that in 1889 he was anxious to prove against republican electors the very deeds of which he now declares them so innocent. This sally is evidently a hit. It provokes tremendous applause all over the chamber. M. Jumel evidently suffers from the misconstruction to which a man exposes himself when, even for very good reasons, he turns his political coat. He is allowed a chance to reply to his antagonist and convicts him of a rather flagrant blunder in statistics. And now a dignified, elderly gentleman, with the head of a statesman and the smile of a genial humorist, gains the tribune. He speaks deliberately, pungently, with his hands in his pockets. It is the Comte de Bernis, a conservative, a gentleman of the old times when France was ruled by a monarch. He is opposed alike to socialist and republican, and is on his feet only to have a tilt with both of them at once. He makes use of the existing situation to expose the inconsistencies of both republicans and socialists. He proceeds without mercy and yet with a smile that shows how much he enjoys his opportunity and is pleased with his own wit. He provokes roars of laughter, and yet howls of rage rise like shrieks of pain heard amid orchestral music. But he makes a reference to the president which the latter deems unparliamentary. M. Brisson's rebuke, bell in hand, of the Comte de Bernis, while the latter stands with an expression of mock-meekness and all the Chamber of Deputies rings with bursts of applause and cries of approval, is one of the few parliamentary scenes of special interest that I have been permitted to look upon. At one or two points in his address the imperturbable humorist stood in utter silence while arrowy invectives, hot-shot questions, and rocket-like yells of rage fell upon him from all parts of the chamber. When he finally descended and took his seat again I noticed, however, more than one hand extended to congratulate him on his effort. The Bourbonists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists still live, and they still hope. I asked a royalist the other day if a return of monarchism was still expected in France. "Ah," was the reply, "people always expect what they wish for." But the French republic will doubtless stand.

The debate went on. The attempt to get an investigation failed. The findings of the bureau that confirmed the election of the republican member from Neuilly were approved. The socialists were defeated by a vote of 268 to 223.

C. A. Bickford, '72.

Geneva, Switzerland, March 24, 1897.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

The murmured music of the sea
Was mingled with the rustling pine,
While feathered warblers piped in glee,
Betwixt the giants' swaying line.

The merry sunbeams danced amid
The shadowy tracery of the ferns,
Or where the fairy mosses hid,
They darted in and out by turns.

Their lovely faces to the sky,
The roses welcome seemed to sing,
While yellow lilies nodded high,
And songsters fluttered on the wing.

—'99

INDIVIDUALISM.

SOCIETY exists because humanity is human and because individuals are individuals. If every man were not human he would have no common ground of associating with others; if he were not individual so evident would his hopes and aims become that society would be in a state of clashing tumult.

All men are similar in their desire and need of companionship, friendship, and love; in their aspirations for wealth and success; and in the limitations set to their knowledge. Education, too, often imbues their minds with similar tastes and convictions, and influences their social demeanor.

But more striking, even, than the likenesses are the unlikenesses in man. As in physical feature and form, there is a difference in the activity of the various functions of the mind, in the predominance of one passion over another, in the quantity and quality of the sensibilities, and in the ruling motive of action. Just as education strengthens the similarities, it may strengthen the dissimilarities. The result of these differences is Individualism, or the higher evolution of man as a unit, and the distinctive development by which he is marked out from his fellows. Individualism is a universal possession, but there is a minute gradation from the coarsest to the finest, each class of which contains numberless diversities.

The persons that make the most painful impressions upon us are often distinguished as most strongly individual, and thus we come to regard individualism as something to be avoided. Never was there a more erroneous and misleading notion. Take from yonder man his slovenly dress, brusque manners, and cultivated independence of social custom, or turn his thought and conversation away from his particular hobby, and he is shorn of his individualism.

True individualism does not reside in evident peculiarities. It is not tangible, but is like the flavor of fruits, the fragrance of flowers—deep-seated, all-permeating, and never to be exhausted as long as the fruit and flower are living organisms. It does not make personal defects more prominent, but is nature's covering for nature defaced—as the tangled ivy covering with its living green the gnarled stump or heap of weathering stones. To come in contact with it is to feel the throbbing thrill of an electric current charging the whole being with admiration, courage, and inspiration. In this full measure of its perfection it belongs only to the thoroughly intense and pure nature which absorbs it, atom by atom, into a brilliantly-clear solution.

The great enemy to individualism is mental and moral laziness. It is so easy for us to follow others; to accept their theories with their proofs; to adopt their tastes; to make their outer life our inner life; it is so hard to be self-reliant that we quote not only sayings and books, but arts, sciences, religion, and laws. By the strongest nature this mimicry and plagiarism may be made the means to the highest development; to the weak it results in a delay and vacancy of thought most fatal to individualism.

Art, not nature, is responsible for the difference in the strength of the individualism of men. This lies in no particular attribute, but it is the result of the union of the perfected natural powers of the mind; and so, violent direction given the mind by the will power tends to erase the lines of individualism, too finely drawn for the human eye to distinguish, but yet those that give the delicate light and shade and tints to the individual character.

Unified force is the most perfect in individualism, as in all else, and the man whose every faculty presents no resource undrawn upon, whose every purpose and ambition is in harmony with every other, whose nature is the reflection of the nature around him—who is a unit—is the individual power.

Would you be individual? Be natural, and assimilate just as much of the artificial around you as shall give you true social refinement.

Who can measure the value of individualism! It has been well said: "There is nothing in the material universe of which it is not the interpretation and ultimatum in its final form." Nature shuts away each sensitive spirit from intruding eyes by this opaque garment, the suggested denial of which adds multiple charm to the secret self within. It raises man from the lowest to the highest of created things, and makes it possible for him to move and have his being in the midst of society and in sympathy with nature and his Creator.

This means genius. "And he who has what is called genius is in harmony with and assimilates the best thought of his own and of preceding epochs, and carries it forward to a higher evolution." This means power—the power that shall rule the world by the law of ruling forces, thoughts, and liberties. This means character. This means the beauty that the old Roman school defined as "multitude in unity." The grandeur of it is not to be compassed, and its endurance shall be forever.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late."

—Adah M. Tasker, '98.

THE GRADUATING DRESS.

I.

IT was such a beautiful dress, soft and shimmering, with a delicate tracery of figures interwoven; so fine of texture; so rich in color,—that creamy color blushing faintly where the fabric fell in folds; the sleeves, too, were of delicate lace, and meshes of the same fine material fell gracefully from the throat; through all breathed the perfume of roses. The mother, who had taken the beautiful garment from its resting-place, held it reverently across her lap. She sat in the still twilight, unconscious of the approaching darkness, with bowed head and clasped hands and quiet, tearful eyes. Moved by some impulse, she put her hand into the pocket of the dress. There was a card in it and she drew it forth. Even then she could scarcely bear look at it; it seemed like violating the sacred rights of the dead. She felt almost sure whose card it was, and, at last, when she was sufficiently calm, she

raised it and read the inscription. And the full tide of feeling, that she had restrained till now, broke out in sobs. Ah! it was hard, so hard! Her Margaret, her beautiful daughter, Margaret! How thoughtfully and joyously they had planned every detail of the garment before her! How they had sat together in the dainty room at Wynton, Margaret and her sister Lucie, and the mother, who lavished on them both the fullness of mother love, and talked together for the last time of the approaching Commencement! And when there was silence for awhile Margaret had said, "It will seem like the end of the world, Mother, to be out of school forever." And Lucie had answered quietly, "but there's a glorious resurrection after the end of the world, Margery." Ah! how little they had realized! How little they had imagined that for one of them the end of the world was so near.

The next morning all was life and bustle in the college halls. The mother and Lucie were helping Margaret dress. The last ribbon was fastened, the last deft touches given, and Margaret stood before the mirror looking thoughtfully at the graceful figure reflected within, when a basket of roses was left at the door. The mother recalled the flush that crept over Margaret's face as she detached the card from them and fastened the beautiful flowers at her throat. The loyal, queenly roses! It was their's to die for love's sake. For a few brief hours they had adorned the beauty of the loveliest lady in all the region. Then they had withered on her heart, but their breath still clung to the garment in whose folds they had nestled.

II.

A bevy of young people were at the seashore. The bright waves came dancing in, flecked with sunshine; white gulls circled overhead; white sails swam along the horizon. The ever-changing sea stretched in bands of blue, gray, and silver, green, purple, and amethyst, till it faded away in the distance. Everywhere life was throbbing in the changing surface of the sky, the tremulous pulsing of the air, the never-ceasing motion of the waves, the bouyant spirits of the merry group that came down to the water's edge, shouting, laughing, filled with the exhilaration of abundant life. Life spoke loud and clear to their hearts, and, hearing her summons, they rejoiced and rushed with open arms to meet her. She was indeed beautiful that morning, and her call was sweet as a seraph-song, but there was another who followed in her steps and silently beckoned to one of the happy group—the gayest and loveliest of them all—and the maiden was fain to turn from Life and follow Death; while the sea, the smiling, sun-flecked, treacherous sea, kept up its maddening motion and melody when there was none to be glad with it; when there was naught but desolation and anguish, and the blackness of darkness over the land.

They carried her home—the beautiful girl—to her native town, to the mother who had heard and was waiting for her. They covered her with roses and said sweet words to her. Her brothers came and wept over her and

spoke tenderly of her; her father could not speak at all, but choked back the sobs that shook his frame; Lucie knelt beside her with tears and caresses and tender words; her lover came and stood alone with her, and then went out like a dazed man; and her mother sat by with a dumb anguish in her eyes; friends came in for the last look at the girlish face; the old pastor exhausted the treasures of his never-failing comfort, then knelt and plead with the all-kind Father to support the afflicted ones; and finally they restored her to the bosom of the great mother of us all. For her the end of the world had come. "But there's a glorious resurrection after the end of the world."

III.

Not far from Wynton, two sisters sat under the shadow of the elms, the elder occupied with sewing-work, the younger with her books. They had lived alone in the old homestead since the death of their parents, bound together by the strongest ties of love and tender association. Together they had met poverty and pain and had vanquished both. Together they had sorrowed and rejoiced, dreamed and labored. By dint of unceasing labor Grace had managed to keep her younger sister in school, till now her college course was nearly completed. And though, in the accomplishment of this purpose, she had denied herself many an opportunity for advancement, she was well rewarded by the harmonious development of her sister, no less than by the tender devotion and confidence manifested toward herself.

To-day they sat for some time silent. Then Grace spoke: "If only I hadn't been sick last fall—" She broke off with a sign. "Never mind, Date," her sister replied cheerfully, catching up the unspoken thought, "You know, dear, I don't want you to worry about that dress. You've always said I looked better in my old white muslin than in anything else, anyway; and not a person but you will notice what I wear. Now don't think of it any more, please, Date," and down she went on her knees before her sister, scattering books to right and left and pulling the work away from the busy fingers.

Grace often said that Elinor was wont to presume on the motherly indulgence of her elders; and whether or not she made use of the privileges generally assumed by the youngest of a family, certain it is that she drew her quiet sister into such a frolic that the chattering squirrels in the garden withdrew defeated, and the orioles overhead were frightened away from their nest. Nor did she cease her frolicsome teasing till she had exacted a promise from the unwilling Grace not to allow herself even to think again of the greatly-desired dress. So the matter was dropped and the lovely June days passed, bringing Commencement day nearer and nearer.

But one evening, as Elinor was sitting on the veranda, a carriage climbed the hill and turned in at the driveway. On its nearer approach she recognized Grace as its occupant. She was conscious of a grateful heart-thrill toward the wealthy customer whose thoughtfulness had so many times provided

for Grace a pleasant drive in the summer twilight. The carriage stopped and she moved dreamily down the steps. "Another dress to make?" she questioned as Elinor handed her a long white box. "Yes, Ellie, a beauty, too! Come in and let's look at it," she said hurriedly. The sedate elder sister was trembling with suppressed emotion. Once inside she could control herself no longer. She seized the box eagerly and began breaking the strings, saying, "It's yours, Ellie, your graduating dress. That lovely Mrs. Driscoll gave it to me for you. Don't you remember—of course you don't, though—her daughter, Margaret? She graduated from Wynton twelve years ago this June, and the next summer she was drowned at Brendy's Beach. Mrs. Driscoll told me all about it to-day, and then she turned suddenly and said she wanted to give you Margaret's dress because she had been watching you and was interested in you. She said you had reminded her of Margaret ever since she knew you. And she went away and wrapped up the dress—I could hear her crying softly all the time—and she wished you to be as happy in it as Margaret was—and there are yards and yards of the silk that never have been touched. Oh! isn't it beautiful!" And she held up the dainty, shimmering garment. "Isn't it beautiful?" she repeated.

Half choked with emotion and suppressed excitement, Grace had been talking hurriedly, paying no heed to the growing amazement on Elinor's face; but when she took breath to repeat her question, Elinor recovered herself, and, putting up her hand as if to push back the explanation, she said: "Please, Date, say it slowly." Then they laughed hysterically. But Grace, quickly calming herself, repeated her message, telling softly the whole story of the mother's love and sorrow and patience, and at its close, Elinor stooped and folded the dress with reverent, tender touches, and laid it back in the perfumed tissue papers that had been wrapped about it. Glad she was in her heart that the beautiful garment had come to her, but ashamed of her very gladness, and sincerely sorry for the beautiful girl whose life had gone suddenly out, twelve short years before. And when she was alone in her room that night she suddenly pressed her cheek close against the precious box, murmuring in a smothered voice something about being "worthy to wear it."

—MYRVAL.

Is it not meant that every one should see
In all the things about him day by day—
The clear, blue heavens, the starry canopy,
The green fields gowned with flowers gay,
The feathered songsters piping their sweet notes,
Great branching trees, and, underneath, the running brooks—
That God is not a being careless and remote,
Who turns away from mortals with a look;
But from the depths of His great love doth give
Beauty and purity to teach us how to live?

—M. B. M., '98.

Alumni Department.

CLASS REVIEW.

REVISED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE GENERAL CATALOGUE.

CLASS OF 1867.

Arthur Given, A.M. Principal New Hampton (N. H.) Literary Institution, 1867–68; ditto Maine State Seminary, 1868–72. Tutor in Bates, 1871–72. Pastor F. B. Church, Bangor, 1872–75; ditto Greenville, R. I., 1875–81; ditto Auburn, R. I., 1881–90. Treasurer F. B. Benevolent Society, 1885–. Publisher *Morning Star*, 1890–94. Present address, Auburn, R. I.

Albert Hayford Heath, A.M. Has been pastor of F. B. churches in Auburn and Providence, R. I.; also of Congregational churches in New Bedford, Mass., St. Paul, Minn., and St. Johnsbury, Vt. Delegate to the International Congregational Council, London, July, 1891. Present address, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Joel Stevens Parsons, A.M. Resided in Collinsville, Ill., 1867–70; St. Paul, Minn., 1870–80; Red River Valley, N. D., 1880–. Now carries on a very large agricultural and warehouse business. Present address, Theed, N. D.

John Holmes Rand, A.M. Taught in New Hampton (N. H.) Literary Institution, 1867–70. Professor of Mathematics in Bates, 1870–. Present address, 28 Frye Street, Lewiston, Me.

George Small Rieker, A.M. Graduated at Bates Theological School. Pastor F. B. Church, Richmond, three years; Lowell, Mass., eight years; pastor Congregational Church, Stillwater, Minn., three years; Pierce City, Mo., four years; St. Louis, Mo., five years. Present address, Faribault, Minn.

Frank Eugene Sleeper, A.M., M.D. Tutor in Bates, 1867–68, Graduate student at Maine Medical School. Physician and surgeon at Sabatis since 1870. State senator, 1887–91. Prominent member of the Masons. Present address, Sabatis, Me.

Winfield Scott Stockbridge, A.M. Graduated at Bangor Theological Seminary. Principal Lapham Institute, R. I., five years. Superintendent Industrial School, Georgetown, D. C., eight years. Present address, 1337 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Harrison French Wood, A.M. Graduated at Bates Theological School. Has been pastor of F. B. churches in Augusta, Oakland, Manchester, N. H., Concord, N. H., Dover, N. H., and Bath. Principal Commercial College and President Y. M. C. A. at Augusta. Delegate to World's Sunday-School Convention, London, 1889. Has traveled extensively in the Holy Land. Present address, Bath, Me.

CLASS OF 1868.

George Colby Chase, D.D., LL.D. Taught in New Hampton, N. H., 1868–70. Tutor in Bates College and student in Bates Theological Seminary one year. Graduate student at Har-

vard one year. Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Bates, 1872–94. Elected President of Bates College, June, 1894. Sixteen years a member of the Lewiston School Board and two years its president. Spent the greater part of 1891–92 in study and travel abroad. Received degree of LL.D. from Colorado University in May, 1895, and of D.D. from Colby University in July, 1895. Present address, 16 Frye Street, Lewiston, Me.

Grenville Cyrus Emery, A.M. Instructor in Maine State Seminary, 1868–69. Superintendent of Schools and Principal High School, Auburn, Me., 1869–71. Principal High School, Grand Rapids, Mich., 1872. Since then has been Master of Public Latin School, Boston. Graduate student at Göttingen. One of the authors of Bradbury and Emery's "Academic Algebra." Mr. Emery now has a leave of absence of one year, which he is spending in California. Present address, Latin School, Boston, Mass.

Thomas Oakes Knowlton, LL.B. Principal of Francestown (N. H.) Academy, 1868–70. Graduate student at Harvard Law School, 1870–72. Traveled in 1873. Since 1873 has practiced law in New Boston, N. H. A member of the New Hampshire Legislature, 1881–82. Present address, Goffstown, N. H.

Howard Woodbury Littlefield. Member Board of Overseers of Bates College, 1873–77. Member of School Committee ten years, and selectman three years. Representative to the legislature one session. Died at his home in Wells, Me., May, 1895.

Oliver Clinton Wendell, A.M. Graduate student, Harvard Observatory, 1868–69. Civil engineer at Lowell, Mass., 1870–79, except one year. Professor of Astronomy at Bates, 1875–76. Instructor at Harvard Observatory since 1879. Present address, Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.

Class of 1869.

William Henry Bolster. Graduate student at Bangor Theological School, 1871. Pastor of Congregational church, Wiscasset, 1871–76; ditto Everett, Mass., 1876–81; ditto South Weymouth, Mass., 1881–91; ditto Dorchester, Mass., 1891–. Member Board of Overseers, Bates, 1873–79. Present address, Dorchester, Mass.

George Byron Files, A.M. Principal Maine Central Institute, 1869–73. Principal Augusta High School, 1873–89. Principal Lewiston High School, 1889–95. President Maine Pedagogical Society, 1887. Present address, Lewiston, Me.

Lucien Chase Graves. Graduated from Bates Theological School. Has been pastor of F. B. churches in Bean's Corner, Vienna, Farmington Falls, Bowdoinham and West Lebanon; also East Tilton, Wakefield, and Gilmanton, N. H. Present address, Gilmanton, N. H.

Mary Wheelwright Mitchell. Teacher in High School in Worcester, Mass.; also in Vassar College. Afterwards opened a private school for ladies at

West Chester Park, Boston, Mass. Miss Mitchell was the first woman to graduate from a New England college. Present address, Laconia, N. H.

Charles Albert Mooers, M.D. Graduate student at University of New York, 1876. Tutor in Bates, 1869–70. Has taught in Nichol's Latin School and in Green Mountain Seminary. Since 1876 located as a physician in Lawrence, Mass. Member of Board of Overseers of Bates, 1873–75. Present address, 249 Haverhill Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Galen Alphonso Newhall. Farmer in Washington, Me., since 1869. Licensed preacher in the M. E. Church. Present address, West Washington, Maine.

Addison Small, A.M. In business in Portland, 1869–74. Superintendent of schools, Auburn, 1874–75. Cashier Manufacturers' National Bank, Lewiston, since 1875. Treasurer Bates College, 1885–94. Present address, Lewiston, Me.

PERSONALS.

'70.—Josiah Chase is manager of the York Harbor Water Works Company.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Bates College.

'70.—L. M. Webb, Esq., has charge of the settlement of the affairs of Green Mountain Seminary.

'71.—Hon. J. T. Abbott and Hon. C. H. Hersey have recently been in Wachita, Kan., in the interest of an extensive street railway deal.

'72.—C. L. Hunt was in attendance at the meetings of the American Educational Association, which were held in Montreal, early in July. On his return to Massachusetts he attended the summer term at Clarke University.

'73.—G. E. Smith recently lost his only daughter. She was a Sophomore in Smith College.

'75.—Rev. N. S. Palmeter is residing at Stoneham, Mass.

'76.—E. C. Adams has been elected to succeed Professor Goodwin as principal of the High School in Newton, Mass.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy has had charge of the Riverside Camp-meeting in Aroostook County, this summer.

'77.—B. T. Hathaway is superintendent of schools in Great Falls, Montana.

'78.—F. H. Briggs has been chosen a member of the Board of Trustees of Bates College.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins has been elected to the principalship of the Malden, (Mass.) High School.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes has so far recovered his health as to spend part of the summer with his parents in Maine. He has now returned west as pastor of the Congregational Church at Trinidad, Col.

'80.—M. P. Judkins, M.D., is having a large practice in Rockland.

'81.—Rev. W. P. Curtis is pastor of the Greenwich Street Church, Providence, R. I.

'81.—H. S. Roberts is principal of the High School in Farmington, N. H.

'82.—H. S. Bullen, the manager of the Chicago branch of the Bridge Teachers'

Agency, has been visiting during the summer in Maine.

'84.—Rev. A. Beede, Dean of Redfield College, South Dakota, is taking a three months' course at the Chicago University.

'85.—Rev. E. B. Stiles and wife, returned missionaries from India, have settled in Groton, Mass.

'86.—E. A. Merrill is having an extensive practice in Chicago. He was recently elected president of the Masonic Mutual Savings and Loan Association. Address 1638-41 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

'86.—E. D. Varney has nearly completed a course for the degree of Ph.D. at Chicago University. Mr. Varney holds a fellowship from the University and is conducting a correspondence school under the direction of the University Divinity School.

'88.—C. W. Cutts has resigned his professorship in Keuka College, contemplating graduate study. He is residing in Bristol, N. H.

'88.—W. F. Tibbets is studying Latin at Chicago University for the degree of Ph.D. He is also teaching in Kenwood Institute, one of the leading secondary schools of the city.

'88.—B. W. Tinker is superintendent of schools in Waterbury, Ct.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett of Harper's Ferry, W. Va., was recently united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Robertson of Washington, D. C.

'90.—Dr. H. V. Neal is professor of Biology in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

'91—F. W. Larrabee has settled as a physician in Auburn.

'91.—F. S. Libbey has recently completed a very fine residence near his place of business in Wolfeborough, N. H.

'91.—G. F. Babb is principal of the High School in Harwich, Mass.

'92.—N. W. Howard of Lewiston and Miss Helen M. Willard, Bates '95, of Auburn, were married September 1st, at the home of the bride's parents.

'92.—E. E. Osgood has been chosen principal of Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'92.—A. D. Shepard is principal of the Grammar School in East Providence, R. I.

'93.—Miss Harriet D. Church is assistant in the High School at Manchester, Mass.

'93.—M. E. Joiner expects soon to enter Cornell University Law School.

'93.—G. L. Mildram is clerk at Hotel Atwood in Lewiston.

'93.—M. W. Stickney and Miss Grace G. Gowan were recently united in marriage at the home of the bride in Wells, Me. Mr. Stickney is now instructor in Biology in Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

'93.—C. H. Swan, Jr., has recently published, through G. P. Putnam's Sons, a book entitled "Monetary Problems and Reforms."

'94.—A. J. Marsh has completed his theological studies at the University of Chicago.

'95. F. T. Wingate is assistant in the Lewiston High School.

'96.—L. P. Gerrish is principal of the High School at South Paris.

'96.—J. E. Roberts is principal of Monson Academy.

'96.—F. A. Knapp has been elected instructor in Bates College. He is to teach English and Latin.

'96.—G. W. Thomas has been at Poland Spring during the summer. He will return to the Harvard Law School this fall.

'96.—I. P. Berryman is in the insurance business at Augusta.

CLASS OF '97.

Everett Skillings is teaching in the High School at Dartmouth, N. H.

J. A. Marr is principal of the High School in Cloquet, Minn.

Miss Mabel C. Andrews is in Cobb Divinity School.

F. W. Burrill is teaching at Gorham, N. H.

Miss E. V. Chase will continue her studies at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.

H. A. Childs is preaching at Gray.

Miss Mary Buzzell is teaching at Newton, N. J.

J. S. Durkee is continuing his course at Cobb Divinity School.

Miss M. A. Hewins is teaching Latin at Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center.

Miss Nellie A. Houghton is teaching in the High School at Natick, Mass.

A. L. Hubbard is studying law with F. A. Morey, Bates, '85.

Miss Stella James will teach at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Miss M. F. Knowles is teaching at Bristol.

C. E. Milliken has been elected instructor in the Latin School, and assistant in chemistry in the College.

Miss Caroline A. Cobb is to teach at Conway, Mass.

H. P. Parker will teach the High School in Unity.

H. L. Palmer is principal of the High School in Machias.

Miss Ivy Smith is assistant in the High School at Presque Isle.

Miss Eva B. Roby is principal of the High School in Wilton, N. H.

R. B. Stanley is to enter Harvard Law School.

C. O. Wright is in attendance at Cobb Divinity School.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

I HAVE heard the remark that some are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them. It seems to me that the number to whom this statement can be truthfully applied is exceedingly small; in fact, I question whether it has any existence whatever. That men become great by wise, systematic, persistent training must be to every thoughtful person an accepted fact.

From the time the first class entered Bates College, in the fall of 1863, to the present time, I have been more or less familiar with the work of the various departments. It is my opinion that many students—I regret that this is not true of all—have received as much benefit from the literary societies as from any other department.

I believe in the study of Greek and Latin. Not only are acquired a command of language and accurateness of expression, but also as a preparation

for later achievements, an appreciation of the masterpieces of the philosopher, orator, historian, and poet.

I believe in mathematical studies which train the reasoning powers and give clearness and conciseness of expression.

I believe in scientific studies which cultivate keenness of observation, reveal the wonderful law of adaptation, bring one into sympathy and love of nature, and open avenues of endless enjoyment.

I believe in psychological studies, revealing the laws which must govern us, if we would get the best results, not only in the acquirement and retention of knowledge, but also in the development of mental and spiritual power.

I believe in the study of English literature. The fruits are intellectual and moral. It enlarges the mental horizon, awakens and quickens thought, exercises reason and judgment, stimulates the imagination, refines the taste, gives nobler ideals, and purer aspirations, and thus precludes the danger of yielding to low ambitions and unworthy desires. Therefore, it is gratifying that literature occupies so conspicuous a place in our college curriculum and that the instruction is of such a high order.

Now, as much as I appreciate the work of these various departments, I am no less positive in my conviction of the value of the society work.

The discussions from week to week bring the student face to face with *living* issues.

Questions of tariff, protection, revenue, taxation, currency, trusts, capital and labor, temperance, arbitration, municipal government, and many others are clamoring for solution and they demand the combined wisdom of the widest research and the most profound thought. The times demand not theorists but practical men.

For my part I know of no training so eminently adapted to secure this desired result as that afforded by the literary societies of Bates.

I sincerely hope that the time will never come when their efficiency will be impaired, or, as is the case in some colleges, their existence will terminate because of the introduction of Greek-letter societies.

It is nearly twenty-eight years since I left college. It does not seem to me merely a coincidence that the most active in society work of the men who were my contemporaries in college are now occupying prominent and influential positions.

GEORGE B. FILES, '69.

LEWISTON, ME., March 24, 1897.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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AS it becomes easier to obtain a college education, a larger proportion of the young people of New England avail themselves of the opportunity and are thrown upon the world as college graduates.

The very general tendency has been for these graduates to enter some one of the professions and to gain a livelihood by the direct use of their acquired knowledge; but the top of the ladder of success becomes yearly more difficult to reach, while the lower half is densely crowded. Why, then, should the graduate not find success in a business life? Here his college training fulfills its purpose as a preparation for real life work; here competition is not so much with college men as with those who began when young to gain support by manual labor.

The primary object of real life is to help those about us, and since much is given the college graduate, much is required, but he who follows mercantile pursuits has a large acquaintance among all classes; he may elevate the citizenship of his community, and, with the ample rewards of successful business life, his charity may bring cheer to many homes.

WE welcome the promise of another year with its work, play, new friendships, and deeper significance of old associations. Each year sees the strengthening of college memories and ties which shall endure with life; each year sees a new band of eager students to mould and be moulded by the life of our college; each year sees about the same round of play, and for each class a larger line of work.

Through it all, with the most, comes the deep-seated purpose to grasp all these opportunities in fitting for the future struggle of life. That struggle has two chief elements—the provision for self, and the filling of some need of the world. Life shall be complete only as these two primary needs are met in just and due proportions. Either one in excess will destroy the highest usefulness of future years.

That self may be properly preserved for life's labors and our work meet the needs of our day, let us not fail in all our college training to seek for power and wisdom as well as knowledge. Knowledge is the foundation; its use gives wisdom; the two combined gives power and results in success.

IT is to be hoped that no student will forget the importance of exercise. You are very busy. You cut corners wherever you can, and the first thing you know you are getting no exercise. But you cannot long do good work without it. Your brain becomes clouded, you cannot think clearly, and you will soon find your health becoming impaired. Don't go on without exercise. Get out in a foot-ball suit, try tennis, or take a daily walk. There are plenty of pretty walks around Lewiston and Auburn. Do something each day out in the open air and your brain will become clear and your step elastic. You will do your work easier, and the world will appear brighter to you.

THERE is an increasing impression in the outside world that somehow, slowly but surely, the standard of morality in our higher institutions of learning is becoming lowered. Such an idea is perfectly natural to one who is not intimately acquainted with students and student life. Modern journalism spreads abroad every unusual event and blazons forth every innocent college prank. Should a report be sent out that a certain class was doing excellent work along any line, that habits of reading were on the increase, that the student body as a whole was reverent, earnest, and faithful, such an article would be treated as a joke. The reports of college literary exercises are contained usually in a few inches of space, but columns are devoted to enlarging upon a good-natured rush. Then, too, students themselves are somewhat to blame in the matter. In describing college life it is but natural to tell of the jokes and pranks rather than the hard study and work of recitation period.

WE notice with interest that our friends at Colby are already laying their plans for the next intercollegiate debate, and are making arrangements for the selection of their representatives. During the summer it was announced that the honor of representing their college would be open to members of all classes; that early in the fall term all candidates for this position must present a written part, which would be judged by a select committee, and later in the term they should participate in an oratorical contest. The participants in the intercollegiate debate are to be selected from those doing the best work in the two contests. In this way it is hoped to insure both literary and oratorical ability on the part of their representatives, and to remove their selection from all society influence.

We congratulate our sister institution on the energy which she displays in this helpful form of rivalry and on the persistence with which she has labored to increase her efficiency in this line. Bates may well look sharply to her laurels, for her rival has no thought of allowing her to rest at ease on the reputation already gained.

College News and Interests.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.

NAME.	FITTING SCHOOL.
Bailey, Annie Eugenia,	Pennell Institute.
Baldwin, Lizzie Maud,	Nashua (N. H.) High School.
Bennet, Mame Seeley,	Colby Academy.
Besse, Bertha Amanda,	Edward Little High School.
Blanchard, Delia Mae,	Guilford High School.
Bragg, Jesse Sumner,	Maine Central Institute.
Brett, Bertha Mabelle,	Edward Little High School.
Buker, Winfield Richmond,	Maine Central Institute.
Burke, Wilfrid Israel,	Kennebunk High School.
Channell, Ralph Walter,	Lewiston High School.
Chick, Arthur Jesse,	Westbrook Seminary.
Clark, Arthur Charles,	Sullivan High School.
Clark, Chester William,	Sullivan High School.
Crossman, Daniel Marston,	Portland High School.
Daicey, Elmer Eugene,	Edward Little High School.
Davis, Arthur Eugene,	Lewiston High School.
Davis, Eben Frank,	Latin School.
Davis, Mildred Eloise,	Edward Little High School.
Deane, Lewis James,	Latin School.
Demack, Leo Charles,	Lewiston High School.
Dennett, Thomas Chase,	Lewiston High School.
Dennison, Martha Ella,	South Paris High School.
Dinsmore, Willis Andy,	Kennebunk High School.
Dow, Mittie Anna,	Maine Central Institute.
Ellingwood, William Henry Swift,	Kent's Hill.
Estes, Nina Theresa,	Lewiston High School.
Felker, Ivan Isaiah,	Maine Central Institute.
Fisher, Anna Hortense,	Bowdoinham High School.
Garcelon, Alonzo Herrick,	Latin School.
Goss, Ralph Warren,	Latin School.
Guptill, Herbert Samuel,	Sullivan High School.
Ham, William Ross,	Lewiston High School.
Halliday, Frank,	Monmouth Academy.
Hamlin, John Fredrick,	Bangor High School.
Hardy, Lawrence Parker,	Framingham (Mass.) High School.
Holman, George Shaw, Jr.,	Latin School.
Holmes, William King,	South Paris High School.
Irving, Bertha Lorea,	Edward Little High School.
Jordan, Elwyn Knowlton,	Latin School.
Landman, Nina Floretta,	Leland and Gray Seminary.
Lang, Ivan Earle,	Bowdoinham High School.
Libbey, Gertrude Brown,	Lewiston High School.
Maerz, Alexander,	Latin School.
Marr, William Middleton,	Mt. Hermon.
Mills, Hamit Bagnall,	Lewiston High School.
Moore, Harry Leroy,	Northborough (Mass.) High School.
Moulton, Percy Daniel,	Latin School.
Nash, George Page,	Lewiston High School.
Nason, James Hamilton,	Latin School.
Neal, Josephine Bicknell,	Lewiston High School.
Noyes, Blanche Belle,	Lynn (Mass.) Classical High School.
Osborne, Florence Eldora,	Lewiston High School.
Parker, Louise Lester,	Edward Little High School.
Perkins, Cynthia Burnham,	Kennebunkport High School.
Phillips, Sherman Elmer,	New Hampton Literary Institution.
Pierce, Walter Blake,	Stoneham (Mass.) High School.
Purinton, Angie Lois,	Wiscasset High School.
Putnam, Harold Atherton,	Latin School.
Rand, Vernie Elmer,	Dexter High School.
Roys, Lincoln,	Lewiston High School.
Russell, Arthur Wellesley,	Edward Little High School.
Siegars, Albert John,	Bowdoinham High School.
Small, Flora Belle,	Lisbon Falls High School.
Smith, Harry Ira,	Maine Central Institute.
Smith, May Helen,	Edward Little High School.
Stevens, Harold Elmer Ellsworth,	Lewiston High School.

Stevens, Edward Synott, Latin School.
Stuart, Herman Harry,
South Paris High School.
Towle, Lena Belle, Lewiston High School.
Towne, Charlotte Gertrude,
Portland (Conn.) Central School.
Trickey, Harold Albert Marriner,
Higgins Classical Institute.
Varney, Bertha May,
Bowdoinham High School.
Vickery, Ethel Belle, Maine Central Institute.
Wheeler, Carlon Eugene,
Northboro (Mass.) High School.
Williams, Annie Evelyn,
Brunswick High School.
Williams, Leroy Everett,
Bowdoinham High School.
Wilson, Joseph Edward, Latin School.

THE NORTHFIELD Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

THE World's Student Conference at Northfield this year was of more than usual interest, six continents and twenty-seven countries and nations being represented. Among the six hundred delegates were found representatives from thirty-six religious denominations and one hundred thirty-six institutions of learning.

Sixty foreign delegates, with delegates from our own land, represented the first meeting of the World's Student Federation. The presence of so many foreign delegates added much to the interest of the conference.

Bible-study classes, the missionary institute, conference work, and addresses occupied the forenoon. The afternoon was entirely given up to recreation in base-ball, basket-ball, tennis, etc. The sunset meetings on "Round Top" are always a significant feature of the Northfield conferences. There we listened to the appeals from the different nations for missionary work.

Rev. H. P. Beach, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, conducted the Missionary Institute; L. Wilbur Messer and Prof. Bosworth of Oberlin, led the Bible classes; and Mr. John R. Mott had charge of the association conferences.

The platform addresses were very inspiring. Dr. Van Dyke's "A Christless Bible," Dr. McKenzie's "Knowledge and Mystery," Rev. W. J. McCaughan's "Bringing a Comrade to Christ," Mr. Mott's "Secret Prayer," and Mr. Moody's "The Ten Commandments" had a marked effect on the students. Dr. A. F. Schauffler's bird's-eye views of some of the books of the Bible were a feature of the public addresses. Other speakers were Dr. Torrey, Superintendant of the "Chicago Bible Institute," Rev. C. I. Scofield, Rev. R. P. Wilder of India, Dr. H. C. Mabie of Boston, Mr. J. L. Houghteling, President of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Northfield has come to be a very significant factor in the College Y. M. C. A. work. Bates was represented this year by eight men. We trust that the influence of Northfield may be felt in our Christian work this year more than ever before, and that there may be a still larger delegation sent to Northfield this coming year.

THE Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD.

THE very situation of Northfield is conducive to holy thought. Lying in the quiet valley of the Connecticut, surrounded on either side by the rising hills, it seems to be a spot set apart

by God where his people may gather and hold communion with Him.

The day is begun with the morning watch, a half-hour spent quietly before God, ere we come in contact with the outside world. After the breakfast hour comes the devotional service, led usually by the association evangelist, Miss Sara Carson of New York. From nine to eleven o'clock are the different classes in Bible study and personal work, and the college and missionary conferences. The Training Class, one of the most helpful of these, was conducted by Hugh M. Beaver, Princeton, '93, a man of wondrous power, not merely because of his oratorical ability and intellectual superiority, but because of his dependence on the Holy Ghost. He had been in active work of some form ever since he left college; and, as he stood before the class, and related with such earnestness the experience of those few years, every member was inspired to work for Christ as she never had before. A few days after we returned from the conference we were grieved by the news of his death.

At eleven o'clock came the morning platform addresses, given by Mr. Moody and other speakers of prominence. The afternoon was devoted to rest and recreation. Just at sunset the young women assembled for the Round Top service. This was under the charge of Miss Price, assisted by Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Mrs. Edwin Mott, and others. It was here that Miss Price came in closest touch with the members of the conference. Seated about her on the brow of the hill, their faces lighted up by the setting sun as it dropped down behind the western hills, these young women were lifted to holy thought and purpose, as the Christ-like personality of their leader impressed itself upon their thought and action. After Round Top, immediately followed the evening platform service, with addresses by such men as Dr. Torrey of Chicago, President Butler of Colby, and Dr. Atkins of New York. A good-night service of prayer and praise at the different halls closed the day.

We are confident that none of the five delegates who represented our Bates association at this gathering of consecrated young women can fail of realizing in their own lives a stronger determination to be about their Master's work, and we trust that the influence of Northfield may be felt in our association, impressing us all with a deeper sense of our dependence on Christ, and inspiring us to greater aggressiveness in His service.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

1901!

Bassett, '99, is teaching at Burlington.

Knowlton, '98, is teaching at Jonesport.

Miss Garcelon, '98, is teaching at Wells Beach.

Miss Berry, ex-'97, has resumed her course with 1900.

Miss Edgerly, '99, presides at the piano at chapel exercises.

Pulsifer, '99, has been captain of the Murphy Balsam base-ball team during the summer.

Mrs. Edgerly of Portland has been engaged as matron at Cheney Hall.

Nineteen hundred regrets the loss of Miss Baldwin, who goes to Cornell.

'Ninety-eight is increased by two new members, Mr. H. S. and Miss G. C. Goodspeed.

'Ninety-nine welcomes Miss Perkins of Auburn, who took her first two years at Smith.

President Chase has an office at No. 1, Parker Hall. Hours: 9 to 10 A.M., 1.30 to 2.30 P.M.

Many of the younger alumni were present at chapel exercises the first week of the term.

Hutchinson, '99, and Miss Brown, '99, have returned to college, after an absence of two terms.

The Polymnian and Eurosophian societies made repairs and improvements in their rooms during vacation.

Johnson, 1900, recently broke his arm in a base-ball game while throwing from the short-stop's position to first base.

In appreciation of the comfortable chairs in Dr. Gear's new room many of the Seniors have elected Political Economy.

Tuesday evening, September 15th, Professor Hartshorn lectured before the students on "The Literary Aspects of the Bible."

It has been decreed that other means must be found to lay the dust on the walk in front of Parker Hall than that of throwing water from the windows.

The Y. W. C. A. tendered a reception to the young ladies of 1901, at the home of Miss Files on College Street, Tuesday evening, September 7th.

Prizes at the Junior Exhibiton were awarded to Miss A. M. Tasker and Mr. T. E. Woodside; the prize for Sophomore Champion Debate, to Mr. O. C. Merrill; and for Sophomore essay, to Miss S. L. Rounds.

Prizes for scholarships last year were awarded as follows: in the Junior class to Miss Tasker and Mr. Tukey, in the Sophomore class to Miss Jordan and Miss Rounds, and in the Freshman class to Miss Baldwin and Miss Marr.

A Ministers' Institute was held at Roger Williams Hall, in connection with the Divinity School, August 30th–September 7th. Among the speakers were: Professor Berry of Colgate University, President Butler of Colby, and Professor Woodruff of Bowdoin.

Dr. Gear, who gave so much satisfaction last year as instructor in History and Economics, has been elected permanent professor in that department. Mr. F. A. Knapp, '96, has been elected instructor in Latin and English. His position as assistant in Chemistry and Physics is filled by Mr. C. E. Milliken, '97.

The Christian Associations of the college gave their annual reception to the members of the entering class, in the gymnasium, Thursday evening, September 10th. Refreshments were served; and addresses of welcome were given by President Chase for the Faculty, Miss Files, '98, for the Y. W. C. A., and Mr. Landman, '98, for the Y. M.

C. A. The Ladies' Glee Club rendered several selections, and readings were given by Mr. Powell, 1900, and Miss Knapp, '99.

Tuesday, September 14th, was the eventful day of the annual Freshman-Sophomore ball game. The usual amount of noise, both vocal and instrumental, was poured forth over the dusty diamond, and rising, shrouded the summit of Mt. David; then settled down among the quiet shades of Frye Street. When all was over it was found that the Sophomores had won the game by a score of nineteen to thirteen.

A number of valuable historical works have recently been added to the college library. Among them are thirty-nine volumes of Bancroft's works, Sloane's Napoleon Bonaparte, and four volumes of Correspondence of the Revolution. Other books are four volumes of Agassiz's Contribution to the Natural History of the United States, and ten volumes of Johns Hopkins's Studies in Historical and Political Science.

The foot-ball men are busy with their daily practice. At the opening of the season they were coached by Kelley, Dartmouth, '97. September 17th they were put under the direction of Hoag, Harvard, '94, who will be with them for the remainder of the season. A number of good men are found in the entering class. As we go to press we are unable to give the formation of the team. Below is an incomplete schedule of games:

Bowdoin,	October 2.
Tufts,	October 9.
University of Maine,	October 16.
Colby,	October 23.
University of Maine,	October 27.
Exeter,	November 6.

College Exchanges.

SUMMER is past and fall is here. The retrospect into which your editor is led, as the numerous farewells in the June numbers of the college papers are read, is half melancholy—for 'ninety-seven is surely a thing of the past—and many of those with whom, through the exchange column, we have been artificially associated the past year, are gone from their corners never to return. We wish them God-speed and turn to the colleges with a message of cheer, for 'ninety-eight is still left. My friends, three terms of prosperity still await you, for we no longer echo the cry of that Junior who said:

"The Senior's time is nearly run,
Next year we'll put on airs,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints just as large as their's."

For the time for us to put on airs has arrived, and we assure you that we will wear them deservedly and yet modestly. Health and prosperity to this great brotherhood and sisterhood of 'Ninety-Eight!

Numerous and good are the Commencement numbers that lie on our table. Several special features deserve notice this month. We would mention

the souvenir number of the *College Days*. This contains, beside noteworthy literary matter, several illustrations; one of the Class of '67, accompanied by a sketch of the individual members, is rather interesting. Commencement parts fill the columns of many of our exchanges. In the *Tuftonian*, the chapel oration, "The Power of Personality," has the true ring to it. The class oration, "The Nature of Culture," in the *Brown Magazine*, is thoughtful and practical, and we think the class poem, "The Sword of Light," unusually good. The length forbids copying it.

PURPLE VIOLETS.

All violets were white as snow
When Love was constant, leal, and true.
But Love was false, and in their woe
They donned the sombre mourning hue.

—*E. B. Kenner, '98,*

in the *Mountaineer*, is a daintily-expressed fancy, and "Wanderers," by the same author, appeals to us. We give it below:

WANDERERS.

I saw a sea-gull drift away
Over the sea at the close of the day,
Till the bird was lost in the clouds of ink
That lay in the dark horizon's brink.
But wild and free
O'er the surging sea
The cry of that sea bird came to me
Like the sob of a soul in agony.

I saw a killdee flit away
Over the lea at the close of the day,
Till the bird was lost in the rosy mist
That the sun's last lingering rays had kissed.
But sweet and free
O'er the grassy lea
The cry of that killdee came to me
Allit with love's low melody.

And thus my thoughts drift far away
In dreams at the close of a weary day.
And some, like the gull, cry out in pain,
And some sing sweet like the killdee's strain;
But all are free
And bring to me
A sweet love song or a threnody
That rings in my soul eternally.

The *Colby Echo* for June is a special number. A large frontispiece of the Class of '97, cut of the campus, and one or two Waterville views add to its appearance. There is a greater abundance of verse than usual, and it is an improvement. We clip the following from the *Smith College Monthly:*

ACCORD.

A child low bending over a lyre,
Laying her ear to the soft-touched strings,
"Hush"—to her fingers' quick desire—
"It's dreaming of happiness when it sings."

A song faint jarred by a note's discord,
A melody spoiled by a tone false lowered,
And then, with a harmony all her own,
The dream-child, almost to woman grown,
Tenderly putting the strings in tune
To sing with, sometime, some day, soon!

—*M. H. J.*

JUNE.

In April, when quick tinkling notes
Fell from the first birds' joyous throats,
When through brown grass, the light showers flashed
And left it emerald where they passed,
When maple leaves unfurled,
And buds uncurled,
With April on the wing,
We did but smile and glance and sing,
And hold glad faces to the sun,
We did not know how time would run
Fleet foot to May.

In May, when petals to and fro
Swept with the wind like fragrant snow,
We read our dreams in answering eyes,
And drifted into Paradise.
Late May flowers flushed to pink,
And on the brink

Of their forbidden days,
We walked the cool melodious ways,
Of college twilights, happy, yet
O'ershadowed with a swift regret
For vanished spring.

But June,—it is most passing sweet,
Where blessing and the parting meet.
Where laurel bursts to welcoming bloom
Below the wide trees' leafy gloom.
Then breathe a glad farewell,
We shall but spell
Beneath the arching blue
Of life's broad space, the joy anew
Of fragile spring, perchance to find,
When her light step has fallen behind,
A laureled June.

—*Alice Katharine Fallows.*

A Chat About New Books.

"Along the pastoral ways I go
To get the healing of the trees;
The ghostly news the hedges know,
And hive me honey like the bees,
Against the time of snow."

THUS sweetly Elizabeth Woodworth Reese sings of the autumnal holidays. Assuredly she takes us along *A Quiet Road*[1] in her little verses of remembrance, verses as sweet as the shyest of wild flowers. With loving hand she touches the common experiences of life and makes them beautiful.

Even a careless reader is impressed by the weak manner in which the mass of young writers cater to the public taste. Ian Maclaren wins favor by his pretty Scottish stories, and straightway the new books are overrun with servile imitations of things Scottish. A vein of coarse wit in some successful novelist is reproduced with exaggerated vulgarity, until the people become sated, or each man tries his hand at a "vital problem." It is encouraging to come across a writer with a conviction of some sort, joined with the courage and ability to tell it plainly. Such a writer is Olive Schreiner.

Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland[2] is an attack on Cecil Rhodes and his treatment of the Boers. The author is evidently deeply moved by the truth of the matter as she sees it. The book is inspired by deep religious feeling; and when all interest in Cecil Rhodes shall have passed it will be worth reading. Whether the author speaks the truth about Cecil Rhodes or not, she speaks the truth about many things touching the human heart.

The strongest message in the story is "Love mercy; hate oppression." The best of the book is in that strange interview between Christ and Trooper Halket around that lonely camp-fire in the veld. Forms of persecution in the Christian as well as unchristian portions of the world are revealed. And Christ said, "Peter Simon Halket, it is easier for a man to die than to stand alone. He who can stand alone can also, when the need be, die."

His Native Wife,[3] by Becke, is a story of the South Sea Islands. A "jug-faced old parson," who goes about "droning psalms" to unwilling listeners, is taken as a type of the missionary. He and his work are ridiculed, principally through his pretty young wife from Boston, who, having

become weary of her work and her husband, falls in love with an English trader, already married to Nèdee, a native. The book is most unjust in its representation of missionary work. The whole thing seems to be an attempt on the part of a coarse nature to justify itself. The character of a vulgar and tyrannical ship captain is disagreeably prominent.

To those people who search the newspapers for the ghastly details of each murder case, Morrow's scarlet book,[4] with its gilded dragon, will be welcome. The stories are studies in different types of human suffering. The style is vivid, and some of the situations so cleverly and truthfully drawn that the most hardened reader must feel a thrill of horror. The stories are all fascinating. They are taken for the most part from leading periodicals in San Francisco.

"The Hero of the Plague" is a very original presentation of the beautiful truth, "cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to you after many days." The bread in this case seems to be mostly pie.

"The Resurrection of Little Wang Tai" is an odd story, quite a departure in fact, as its heroes are an idiot, an ape, and a Chinese baby. It is prettily written.

Die Journalisten[5] is a very readable little comedy. The book is conveniently arranged with an introductory note on the life of Gustav Freytag, and a vocabulary at the close. Oberst, a quick-tempered, pompous old gentleman, quarrels with his daughter's lover on political grounds. They become leaders of opposite parties. The lover is editor of a rival journal, and so the breach is widened. The lover is victorious in politics, but unfortunate in love. At last a friend, with a love affair of her own, intervenes, and, by a pleasant little artifice, conciliates the enraged father and makes the lovers happy. The book recommends itself especially to students. The German is easy and the plot assures attention.

[1] A Quiet Road. By Elizabeth Woodworth Reese. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.00.

[2] Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. By Olive Schreiner. Boston: Roberts Bros.

[3] His Native Wife. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 75 cents.

[4] The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People. By N. C. Morrow. J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25.

[5] Die Journalisten. By Gustav Freytag. New York: American Book Company.

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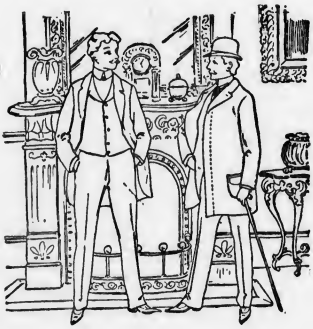
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THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

She is sitting in the hammock,
Dainty feet and sun-crowned head.
Idly dreaming of a lover
Who shall come to woo and wed.

Tall and strong, of wondrous beauty,
Locks that match the raven's wing,
Eyes which dance with merry laughter,
Lips with melody that ring.

He shall come in old-time fashion,
Kneeling at the maiden's shrine,
Offer her his heart's devotion
And his castle on the Rhine.

And the maiden's heart beats faster,
While her cheeks the impulse feel,
As she sits there in the hammock
Fondly painting her ideal.

They are sitting in the hammock
As the moments swiftly fly,
Talking, dreaming of the future,
And the days of bye and bye.

Thinks the maiden, idly musing,
"Quite diminutive is he.
Ruby are his tangled love-locks,
Never famous can he be.

"Neither wealth nor greatness has he.
Though he own a palace rare,
Built with all an artist's cunning,
'Tis a castle in the air.

"Yet there's something, what I know not,
I ne'er found in my ideal.
And I think I like him better,
Better far, because he's real.

'9—.

ROBERT BURNS.

L. B. ALBEE, '99.

THE year 1759 was a proud year for Great Britain. William Pitt had come to the head of affairs in England, and every department of government was infused with new vigor. Wolfe had just gained a decisive victory over Montcalm at Quebec, and thus made an end to French supremacy upon the American continent. In India the British force under Clive had gained the victory of Plassy, by which the French were driven from the country and England secured her empire in the East. Oliver Goldsmith was writing his sweetest poems, Gray had just published his "Elegy," and Burke his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful."

But perhaps the most noteworthy event of that remarkable year was the birth of Robert Burns in an obscure hamlet of Scotland. His home was of the humblest kind, a "clay biggen," whitewashed, roofed with straw or thatch. The two apartments, "but and ben," were a kitchen in one end, and a "best" room in the other. The kitchen, which was the family room, had a bed built into the wall, a fireplace, and a chimney. The furniture was suited to the house—for service, not for ornament. Everything was neat and tidy. The mode of living

was that usual among the cotters and small farmers of Scotland to-day.

.Burns's father, known as William Burness, was a sturdy peasant of Kinpardenshire stock, a man who wrought hard, practiced integrity, and was devotedly attached to his children. The mother was an imaginative, romance-loving woman. She crooned the weird lays of Scottish lore over her boy's cradle, and so instilled into his soul a love for the mystical.

The family was poor, the children overworked and scantily nourished. Had they been a very little richer, the poet's life might have resulted differently. When Burns was seven years old the family moved to Mount Oliphant. This change promised happily, as it enabled the father to keep his children at home. The soil, however, was poor, and misfortunes plenty. Hard work and the most rigid economy failed. Poverty sunk the family below even common school advantages. At thirteen Burns did a man's work, and at fifteen was the chief laborer on the farm. There were no companions of his own age or near it in the neighborhood. Burns said of himself that he "lived like a hermit and toiled like a galley-slave."

In the autumn of his sixteenth year Burns made his first essay at love and poetry. He spoke of it afterward as the time when he "first committed the sin of rhyming." The heroine was Nellie Kilpatrick, daughter of the blacksmith, and his first poem was composed to the tune of this "sweet sonsie lassie's" favorite reel. This poem is remarkable for the happy choice of words and for simple directness of expression.

"She dresses aye sae clean and neat"

he writes of his girl-love;

"Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel."

For the last two years at Mount Oliphant the affairs of the Burns family were in a sorry plight. The landlord, who had always been kind to them, died, and the factor who managed the estate was exacting and severe. Relief came with the expiration of the lease in 1777, when the family moved to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. These changes in Burns's environments affected strongly his character, as well as his modes of thought and expression. The homes and the home life were important factors in the product we call the poet Burns. The smiles of meeting, the tears of parting friends, the gurgle of brown burns, the rustle of barley rigs, the roar of the wind through the pines, the thunder on the hills,—each had its own effect upon the poet's heart. By the evening firelight he read stirring scenes of Scottish warfare, of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and his heart was stirred with a longing that he

. . . . "for puir auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book might make,
Or sing a sang at least."

The first four years of the Lochlea period were probably the happiest of Burns's life, at no time very happy. Here he met a few young men of his own age, who were only too glad to spend their leisure in the poet's company, for sociability and good-fellowship were striking characteristics of

his nature. Here he formed the "Bachelors' Club," where matters of church and state were discussed, and where he often found opportunity to express his grief at the decline of Scotland's power.

Failing to get the excise appointment at Lochlea, he went over to Irvine to learn flax-dressing. On returning to Lochlea, in the spring of 1782, Burns found his father on his death-bed and the family affairs in utter ruin. The month after the father died the family moved to Mossgeil, in the beautiful parish of Mauchline, and Burns set to work in earnest. He helped his brother on the farm during the day and wrote poetry at night. This period of his life was sad and gay by turns, but it was productive of his best works. It was the period of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Jean Armour," "The Address to the De'il," "The Mountain Daisy," and a long list of other favorites. But the crops failed, and life at Mossgeil soon resolved itself into a hopeless round of toil. Then crowding upon this came dark days—days of self-reproach, disgrace, and despair. Hunger, overwork, disappointment, and added to these the unfriendly criticism of the ignorant and unappreciative in authority, all combined to plunge him into the depths of misery.

At last he determined to cross the ocean and seek his fortune in the West Indies. In order to obtain money for the voyage, he was induced to publish his poems, which had won local applause. On the night before he was to sail he wrote what he said should be the last song he should ever measure in Scotland, "The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast." But the clouds broke with the dawn, for a letter from a critic gave him encouragement that an edition of his poems would be favorably received in Edinburgh. Abandoning the voyage to the West Indies, he immediately posted to Edinburgh, without a single acquaintance or letter of introduction. And he needed no introduction, for his songs had gone before him. The literary and the gay of the capital welcomed the singer. The new edition of his poems was received with an enthusiasm that made the "Ayrshire Ploughman" the lion of the season. The critics, however, were somewhat chary of their praise. While Burns lived it was from William Pitt alone that he received his due measure of approval.

The next summer after his brilliant success at Edinburgh, Burns made a tour through the south of Scotland, a visit to his Ayrshire home, and a trip into the Highlands; returning to Edinburgh in October. His second winter at the capital was very different from the first. The irregularities of his life had reached the ears of those who hated him for his independence, and these reports were used against him. In the Crochallan Club alone he was welcomed and considered the prince of good fellows. In February, 1788, he had a settlement with his publisher, and soon left Edinburgh, richer in purse by £3,000; richer in experience, but not richer in character. In April of this same year he married Jean Armour, and went to his farm in Ellisland, having received the excise appointment

at that place. Here he wrote "Auld Lang Syne," "Tam o' Shanter," and some of his wildest drinking songs. The duties of gauger and exciseman were distasteful to him. The work required interfered with his success as a farmer, called him much from home, and led him into company and temptations which greatly hastened his death. In a little over three years from his arrival at Ellisland, he had to dispose of his stock and surrender his lease.

In 1793 he moved to what is now Burns Street in Dumfries. His mode of life was unchanged, and the bitterness of his existence became more and more intense. His health failed, but as death drew near, like the fabled swan, he poured forth his wondrous song. The man was dying, but his genius remained undimmed. In April, 1796, he wrote: "I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope. I know existence only by sickness, and time by repercussions of pain." July 12th he wrote to his cousin for £10 that he might not die in jail. Nine days more and Burns was dead, worn out before his prime.

Great is the purifying power of death, especially when the essential nature is noble and generous. The stains on the escutcheon of Burns, though they cannot be effaced, are seen but dimly under the laurel wreath. The poet lived in the shadows and passed away in darkness, but his name stands bright upon the pages of history; and we must ever regard the man who could write "A Man's a Man for a' That" as the watchman on the tower, who from his elevation of soul saw the first faint promise of the dawn, when the blare and bluster of life should give way to the true simplicity of living.

A 'RIGNAL POEM.

"'PEARS tew me I hear a mutterin' up stairs," remarked Mrs. Jennings to her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Mason, one autumn afternoon.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Mason, "Zeb's at it agin. Yeou see 'twas like this. About two weeks ago, we went to th' Lyceum, an' th' president asked all th' neighbors to git up somethin' 'rignal for th' next meetin'. I didn't pay no attention, but I noticed Zeb was deeply interested.

"As we was drivin' home he burst out, 'I'll do it! I feel it in my bones!' Sez I, 'Zebedee Mason, if yeou have gone an' caught cold agin yeou shan't parade aout another night in a low-neck vest an' white shirt!'

"Ste, gloomy like, 'Yeou can't appreciate it, no woman can. It's th' Muse I feel,' an' he laid his hand on his westcoat.

"'Well,' sez I, 'if it hain't pneumony some hot drops will fix yeou all right, for yeou know I'm desperately scart of pneumony.'

"Then he bridled up and swung his arm aloft, ste, 'It hain't no pneumony an' it hain't chilblains. It's th' Muse, I tell yeou, a stirrin' me in tew write, an' I'm goin' tew.' As soon as I see he wasn't sick I felt easier.

"'I thought yeou knew haow tew write already,' sez I, 'exceptin' yeour mistake in makin' aout Sygle's milk-bill, whereas we owe him three dollars

an' forty cents instead of him owin' us seven dollars, why yeou do alright,' sez I.

"Ste, 'Mrs. Mason, it hain't no milk bills, nor no hand-bills, but it's poetry I'm goin' tew write. I tell yeou, *woman*,' he always calls me *woman* when he waxes grant eloquent, 'I tell yeou, *woman*, yeou shall live tew see me received amid th' applaudits of th' masses,' he cried, again wavin' his hand aloft.

"I sighed, for I saw he was up tew somethin' new. Sez I, 'Zebedee Mason, if yeou hain't received amidst the arms of th' sheriff I'll be satisfied.'

"He only growled about 'unrecognized genius,' an' was peaceful th' rest of th' drive.

"For several days after that he wandered about with a pencil an' piece of paper. He neglected th' chores, he neglected his victuals, an' he scribbled over everything. He wrote 'An Ode tew a Dead Tomato Vine' in the back of my cook-book. On th' barn door I found where he'd started in 'An Ode tew a Lost Heart.' It was only begun, he had trouble with th' rhymes. It ran like this:

> "'Have I lost thee, O heart?
> Do I yearn in vain?'

an' lots more sich stuff.

"I thought he'd lost his mind, but I knew 'twood do no good to speak, I knew I'd have tew let him run hisself aout of order afore he'd listen tew th' voice of reason.

"A few nights ago he woke me up a mutterin':

> "'The south wind sloughs,
> An' sloughs, an' sloughs.'"

'Let 'em slough,' sez I, for I don't like tew be disturbed of my rest. 'Sally,' sez he, kinder confidin' like, 'What rhymes with slough?' 'Cow!' sez I, 'an' it's sense, tew. It's th' only sensible word yeouv'e used. Can't a north wind slough as well as th' south? Why do yeou keep repeatin' th' fact that she sloughs?'

"Ste, 'Woman, I have to consider th' meter.'

"Sez I, 'seein' as haow yeou won't meet her tew night, let us sleep.' 'No,' ste, 'I feel th' spirit an' yeou can help me.' That was different. If Zebedee wanted me tew lend a helpin' hand I was bound tew do it, even if 'twas 'sloughin'' south winds.

"'Very well,' sez I, 'If yeou must court the Muse, let us court together!'

"'I wan't to write about th' wind,' ste, dreamily.

"'There don't seem tew be much tew say,' sez I, 'it hasn't no color. Why not tell about somethin' yeou know? Why not write about a silo?' I suggested.

"'*Woman*,' sez he, 'what poetry is there in a silo? It's *poetry* I want. I hain't writin' an article on haow tew run a farm. I won't write about a silo nor a cord of wood. I am goin' tew write an ode tew th' south wind. I thought I'd start it like this:

> "The south winds blow th' drifted snow,
> An' blow, an' blow.'"

"'But they don't,' sez I, 'an' besides, what do yeou want to repeat th' blowin' part for in th' second line? Looks as if no one believed yeou.'

"'It's poetic license,' he cried, irritable like.

"Sez I, sternly, 'I don't believe in a liquor license, an' if a poetic license permits a man tew lie I'm agin that, tew.' He mumbled somethin' about 'matrimonial license permittin' a man tew make a fool of hisself,' but I paid no attention, havin' made my point.

"Ste, after a short pause, 'Then I was goin' tew say,

'It brings with its breath a coat of tan.'

But I can't rhyme th' next line with 'tan.'

"'Hired man,' sez I, promptly. Yeou see I was always good at riddles, an' I began to take an interest.

"Ste, madly, 'Who wants tew drag a hired man intew an ode! It hain't poetry! It hain't sense! If I introduced a hired man he'd be loafin' two or three lines behind through every verse! I don't want him, an' I won't have him. He hain't never on hand.'

"Sez I, 'Yeou could make it a dinner scene, he's always first at the table.'

"'We'll drop that line,' ste, 'an' fix it afterwards. Now,' ste, 'I was goin' tew say:

'It blows from th' trees a snowy fleece,
From the apple-trees——'

From th' apple-trees.—What rhymes with 'fleece?'" he cried, nervously.

"'Heater-piece!' howled I, for yeou see I was gettin' excited.

"'Naow Sally, that hain't bad at all. That's pretty good,' ste more quietly.

'From th' apple-trees on th' heater-piece,'

now that sounds well.'

"'Only there haint any on our'n,' I suggested, although I did feel pleased tew have helped him.

"'Never mind,' ste, 'probably there's other places that have th' south wind as well as our'n. It's good, any way. Naow keep out th' live stock an' hired help an' we'll get on famously. Naow I'll say:

'It blows from th' dale an' hill an'—'

"'It always will!' I interrupted.

"'Yes,' ste, gloomily, 'I suppose so; an' men will always make idiots of themselves by gettin' married, tew. Do yeou s'pose there'll be any skeptics down tew that Lyceum that has doubts about th' south wind's ability tew blow as long as it wants tew? Mrs. Mason, what I want is *poetry*. I'm not writing a encyclopædia,' an' he give a discuraged groan and sunk off tew sleep.

"That's him yeou hear up stairs a mutterin' an' sighin'. I suppose he's tryin' tew rhyme a word with 'slough,' but I can't help him. It's curious, but he'll get over it soon, I hope, an' do his fall plowin'."

And the conversation turned on how to put up crab-apple jelly.

HUGH PENDEXTER, 1900.

AN AUTUMN SKETCH.

THE fading foliage of the various trees in our forests shows tones of maroon, crimson, orange, bright yellow, russet, and that pale greenish-gray so hard—one might say so impossible—to place on canvas or to describe. No artist ever yet began to represent the glow of Autumn. After the most careful mixing of the richest and most transparent colors, in order to adequately picture the wonderful shadows that have a bloom like the inmost depths of grapes, and after finding the clearest tones with which to paint the

brighter color slightly, so that they may not seem to be overdrawn, the artist finds his work is all to no purpose. One look at his canvas, one more at the landscape with its glorious, living colors, and he destroys all that has been so carefully done, and hurries to the woodland to study the work of the Master Artist.

He sees the trunks of the giant beeches flashing like silver in the sunlight, as it falls here and there, while the dead leaves on the ground beneath throw the whole up in fine relief. That giant limb that springs from the main trunk some ten feet from the roots of the tree, bends downward until the branches touch the ground beneath. Then it sweeps up again in the light of the sun, the gold, crimson, and russet foliage making one fancy that some splendid piece of tapestry with heavenly colors has been stretched out in the woods to air.

If the forests do not give all this variety of color, one has only to look at the hills that rise directly above, in all their various shades of green. The coloring is different there, yet it is in harmony with the glowing woodlands. There are no jarring tones in nature.

Now he comes into a glen enclosed almost entirely by the hills—a veritable abode of a fairy. The destroyers of the beautiful have not been here. May they never come! Not even a drip or a trickle can be heard, yet the water is coming silently from the hill-top. Under the moss it runs through the roots of the trees. Nature has done her own filtering here, and the work is perfect. The King's grounds are always well cared for, though no human eye may see them.

Sometimes he comes upon a little moorland mirror, where the water is so still and clear that the most minute objects are reflected. The silvery stems, the drooping branches, with the fading foliage from all the shades of rich red gold through the intermediate shades to a greenish-gold, are all doubled here. A small handful of leaves has fallen on the surface of the little lake, where they rest.

The landscape of woodlands, hill-sides, and valleys stretches on and on into the dim distance. All the tones of color that were ever dreamed of are before him. The light is so pure and strong on this glorious day that even the shadows are luminous, and the trunks of the firs can be seen diminishing into the purple-grey, clear even in the distance.

Now golden clouds mass themselves, pile upon pile, behind an old tower in the distance. It is a glorious closing to a glorious day. The light falls for a few moments along the whole length of that lovely, secluded forest, making gorgeous the tree-tops and the hill-sides. Purple depths are in the valley. As the light shifts, those level mosses look like yellow carpets. The light quivers, flashes, dies out.

—W. T., '99.

Youth has many dreams of love,
Like clouds across the sky above,
Beautiful but fleeting.
But some day youth from dreams will wake
When true love comes the heart to take,
The very life completing.

—W. T.

THE HAUNTED STREAM.

I saw the picture of a stream.
The moon shone cold and hoary,
The waterfall and tall old firs,—
They had a ghostly story.

The stream's dark edge was grim and cold,
A spirit wandered o'er it.
It whispered of this legend strange,
To me the breezes bore it.

A student from the city,
For his health
Seeking the healing balm
Of piny woods,
Built him a lonely cabin
By this forest stream;
And there by doctor's mandate
Dwelt he triple years.
And oft he slept beneath the spicy firs
In birch-bark camp
Constructed with his hands;
Or wandered up the rocky mountain paths,
To be a welcome guest
In hunter's hŏmes;
Or at the simple board of lumbermen
To sit him down.
And as he breathed the healthful odor of
the pines
And lived the simple life
God meant for all,
His wan cheek caught the glow of health,
Less frequent grew his weary cough,
And all his frame took on a vigor
Little known before.

The nearest neighbor on his cabin's right,
Jed Wheaton, was a hunter,
Passionate and bold,
With blood of Indian ancestry
Coursing his veins.
Jed Wheaton's wife the student's simple
needs supplied,
And baked his bread,
And knit his socks beside.
And often on her errands to and fro
She sent their only child,
A slender maid,
With eyes as dark and wild
As were the waters of the mountain stream
In places where the branches of the trees
Shut out the sky.
A brown-cheeked, gentle lass,
Schooled only in the knowledge of the woods.
Apart from all his friends, he made a friend
of her,—
This wild faun of the woods,—
And taught her from his books,
And opened to her wondering eyes
A world of magic and of mysteries.
He told her legends strange and weird,
And read the matchless measures
Of our English bards.
She led him to the secret haunts
Of bird and beast,
And taught him where
The fairest wild flowers grew.
The wild things loved her—
They had been her only mates.
Together oft they traced the running stream
Far toward its source;
Or fished for speckled trout
Below the falls;
Or gathered gum from off the spruce trunks,
merrily.

At length there came a time when he might go
Back to his chosen work,
Restored to health.
The maiden, when he told her this,
Cried out in sudden pain,
And felt a shock
Through all her blood;
And, all-impetuous, held out her arms
And cried, "Then take me with you.
Leave me not behind."
But on a sudden, conscious of his grave
surprise,
Shrank back a step, her hot blood beating
like a wild thing
Closely caged.
Turning, she fled into the silent wood,
And there wept out her heart
Against the mossy bosom
Of a crumbling log.

The student, full of pained surprise,
Yet guessing well
The reason of her strange, quick flight,
Wondered within himself how this could be.
A very child he'd thought her,
Nor had dreamed a woman's heart
Within that gentle bosom lay.
"It is a mere child's fancy;
I will stay awhile,
And cure it with indifference."
Thus in his manhood's wisdom
Thought the would-be sage.
And so he lingered on, seeking her father's
home,

And with cool words and altered look
Thinking to cure her most unwelcome love.
Untrained and artless was this mountain maid,
Nor had the skill to hide the feelings of her heart.
Now she would greet him with a smile
Bursting like sunshine through a cloud;
Or moodily she stood and spoke no word;
Or fled his presence
As a thing to fear.
Had she been taught to voice her inmost thought,
Like this had been her cry:

"Am I, then, so unworthy?
I, who was so proud and joyous yesterday?
Why from a smiling sky
Should this dark bolt pierce to my heart?
I never sought to love—
But when love came,
Like the faint perfume of unfolding buds in spring,
Why was it torn from me?
"Why not mine, mine—
Can a purer love be given him?
I would pour my life-blood at his feet,
And die a thousand deaths;
But not this darkening of the sun,
This awful agony
Of love shut out!

"High as the air of heaven
Is his soul above me,
And only yestermorn he smiled on me—
And we were friends,
Dear friends.
But now he turns his head away,
From very pity turns his head away,
And will not smile.
And does he think the broken heart
Mended by indifference?
Ah, no! The wound
But gapes the wider for the altered look."

At length the student packed his scanty hoard,
And, eager for the busy city life
And all the pleasures of a bustling street,
A last farewell bade to his forest home;
Nor said one word to her
Who had served him most,
Fearing an outbreak painful to his sense
Of woman's modesty
And rightful place.

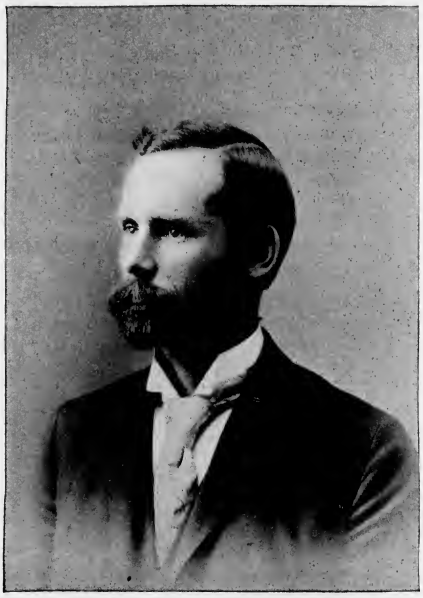
Strong was the grief that racked her slender frame
When he had gone.
And oft she wandered by the friendly stream,
Haunting the spots
Where they had been together.
Her mind by solitude and grief became unhinged,
And like the shadow of herself she grew.

One day she found the student's knife,
As he had left it,
Piercing the bark of a young birch tree.
His name was on its hilt.
"Poor tree, your wound will heal," she cried,
"But mine will ache forever."
Down by the little waterfall she went;
And, kneeling on the rocks
Where they had sat so oft together,
There with his knife
Ended her weary days.
And thus her father found her,
Lying at the stream's dark edge,
The moonlight on her face,
Her life-blood mingling with the flowing waters.

The haunted stream flows on to-day,
Her spirit hovers o'er it.
It whispers 'neath the tall old pines;
To me the breezes bore it.

It bade me tell this mournful tale,
I cannot help but do it.
If none avenged her wounded heart,—
Ah, God in heaven knew it.

Alumni Department.



EDWARD WEBSTER MORRELL.

A LOYAL alumnus, a true friend, a noble brother, a worthy son, a devoted husband, has gone home to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We bemoan our loss, we rejoice for his gain. We question and wonder why one so good was taken thus early from his work, only to bow with humbled hearts to the infinite wisdom of Providence.

On Friday morning, July 9th, Edward W. Morrell graduated from earth's school and passed on into the realm of love and light.

February 6th, in the midst of his year's work as professor of mathematics and sciences in the Methodist Seminary at Montpelier, he was taken ill, seemingly with the grippe. He grew rapidly worse and was treated by his physicians first for typhoid fever and later for peritonitis. From this most critical condition he very slowly recovered sufficiently to ride out a few times, and to be taken to his wife's home at South Tunbridge, Vt. Here he in vain grappled and struggled with the grim monster, Death, for tuberculosis had seized him in its fatal embrace. He struggled with a will born of a lofty purpose; he was loathe to leave so much of his intended life's work undone, so many grand opportunities to do good unaccepted; he wished to live for others, for his brothers and sisters, for his endeared parents, for his devoted wife; but he felt himself prepared to die, and, through his five long months of pain and suffering for the physical body, there was the most perfect peace in the spiritual. The thoughtfulness, kindliness, and cheerfulness of his mind were very marked, and when he knew the end must come, he looked "into the future as far as human eye could see" without a fear, without a doubt, with firm triumphant faith, with bright expectant hopes, and said: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

His life was short, but full of good deeds and grand aspirations. Let us turn for a moment and read the chapter headings in our friend's book of life. Edward Webster, the son of Mark C. and Anna F. Morrell, and the eldest of thirteen children, was born in Portland, Me., August 1, 1862. With his parents, who decided to settle on a farm, he finally came to Gray when about seven years of age. He obtained his early education from the public schools. By earnest, persevering work, he had advanced enough in his studies to enable him to enter the middle class in the Latin School in December, 1884. He completed this course in five terms, graduating with high rank in June, 1886. In the fall of the same year he entered Bates College, with the Class of '90. Here he soon distinguished himself for accurate and thorough scholarship in all departments, but more particularly in mathematics. Before entering college he had taught two terms of school, and while at Bates he taught as many more, besides acting as instructor in the Latin School for two years. Had not financial reasons compelled him to be absent, and to do much outside work, he undoubtedly would have ranked first in his class; as it was, he stood third, and graduated with first honor in mathematics, in June, 1890. The following September he took up his work at Montpelier, where he remained until summoned by the dark angel to cross the river of time. In 1892 he attended the Harvard Summer School at Cambridge, taking a six weeks' course in chemistry. On June 27, 1894, he was married to Miss Effie J. Woodworth, who now survives him.

A loving brother could tell you much about his childhood and youth; some sympathetic classmate could tell you of his college life; a brother and a wife, who, with breaking hearts and tried souls, watched by his bedside, could tell you of his last illness. I would tell you of the man as he seemed to me, but how inadequate and empty are words on such occasions. Only those who knew him can read through the silent language of the emotions and of the soul, the true worth of this grand, good man. However, I feel to speak with some assurance of his character and habits since he left college.

When I first met him at Commencement, in 1892, he made upon my mind a strong impression, which I since have understood far better. He impressed me as a scholar, a seeker for truth and knowledge. He was serious and dignified. There was none of the usual advice, none of the "How I used to do." His mind was on the future, and he was planning how he might be an honor to the institution. He loved and respected his *Alma Mater*. He was thankful for what the college had done for him, but more thankful for what it was doing for young men and women who were struggling to gain its opportunities.

I met him again. He had grown and developed. His mind was settled, and he had chosen his life's work. Then I came to know him and to see him among his brothers and sisters, with his father and mother, with his wife. I came to know him where I

could see something of the man's inner life, where I could see and feel the influence of his keen, active, broadly cultured mind, where I could see the nobility and purity of his character, where I could see the genuine simplicity and sincerity of his religion.

Mr. Morrell was an energetic, inspiring teacher, who loved his work and who led his pupils, by his knowledge and enthusiasm, to seek for truth and light. To a broad and accurate knowledge of the subject to be taught, he added the power to analyse each pupil's mind and to meet his every difficulty with apt illustration and explanation. Persevering, patient, painstaking, and faithful, he sought to develop not only the mental but the moral character.

Veneration and thankfulness were prominent attributes of his character. The smallest gift from a friend or relative called forth deep gratitude. He always remembered those who interested themselves in his plans. In his last sickness he wished for Dr. Smith or President Chase to attend the funeral, and he often mentioned the professors at the college. Especially he recalled how Professor Hartshorn, while teaching at Gray, had influenced him to seek a higher education, how in college he had helped him to receive that light which gave him such peace while gazing in his last days upon the pictured halo that shone upon the Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Above all, in thought and deed, he was the truest, noblest, manliest Christian. To do right in the sight of God and man was the highest aim of his whole life. His deep, earnest religious feeling was shown by his frequent quotations from "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and at the very last of his living he repeated, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Thus

> "Ascending through just degrees
> To a consummate holiness,"

He was well prepared to say

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home."

The alumnus, the friend, the brother, the son, the husband, has left us. In grief and sorrow, with the light of his life around us, we again must take up life's struggle. Remembering that "Heaven gives its favorites early death," let Love dream and Faith trust,

> "Since He who knows our need is just,
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

H. N. Knox, '95.

CLASS REVIEW.

[CONTINUED.]

Class of 1870.

Josiah Chase, A.M. Studied law in the office of Strout & Gage, Portland, 1870–72. Admitted to the Cumberland County Bar, October, 1872. He is now residing in York, and carries on a large real estate business; is president and manager of the York Shore Water Co. Address, York Corner, Me.

Alfred Greenlief Chick. Resided in Boston, 1870–72; in Brattleboro, Vt., 1873–76. Pastor Baptist Church, East Wallingford, Vt., 1876–80; ditto North

Hebron, N. Y., 1880–. Address, North Hebron, N. Y.

Dewitt Clinton Durgin, A.M. Principal of academy, Wolfeboro, N. H., six years; principal of high school, Ashland, N. H., eight years. Travelled in the west four years. Has been principal of high school, Tilton, N. H. Address, Ashland, N. H.

Isaac Goddard, A.M. Graduate student at University of New York and at Maine Medical School, 1870–73. Dentist in Lewiston, 1873–83; in Auburn, 1883–. President Maine Dental Association, 1879. Was member of city council and of school board in Lewiston. Address, Auburn, Me.

Isaac Walter Hanson. Studied law with Hon. S. H. Wheeler, Dover, N. H., and with Hon. M. T. Ludden, Lewiston. Practiced law in Mechanic Falls until 1879. Clerk of Courts for Androscoggin County since 1879. Has been treasurer of the town of Poland. Address, Auburn, Me.

Lyman Granville Jordan. Principal of Nichols Latin School, 1870–74; principal of the Lewiston High School, 1874–89; Professor of Chemistry in Bates since 1889. Spent the year 1889–90 in study and travel abroad. Received degree of Ph.D. from his *Alma Mater* in June, 1895. Member of the Lewiston School Board, 1872–74, and from 1890 to present time; and president of the board six years. Member of Board of Overseers of Bates College, 1875-80; of Board of Fellows, 1880–89. Address, 24 Frye Street, Lewiston, Me.

Frank Herbert Morrell. Studied law. Resided in Bloomfield, N. J., one year; in Chicago, Ill., one year; in Hilton, N. J., three years. Has been principal of high school in Irvington, N. J., eleven years; also superintendent of schools in the same place. Address, Irvington, N. J.

Everett Ammi Nash, A.M. Studied law in office of Frye & Cotton, Lewiston, 1870–72. Admitted to the Androscoggin County Bar, June, 1872. Has been clerk in municipal court, city clerk, and clerk of water board; also paymaster in Continental Mill. Now in employ of Pullman Palace Car Co. Address, Boston, Mass.

Charles Edwin Raymond. Has been principal of high school in Rockville, Conn. Principal graded schools, Bristol Center, Ct.; also editor of the *Bristol Herald*. Now engaged in business as an orange grower in the south. Address, Sarasota, Fla.

William Ellery Channing Rich, A.M. Teacher of Latin and Greek at New Hampton, N. H., 1870–75. Sub-master grammar school, Boston, 1875–94. Principal Lawrence Grammar School, Boston, 1894–. Address, 99 Moreland Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Dexter Meguire Small. Studied law with Hon. Enos T. Luce, Lewiston. Principal of academy, Athens, Me., one year. Practiced law with A. M. Pulsifer, Lewiston, one year. Travelled two years. Now inventor and manufacturer, Providence, R. I. Address, 91 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I.

Lindley Murray Webb. Studied law in office of Davis & Drummond, Portland. Lawyer in Windham, 1870–74;

in Portland, 1874–75; in Windham, 1875–78; in Portland, 1878–. Member of legislature from Windham. Address, 98 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

CLASS OF 1871.

John True Abbott. Resided in Lebanon, N. H., 1871–72; Quincy, Mass., 1872–74; Needham, Mass., 1874–76; Keene, N. H., 1876–. City solicitor of Keene, 1879–88. Envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the republic of Colombia, 1889–93. Address, Keene, N. H.

George Washington Flint, A.M. Principal of academies in Francestown, N. H., and West Lebanon, Me., 1871–73. Teacher in Bath High School, 1873–74. Principal of high school, Collinsville, Conn., 1874–. Deacon Congregational Church and superintendent Sunday-school. Address, Collinsville, Conn.

Charles Horace Hersey. Studied law with Hon. Enoch Foster, Bethel. Resided in Bethel, 1871–76. Practiced law in Springfield, Mass., 1876–78; Keene, N. H., 1878–. Member New Hampshire House of Representatives, 1885; State Senate, 1887. Address, Keene, N. H.

Jesse Miles Libby. Studied law with Strout & Holmes, Portland. Admitted to Androscoggin County Bar, September 19, 1874. Has practiced law in Mechanic Falls since 1874. Has been supervisor of schools in Poland, representative to the legislature, county attorney, and state senator. Address, Mechanic Falls, Me.

Henry William Lincoln. Studied law, but was obliged to abandon it on account of poor health. Has been for many years proprietor of the Prospect House, Meredith, N. H. Address, Meredith Village, N. H.

Albion Newton Marston, A.M., M.D. Studied at Cleveland Medical College and Toledo Medical College. Principal academy, West Lebanon, 1871–72; high school, Rochester, N. H., 1872–75; teacher of natural sciences, high school, Fitchburg, Mass., 1875–82; professor of natural sciences, State Normal School, Oshkosh, Wis., 1882. Physician and surgeon, Millburg, O., 1884–85; Belle Vernon, Pa., 1885–. Deacon F. B. Church and superintendent of Sunday-school. Address, Belle Vernon, Pa.

CLASS OF 1872.

Fritz Walter Baldwin, A.M. Graduate student at Yale and at Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Principal high school, Lenox, Mass., 1872–74; Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, 1874–80. Ordained September, 1881. Pastor Congregational Church, Granby, Mass., 1881–83; Chelsea, Mass., 1883–88; East Orange, N. J., 1888–. Address, East Orange, N. J.

Clarence Augustus Bickford, A.M. Graduated at Bates Theological School, 1875. Tutor in Bates, 1872–75. Has been pastor of F. B. churches in Providence, R. I., Farmington, N. H., and Lawrence, Mass. Editor of the *Morning Star* since 1881. Has just returned from a year's travel in Europe. Address, 457 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Herbert Blake. Studied law with

Hon. W. P. Waterhouse, Augusta. Practiced law in Hallowell until 1891. Formed a copartnership with his father in the management of the Hallowell House in 1891. Address, Hallowell, Me.

John Sewall Brown, A.M. Studied at Harvard Summer School. Principal Literary Institute, Lyndon, Vt., 1872–81. Superintendent of schools, Avoca, Ia., 1881–82. Professor of chemistry, Doane College, Crete, Neb., 1882–83. Principal of the academy of Doane College, and professor of ancient languages, 1893–. Address, Crete, Neb.

Alonzo Marston Garcelon, M.D. Graduate student at McGill University, Montreal, and Columbia College, New York. Has practiced medicine in Lewiston since 1876. Mayor, 1883. Address, Lewiston, Me.

George Edwin Gay, A.M. Has been principal of high school, Auburn; high and Putnam schools, Newburyport, Mass.; high school, Malden, Mass. Now superintendent of schools in the latter place. Has published "Business Book-Keeping," "Drill-Book in English," and "Morning Hour." Address, Malden, Mass.

Edward Jasper Goodwin, A.M. Graduate student at Harvard. Principal high school, Farmington, N. H., 1872–81; Portsmouth, N. H., 1881–84; Nashua, N. H., 1884–87; Newton, Mass., 1887–97. Is now principal of one of the three high schools recently established under the new *régime* in Greater New York. Address, New York, N. Y.

Charles Loraine Hunt, A.M. Graduate student at Harvard. Has been principal of high schools and academies in Stowe, Plainfield, and Winchendon, Mass. Superintendent of schools in Falmouth two years, in Braintree three years, and in Clinton since 1889. Has been student in Clark University and Harvard Summer Schools for several seasons. Address, Clinton, Mass.

John A. Jones, A.M. Studied civil engineering in the office of Reade & Moore. Civil engineer in Lewiston since 1872. City engineer since 1881. Has visited Europe several times. Is now engaged in the survey of several proposed suburban electric lines. Address, Lewiston, Me.

Edwin Francis Mason, A.M. Principal Academy, West Lebanon, 1872–73; High School, Whitinsville, Mass., 1874–75; teacher, Literary Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt., 1876–79; teacher of music, Ridgeville College, Ridgeville, Ind., 1880; teacher Lyndon Institute, 1880–81. Address, 51 Green Street, Augusta, Me.

Frederick Henry Peckham, A.M. Graduated at Bates Theological School, 1875. Pastor F. B. Church, Newport, Me., 1875–77; Houlton, Me., 1877–82; Carolina, R. I., 1882–84; Somersworth, N. H., 1884–87; Boothbay, Me., 1887–89; Amesbury, Mass., 1889-90; New Gloucester, Me., 1890–92. Address, Lewiston, Me.

George Herbert Stockbridge, A.M. Principal High School, Eastport, Me., 1872–73; Richmond, Me., 1873–74. Assistant Lyndon Institute, 1874–76. Graduate student at Leipsic, 1876–79. Instructor in Amherst College, 1879–80. Assistant in Latin and German in Johns

Hopkins University, 1880–81. Examiner in U. S. patent office, 1881–87. Visited Europe in 1887. Patent expert and solicitor since 1887. Address, Bennett Building, New York City.

Theodore Greenlaw Wilder, A.M. Teacher of Mathematics and English, Nichols Latin School, and graduate student Cobb Divinity School, 1872–75. Teacher in Latin School and tutor in Bates, 1875–76. Pastor F. B. Church, Blackstone, Mass., 1876–80. Resided in Eastport, Me, 1880–1. Pastor F. B. Church, Belmont, N. H., 1881–86. Book-keeper and paymaster, Tilton Mills Corporation, since 1886. Address, Tilton Mills, N. H.

PERSONALS.

'73.—James H. Baker, President of Colorado University, recently presented a paper at the meeting of the National Educational Association, entitled "University Ideals." The paper has since been published.

'74.—Rev. H. H. Acterian is now in Portland, Me., in the interest of the University Association of Chicago.

'78.—Mrs. J. Q. Adams has moved to Lewiston since the death of her husband, and has a son in the Latin School.

'78.—Rev. F. D. George has been elected vice-president of the Maine Free Baptist Association.

'81.—Auburn and Lewiston friends of Professor Charles Sumner Haskell will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed principal of Public School No. 2 in Brooklyn, to succeed the venerable Jacob Sands. Mr. Haskell is a graduate of Edward Little High School and Bates College, the latter in 1881, since which time he has been engaged in teaching. He went to Jersey City in 1885, having been principal of the high school two years, and the school has been brought to a high standard of efficiency under his administration. He has for years been a leading educator and has done much in the work throughout the state of New Jersey. He is a member of the council of education of New Jersey, an organization that shapes the pedagogical interests of the state, and he is now for the third time president of the Jersey City Teachers' Association.

—*Lewiston Journal.*

'82.—B. S. Eaton has entered upon graduate work in the department of History at the University of Chicago. He is studying for the degree of Ph.D.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy has just laid the corner-stone for a new Free Baptist Church in Roxbury, Mass.

'86.—F. E. Parlin is secretary of the Middlesex, Mass., Teachers' Association.

'85.—W. N. Whitmore, M.D., a resident of Tucson, Ariz., has just been elected a regent of the University of Arizona.

'91.—Mr. Frederic W. Plummer, formerly principal of the Winthrop High School, and for the past four years sub-master of the high school at Lynn, has been appointed principal of the Murdock High School at Winchendon, Mass., at a salary of $2,200 a year. This school has an endowment fund of over $300,000, and the school building is one of the finest in New England, with only one finer in Massachusetts.

—*Lewiston Journal.*

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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THIS year, for the first time, Vienna has granted degrees to women, and they are gradually being admitted in full recognition in all the German universities. Russia and England, however, still oppose this. The women of Girton and Newnham have recently been refused degrees by Cambridge, to say nothing of the utter refusal to entertain for a moment the idea of admitting them to membership in the university. This action may be ascribed to an existing prejudice among so great a number of the graduates, "the country parsons," who, according to the unions government of the university, have as good a vote in the senate as the less conservative and more modern graduate.

It is safe to say that popularity will not attach itself to Cambridge because of this act, especially when people consider that half the endowment of the college is owed to women. There may be no particular virtue in an A.B. or an A.M. in excess of that derived from an examination certificate, but surely what little there is would neither melt away nor lose its efficacy if they were bestowed on deserving women. Let men continue to monopolize Cambridge degrees, we not fear that the advancement of English women in all educational departments will be any less rapid if she cannot nominally attain the Tripos.

AS the sporting season in the college world opens anew, we are forcibly reminded of the need of fair, accurate, and non-sensational reports of college life for the public press.

The primary object of the college is to furnish mental development, then secondarily, and co-existent with it, physical development. But is it any wonder, when a leading daily devotes *three full columns* to a foot-ball game, and *eight lines* to an intercollegiate debate, that the general public gets an opinion very much opposed to the truth? That the athletics of the college should receive prominent mention is well, but that they should be set before the people as the chief object of the student's endeavors, is not well.

The remedy lies with the student body. Definite organizations should

be effected among the students of our colleges for the purpose of raising the standard of college news in the public press.

WOULD-BE reformers have agitated the idea that the educational world has no place for the college proper, but that the demand is for universities. This influence has been constantly combatted by steady minds until the diverse functions of the college and the university are becoming more clearly recognized, although ignorance on this point is to a great extent prevalent.

The effect, however, has been the nominal changing of numerous colleges into universities, and the attendant disaster of ladening the pure college course with university elements that are proving too extensive for just treatment. It is small wonder that in the midst of this confused state of affairs misunderstanding exists. Professor Williams says: "The object of the college is to secure the best symmetrical and complete development of the general mental power of its students; that of the university is to concentrate these developed faculties on some one line of research." Most surely, then, there is a place for the American college, and people are to realize more and more the folly of sending a student to a university when he is really fitted only for a college. The responsibility of choosing his own course is too great for the average fitting school graduate, in which once chosen, the advancement and instruction need be no better than in a defined college course. It is true that we have several institutions where college and university methods are successfully combined. There is a need and place for these, but this is no excuse for the senseless tendency to thus combine all courses. The mission of a college is a high one—some one has said, "College is a place for discipline, social, intellectual, and moral"—and Bates College may feel that her part is well done if she continues to send forth symmetrically developed, intellectual men and women.

THE recent foot-ball victory of Bates over Bowdoin may well be viewed with satisfaction by all the friends of Bates. Six years ago we sent out our first foot-ball team, and this season opens with a clearly defined and acknowledged victory where no other Maine college had ever before been victorious. It is significant of the fine material in the line of brain and brawn which finds its way to Bates. And it is also significant of the kind of training and spirit which said brain and brawn finds while it is here.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Say, neighbor, coming down?

The Freshmen now number eighty.

'Tis a hard fall for the college bell.

What ever became of the Cyneseans?

Debates are the chief topic of interest among the Sophomores.

The societies have decided to hold no public meetings this term.

Instructor Knapp was called home recently by the death of his mother.

The Latin School has an unusually large number of new students this fall.

Staples, 1900, who has been at Kineo during vacation, has returned to college.

Miss Donnocker, '99, and Miss Proctor, 1900, are teaching in Brooksville.

Captain Merrill of the track team is conducting hare-and-hound races every Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Southard of the Park Street M. E. Church, conducted chapel exercises, Friday, October 15th.

Many of the students will attend the Star Course of Entertainments to be given at City Hall this winter.

The members of the Junior Class were entertained by President and Mrs. Chase, Monday evening, October 18th.

The Seniors have settled the silver question, solved the labor problem, and are baffled only in evolving a *logical* method of reciting psychology.

The young ladies of '98 gave a reception to Mr. Conant, Wednesday evening, October 6th, in honor of his winning the championship in tennis.

Professor Robinson has arrived, and the chapel is closed to all intruders while the Freshmen pour forth floods of eloquence preparatory to the annual decs.

The resignation of Rev. Dr. Penney as pastor of the Auburn Free Baptist Church is a source of regret to many students who have been accustomed to attend that church.

Miss Rouse, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the students, Wednesday evening, September 29th, and the next day gave a brief practical talk on missionary work before the Y. W. C. A.

The board of managers of the Maine College Base-Ball League, consisting of President E. L. Collins of Bates, Secretary R. C. Stearns of the University of Maine, and Treasurer J. E. Stevenson of Colby, held a meeting at Waterville, October 14th, and arranged the following schedule for 1898:

May 7.—U. of M. vs. Bowdoin at Brunswick.
May 14.—Colby vs. Bates at Lewiston.
May 21.—Bates vs. U. of M. at Lewiston.
May 21.—Bowdoin vs. Colby at Waterville.
May 25.—Bates vs. U. of M. at Orono.
May 25.—Colby vs. Bowdoin at Brunswick.
May 28.—U. of M. vs. Colby at Waterville.
May 28.—Bowdoin vs. Bates at Lewiston.
June 4.—Bowdoin vs. U. of M. at Orono.
June 4.—Bates vs. Colby at Waterville.
June 8.—Colby vs. U. of M. at Orono.
June 11.—Bates vs. Bowdoin at Brunswick.

Our foot-ball manager was very fortunate in securing the services of so gentlemanly and efficient coach as Mr. Hoag.

The work of the two Christian Associations is being actively carried on. The prayer-meetings are well attended, and a large number of students have joined the classes for Bible study.

The two glee clubs are both busy with daily rehearsals. The men's club made its first public appearance of this season at the Harvest Festival in Auburn. Several good voices have been added to its membership from the incoming class, giving abundant material for an excellent glee club.

Miss Heloise E. Hersey lectured Thursday evening, September 30th, in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, on "The Modern Novel and Its Relation to Modern Women." Miss Hersey, formerly a professor at Smith College, is now in charge of the Hersey School of Boston, and is a very enthusiastic and entertaining speaker. The proceeds of the lecture went to the benefit of the college library, Miss Hersey very kindly leaving her work at a busy season and giving her services.

The members of the geology class are making frequent excursions under the direction of Professor Strong in search of minerals and other phenomena. The most noteworthy of these excursions is the recent trip to Mount Apatite. Now, the local editor had been often told from away back in his Freshman days that some time in his Senior year it was a most proper thing to go over to the aforesaid mountain and lay in a goodly supply of building material for future reference. Naturally he was highly pleased when he received a complimentary ticket for the excursion, supposing it was in honor of his journalistic position, as he was not one of the favored few who pursue this study. With this thought in mind he trudged manfully through the streets of Auburn, and on, on, ever on, toward Mount Apatite. His ticket did not give him first-class passage. But it is not best to dwell on this; the mountain was reached. Soon he heard his friends discoursing learnedly on hebronite, jebusite, clevelandite, coxyite, balaamite, and other ites, until he began to wonder whether they had not come upon traces of those tribes that he read about in Oriental archæology. But later he learned that it was a way they had of talking about rocks, and soon he, too, picked up a few of the easier names, and appeared to be as intelligent as the rest of the party. With a feeling of satisfaction which is only attained by the acquirement of some new knowledge, and with a sense of repletion obtained by drinking wisdom fresh from the rock, he returned home on his complimentary ticket.

TENNIS.

Tennis has been holding a prominent place among our recreations this fall. The tournament was well attended and interesting. The following are the scores:

DOUBLES.

Preliminaries.

Bruce and Hinkley beat Stickney and Blake, ... 6–3, 6–2

Willis and Richardson beat Hutchinson and Healey, ... 6-1, 6-2
Summerbell and Stinchfield beat Purinton and Clason, . . . 6-4, 6-4
Calhoun and Hyde beat Jordan and Goss, ... 6-2, 6-2
Goodspeed and Conant beat Emrich and Tetley, ... 6-4, 6-8, 6-2
Felker and Smith beat Littlefield and Jones, ... 6-0, 6-4

Semi-Finals.

Willis and Richardson beat Bruce and Hinkley, ... 6-0, 6-1
Felker and Smith beat Calhoun and Hyde, ... 9-7, 7-5
Summerbell and Stinchfield beat Conant and Goodspeed, . . 6-1, 6-3
Willis and Richardson beat Felker and Smith, ... 6-3, 6-3

Finals.

Summerbell and Stinchfield beat Willis and Richardson, 6-1, 2-6, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4

SINGLES.

Preliminaries.

Jordan beat Davis, ... 6-2, 6-4
Felker beat Tetley, ... 6-4, 4-6, 6-4
Pottle beat Goss, ... 6-3, 8-6
Hyde beat Littlefield, ... 6-4, 6-0
Bruce beat Richardson, . . . By default
Frost beat Stickney, ... 6-0, 2-6, 6-2
Emrich beat Healey, ... By default
Conant beat Willis, ... 6-1, 6-3

FIRST ROUND.

Hutchinson beat Jordan, . . . 6-3, 6-4
Felker beat Purinton, ... 6-4, 6-4
Pottle beat Calhoun, ... 6-1, 3-6, 7-5
Stinchfield beat Hyde, ... 8-6, 6-2
Bruce beat Ayer, ... By default
Clason beat Emrich, ... 6-4, 6-0
Conant beat Goodspeed, . . . 6-1, 6-3

SECOND ROUND.

Hutchinson beat Felker, . . . 7-5, 7-5
Stinchfield beat Pottle, . . . 6-4, 5-7, 7-5
Bruce beat Frost, ... 6-4, 6-4
Conant beat Clason, ... 6-0, 6-0

Semi-Finals.

Stinchfield beat Hutchinson, . 8-6, 7-5
Conant beat Bruce, ... 6-0, 6-0

Finals.

Conant beat Stinchfield, . . . 6-0, 6-1, 6-2

Championship Round.

Conant, challenger, beat Summerbell, holder, . . . 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3.

FOOT-BALL.

Bates, 10; Bowdoin, 6.

The first game of the season was played at Brunswick, October 2d. Bates was represented by a large delegation of students. They are said to have enjoyed the game.

Bowdoin won the toss and Bates kicked off to the 25-yard line. Ives advanced the ball five yards. Then Bates held them for two downs and Stanwood punted. Bates now had the ball, and on a pass from half to right tackle, Call went through for a gain of 45 yards and a touchdown. Call was compelled to cross the goal very near the side line, making it difficult to kick the goal, and Halliday missed.

Bowdoin then kicked to Bates's five-yard line. Halliday caught the ball and punted 20 yards. Bowdoin made several short gains, then fumbled, and lost five yards. Bates got the ball on downs. Bates gained steadily. Pulsifer went around left end for 10 yards. Halliday punted and Stanwood fumbled. Bruce rushed down the line and fell on the ball. Bates advanced 10 yards and then lost the ball in a scrimmage. Bowdoin made a slight gain, then tried a trick play and fumbled. Pulsifer then went around Bowdoin's right end for 15 yards. Bruce broke through Bowdoin's line and gained six yards. Saunders followed his example and gained four more. Purinton made a fast sprint around the right end for 15 yards. Captain Pulsifer followed his blockers around left end for 60 yards and a touchdown. Halliday kicked the goal.

Stanwood kicked off for Bowdoin to Bates's 10-yard line. Halliday advanced the ball 15 yards. Bates bucked the line for three yards and the whistle blew. The first half was ended with a score of 10 to 0, in favor of Bates.

In the second half Bowdoin kicked off and Bates advanced the ball steadily across the field into Bowdoin's territory. Then Bowdoin got the ball on downs. Kendall went around Putnam 20 yards, and Stanwood around Richardson for 10 yards. Stockbridge then went down the field for 20 yards and a touchdown. Stanwood kicked the goal. There were seven minutes and a half left to play, during which neither side scored. The line-up:

BATES.		BOWDOIN.
Richardson.	Left End.	Hadlock.
Sprague.	Left Tackle.	Stockbridge.
Saunders.	Left Guard.	Cloudman.
Hoag.	Center.	Spear.
Bruce.	Right Guard.	Bodwell.
Call.	Right Tackle.	{ Jennings. { Wiggin.
Putnam.	Right End.	Gregson.
Purinton.	Quarterback.	Moulton.
Pulsifer.	Left Halfback.	Kendall.
Russell.	Right Halfback.	Stanwood.
Halliday.	Fullback.	Ives.

Score—Bates, 10; Bowdoin, 6. Touchdowns—Call, Pulsifer, Stockbridge. Goals from touchdowns—Halliday, Stanwood. Umpire—Mitchell, Bowdoin, '95. Referee—Burrell, Bates, '97. Linesmen—Prof. Bolster, Bates; Dr. Whittier, Bowdoin. Time—20-minute halves.

Bates, 8; U. of M., 6.

October 9th, the team went to Orono to assist in the dedication of the University of Maine's new athletic field, and there engaged in the exercises with surprising vigor and heartiness.

The game was opened by Bates kicking off against a strong wind. U. of M. advanced the ball a few yards at a down by placing two men before the runner with the ball and pounding away at the Bates tackles, making short but sufficient gains to hold the ball. Slowly the ball went down the field, with the Bates men contesting every yard. At the end of fifteen minutes U. of M. was able to send Sawyer across Bates's goal line for a touchdown. He easily kicked the goal.

Up to this time Bates had failed to get possession of the ball—the superior weight of the U. of M. team greatly aiding them in bucking Bates's line. Bates kicked off again, and in a short time got possession of the ball and were making good gains through U. of M. tackles when time was called, ending the first half with the score: U. of M., 6; Bates, 0.

The second half was opened by U. of M. kicking off the ball, which rolled on the ground in a sidewise direction. A U. of M. man fell on the ball, but Bates soon got the ball on downs. Bates made several gains through the U. of M. tackles, Call carrying the ball through Noyes for 15 yards, and Sprague through Sturgis for 15 more. Pulsifer then went through the U. of M. line for 15 yards. On U. of M.'s two-yard line Bates lost the ball on downs. Bates forced the U. of M. line back, and Pulsifer tackled Webber behind the line for a safety.

U. of M. kicked off on the 25-yard line, Hoag blocking the ball. A number of U. of M. men were offside and the ball was given to Bates on their 25-yard line. Then Bates, with straight plays through U. of M.'s tackles,

and between their tackles and ends, made a touchdown in three and a half minutes' play. Halliday kicked the goal, making the score stand: Bates, 8; U. of M., 6, with four minutes to play.

U. of M. kicked off and Bates advanced the ball 12 yards, then lost it on downs. U. of M. advanced the ball eight yards, and Bates got it again on downs. Bates was advancing slowly when the referee's whistle blew, the ball on U. of M.'s 40-yard line.

The line-up:

U. of M.		Bates.
Hussey.	Left End.	Richardson.
Sturgis.	Left Tackle.	Sprague.
Lawrence.	Left Guard.	Saunders.
Armes.	Center.	Hoag.
Elliott.	Right Guard.	Bruce.
Noyes.	Right Tackle.	Call.
Palmer.	Right End.	Putnam.
Webber.	Quarterback.	Purinton.
Libby.	Left Halfback.	Pulsifer.
Ellis.	Right Halfback.	Russell.
Sawyer.	Fullback.	Halliday.

Score—Bates, 8; U. of M., 6. Touchdowns—Sawyer, Pulsifer. Goals from touchdowns—Sawyer, Halliday. Safety touchdown—U. of M. Umpire—Hayden. Referee—Sinkinson. Time—20-minute halves.

Bates, 5; U. of M., 4.

The second game between Bates and University of Maine was played in Lewiston, on October 16th. The close game at Orono the week before, in which neither team showed any marked superiority to the other, made predicting the result of the second very difficult. At Orono both teams showed a fairly well developed offensive play, but appeared weak in defensive work. In the second game a great improvement in tackling was apparent in the U. of M. team. Bates had not made so much improvement, but had, fortunately, made just enough to save a defeat. The U. of M. team-play was excellent. The tandem plays directed at tackle, which proved the hardest for Bates to stop, were executed with great force and precision. During all the first half and until after their touchdown in the second half, U. of M. played a better and more determined game in running with the ball, interfering, and tackling. After they had been scored against, however, Bates began to play to win, and it soon became apparent that only the expiration of time could prevent them from scoring. In the very last play before time was called, a fine goal from the field won the game for Bates. No team could come nearer to defeat and win.

In the first half, Bates received the kick-off on their 40-yard line and at once started off with fine spirit. In two runs by Bruce and Russell the ball was carried to U. of M.'s 45-yard line. Here a bad fumble lost the ball, and with it apparently much of the confidence of the Bates team. Two or three other costly fumbles occurred later and the backs, seeming always to be afraid of a fumble, did not start together nor run with precision. This, combined with the hard, quick charging of the U. of M. rush-line, seriously crippled Bates's offensive play. After some minutes of hard play near the center of the field, in which honors were about even, U. of M. carried the ball, by short, fierce rushes, down to Bates's three-yard line. Here Bates gained the ball on downs and Halliday punted. Twice more U. of M. threat-

ened the goal, but were stopped, and both times the ball punted out of danger.

In the second half, U. of M. quickly rushed the ball to Bates's 15-yard line, and then, after two or three minutes of hard playing in that vicinity, in which the ball changed hands several times, U. of M. steadily pushed down to Bates's goal line, and Sawyer scored a touchdown. Noyes failed to kick the goal. Then, with seven and one-half minutes to play, Bates braced up, and after the kick-off the ball was taken away from U. of M. on downs and rushed up to their 15-yard line. Here one of the time-keepers said there was only one second more to play. As the other time-keeper's watch showed a minute more, the referee compromised and gave Bates 30 seconds in which to score. A goal from the field seemed the only hope. The kick was blocked, but a Bates man fell on it on U. of M.'s ten-yard line. With 18 seconds more to play, a second attempt at a goal from the field was made. This time, finding that the U. of M. rushers were too close upon him, Halliday dodged and ran, reaching the five-yard line directly in front of U. of M.'s goal-posts before he was downed. With two and one-half seconds more to play, Bates lined up for the last play of the game. This time the pass was quick and sure; the line blocked well; Halliday dropped a goal over the middle of the cross-bar, and Bates had won the game, 5 to 4.

The following is the line-up and summary:

BATES.		U. OF M.
Richardson.	Left End.	Hussey.
Sprague.	Left Tackle.	Noyes.
Saunders.	Left Guard.	Armes. / Elliott.
Hoag.	Center.	Elliott. / Bird.
Bruce.	Right Guard.	Lawrence.
Call.	Right Tackle.	Sturgis.
Sturgis.	Right End.	Palmer.
Purinton.	Quarterback.	Webber.
Pulsifer.	Right Halfback.	Libby.
Russell.	Left Halfback.	French. / Ellis.
Halliday.	Fullback.	Sawyer.

Score—Bates, 5; U. of M., 4. Touchdown—Sawyer. Goal from field—Halliday. Umpire—Murray of Bangor. Referee—Conway of Dartmouth. Linesmen—Bolster of Bates; Higgins of U. of M. Time—20-minute halves.

A Chat About New Books.

WHEN the rush of work is over for the day, we get an occasional hour for reading some restful book, and for such an hour you can find no more charming author than Frank Stockton. Probably you need no introduction to his books. His ability to entertain is well known, and his latest work will not disappoint you. Scribner's Sons have collected ten of his short stories under the appropriate title, "A Story-Teller's Pack."[1] There is a healthful exhilaration felt throughout the book, as if one were in the presence of a merry companion who is irreproachable in character.

Among the prettiest are "Love Before Breakfast," and "As One Woman to Another." "The Widow's Cruise" is irresistibly funny. "The Magic Egg" suggests much to be seen between the lines, and is, moreover, distinctly modern. The book is very attractive outwardly. Illustrations, paper, and letterpress are elegant. Frank O. Small, Alice Barber Stevens, Peter Newell, W. T. Smedley, and E. W. Kemble are the illustrators.

"Diana Victrix"[2] is a fascinating story, especially for college men and women. The author's good judgment in taking young women at thirty or thereabouts for her heroines, may be questioned by some. Here is her justification, which I think sufficient: "These Northerners were college-bred, and a college woman is invariably younger than other women of her own age. She has been accorded four years more of experiment, of freedom from responsibility—in a word, of girlhood."

One of the young ladies is an authoress with money enough to support herself and friend in carrying on their chosen work in the slums of New York. There is plenty of romance mingled with their practical duties. They each are tempted to supplant their ideal friendship by that of a fervent lover, but each remains faithful to the end. This type of the college woman is becoming a common one. Miss Converse gives us heart histories that impress us deeply because they are true. The plans of these girls are very interesting. Skeptics of the other sex may sneer at such a life as incomplete, unsatisfying; but there is a genuine ring of quiet pleasure in the voice of Enid as she says in the closing chapter: "How I used to build air-castles when we were girls! Do you remember? I used to say we would work together, vindicating our theories of democracy and industrial economy, you by writing, I by living. And lo! the dream is upon us, and we knew it not. The dream is going to last all our lives long now, Sylvia."

Van Bergen's "Story of Japan"[3] gives us a clear and correct idea of the enterprising little empire towards which our attention is so often directed. The object of the author is to supplement the scanty information given us by text-books. His style is a simple narrative, adapted either for use in schools

or for the library. The progress of Japan is clearly discussed, with the impulses which gave rise to it. The chapter on "Buddhism Brought to Japan" is especially interesting. The binding is distinctly Japanese in design and coloring. Many of the illustrations look like the work of native artists.

Florence Holbrook successfully carries out a pretty conception in her gem-like collection called "Round the Year in Myth and Song."[4] The seasons and months are celebrated by selections from our best poets. The myths are daintily written. Many exquisite poems of nature, as Bryant's "Fringed Gentian" and Krummacher's "Moss Rose," are found here. The book is beautifully illustrated by copies of great paintings, ancient and modern, such as Guido Reni's "Aurora," and G. Schraedter's "Forget-me-not."

Bret Harte's stories of the mining camp have a sincerity and strength as bracing as a strong tonic, after too much of to-day's problem writing. In "Three Partners"[5] he introduces many new acquaintances and tells us of Jack Hamlin and others who have appeared in his earlier works.

George Barker is the most winning character in the book. His boyish enthusiasm, frank, confiding manner, and simple-minded sincerity, are sure to find response in the reader's heart. Demorest, the reserved, rather melancholy bachelor; Stacy, the bank magnate—are the other partners. The partnership results from a big "strike" of gold found while they were mining together on Heavy Tree Hill. The plot is exciting and comes to an unexpected dénoûment. There is less of picturesque description than in some of Bret Harte's books, but there are a few fine passages in which the simple grandeur of the hills is revealed.

"Fragments of Roman Satire,"[6] arranged by E. T. Merrill, professor in Latin in Wesleyan University, is of great value to scholars. Selections are taken from Ennius, Lucilius, Varro, Petronius, Seneca, and Apuleius. This inexpensive text is well adapted for supplementary reading. Many of the fragments form apt quotations, as the following from Varro (Non. 342, 17): "Sapiens et bonum ferre potest modice, et malum fortiter aut leniter"; or from Ennius on the nature of man (Prisc. I., 335 K.): "Terra corpus est, at mentis ignis est."

[1] A Story-Teller's Pack. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

[2] Diana Victrix. By Florence Converse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.25.

[3] The Story of Japan. By R. Van Bergen, M.A. New York: American Book Co.; $1.00.

[4] Round the Year in Myth and Song. By Florence Holbrook. New York: American Book Co.; 60 cents.

[5] Three Partners, or The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.25.

[6] Fragments of Roman Satire. Arranged by Elmer Truesdell Merrill. New York: American Book Co.; 75 cents.

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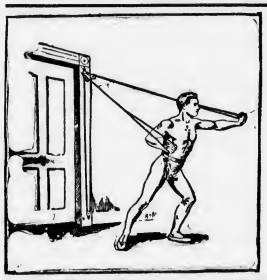
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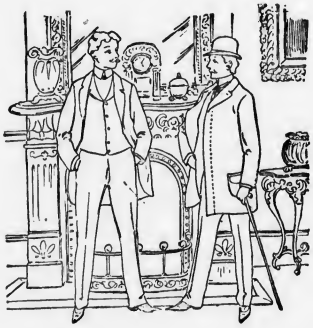
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 9.

ACHILLES'S FAREWELL TO BRISEIS.

Farewell, farewell, O captive maiden fair,
Whose value never mortal man could tell.
Think not that I am weak, that he should dare
My plans, my works, my councils to repel.
Before the white-haired Nestor and the throngs,
Before the shrine of ever-ruling Jove,
I made a vow, regardless of my wrongs,
And in the vow the warp of vengeance wove;
Nor could the aged Nestor change my mind
Though silvery language nestled at his side,
Nor Agamemnon and his wrath combined
With force, could humble thy Achilles's pride.
But now as nearer draws the parting hour,
As comes the glory of this tyrant lord,
I fain would spurn, yea, curse his vaunted power,
And keep thee with me, guarded by my sword.
Am I a slave, ruled by a dog-eyed king
Whose only thought is self, and all things else
A minor portion of earth's vast domain,
Who even to his spoken word is false?
And must I bow, and grovel in the dust
On bended knee? The sun's clear light shut off
By him whose fame is but a fickle gust
Of wind? It makes me wroth.
Thou shalt not go, to gratify yon king
And heap insult upon Achilles's head,
Nay, rather may thy gentle soul take flight
To Pluto's realms, cold mansions of the dead.
Great Jove, who banquets in Olympia's halls,
Who holdeth heaven and earth in thy embrace,
Who heareth when the weakest mortal calls,
Whose power is over this the human race!
Has Vulcan with the nectar-foaming bowl
Passed 'round, with limp and smile, and dimmed thine eyes,
Or Cupid's power, which spurneth thy control
Now caused thy mind to seek another prize?
Has Juno, jealous of her mighty spouse,
Devoured the time with a domestic fight,
That thou canst not unto my woes arouse
And lend thine aid to battle for the right?
Thou shalt not go! Again I bid thee stay,
My fair-cheeked Briseis, thou art mine alone.
Here didst thou come a captive from the fray,
And now to thee Achilles's tent is home.
To-day thy love, thy woman's love, is mine,
No longer art thou captive unto me,
But rather now, Achilles's love is thine,
I surely am a captive unto thee.
And can we part and tear our love in twain
To please the son of Pelus in his sin?
To gratify an enemy, who fain
Would have immortal gods his praises sing?
Why doth he trample on the rights of men
And try to grapple what is not his share?
Would that this trusty sword had bloody been
Within his deepest soul! But I forbear.
I promised Briseis, in a frenzied state,
That thou to Agamemnon's tent would go,
And now, I loathe and curse the cruel fate
That in its fury destined such a blow.
Could I recall the spoken words again
Back to my soul, and feel that they, unsaid,
Would undo harm, my character retain,
I'd sacrifice my fortune, yea, my head.
The deed is done, Achilles is to blame.
Nor can it be undone; though hard the blow,
The flood of tears, the heave of sighs, are vain;
From me, fair one, thou very soon must go.
Hard by the gate, the heralds of the king,
Trembling because of me, patiently stand.
Full well they know the insult which they bring,
Fulfillment of their master's dread command.
Again farewell, I would not thee delay,
Although my being is with anguish rent;
Thou bearest with thee all the light of day
To leave the gloom within Achilles's tent.
O Jove! Great Jove! and canst thou hear my prayer?
Or heed'st thou not, that wrong is punished not?
Hast thou no time for earthly realms to spare,
That all my groans and pleadings are forgot?
Apollo! thou who didst my woes begin,

By sending arrows 'midst the Grecian throngs.
I stood by thee, and canst thou not aid bring
To help avenge Achilles's fearful wrongs?
O Thetis! Mother! from thy rolling bed
Of angry waves, arise and help thy son.
Speed to Olympus, and in Juno's stead
Woo Jupiter that I this evil shun.
They come, fair Briseis's words and prayers
are vain,
And vainer still my wish to keep thee here.
My pledge forbids me comfort to retain,
And snatches from me all that I hold dear.
What is it to be great? To live in song?
To rule the earth? To have a sovereign will?
Not so, man's power is not surpassing strong,
For were he great, there is a greater still.
To greatness in mankind there comes an end,
As he who stands upon the topmost round
Must step by step, and round by round, descend,
Until he sleeps as man beneath the ground.
So must Achilles bend unto his fate;
Must part from that which is to him a prize;
Must on the altars, fired by jealous hate,
In silence offer up a sacrifice.
And thou, my fair one, art the sacrifice.
Would to the gods that we had never met!
That I had never seen those flashing eyes;
And neither felt this pang of keen regret.
But why such speaking? We must say good-bye.
Though goddess born, can I the blow repel?
I kiss thee once and with thee heave a sigh.
Farewell, farewell, my Briseis, fare thee well.

—F. H., 1901.

WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?

MABEL T. JORDAN, '99.

THE nineteenth century has come to be almost a synonymous term for haste, hurry, and bustle. Who has not heard of the "restless activity" of our age, or read of the demoralizing tendencies of our "rushing" American life? Everything we do must be done in the quickest manner possible. Our work must be done by machinery to save time; we must have ocean greyhounds, and electric railroads, that business may be carried forward as speedily as possible; short-hand and type-writing are necessary to every business man's office. In fact, we have so far succeeded in economizing time, that it only remains to find some method of eating and sleeping that shall save us a few more hours for hurrying. With this spirit so prevalent, what else can we expect than that young men shall be in haste to enter the activities of life as soon as possible, and in order to do this, to find some short cut to an education.

Now there are few people who do not recognize and avail themselves of the advantages furnished to modern society by the labor and time-saving contrivances of the present day. But there are many who lament that thoroughness should be sacrificed to rapidity; in other words, that it should be more desirable to do a thing quickly than to do it well. In education, this tendency is especially to be regretted, for experience has proved that a man cannot be of the highest usefulness who knows nothing but his calling, and whose thoughts extend no further than the walls of his office or workshop. And how can he have other thoughts and interests if, having availed himself of the advantages offered by the technical and scientific schools of the day, he has omitted entirely the college course, and has given his whole time and strength to the mastery of only one branch of the world's knowledge? He has a narrow, illiberal education. No, the need of the present time is liberally educated men. It is they who are to control the mighty force of the nation's life, and direct it into right channels. It is to them that the great mass of people look for the solution of the

problems which beset them on all sides. Will they prove equal to this responsibility? We must first know who they are, what distinguishes a liberally educated man from any other, and why they are especially fitted to be leaders.

The accepted definition of liberal is, that which befits a freeman as distinguished from a slave; and when applied to education, must mean an education which makes a man or woman free in an intellectual sense, that is, free from ignorance, prejudice, and dependence upon others.

Let us consider a liberal education first in regard to the effect upon the mind. By what signs may we know a person of liberal training from one who has enjoyed only a technical or professional training? Has his education contributed to his happiness, made him a more useful member of society, or the reverse? Has his individuality been emphasized or lost sight of in his college training?

Take a man of good ability who has graduated from a college affording a comprehensive curriculum and entered upon active life; what has his course done for him? If his studies have been pursued patiently and thoroughly, they have taught him three principal things—to know, to think, and to act.

First, he has learned to know men and things and the circumstances in which his life is to be passed. He has been taught the great principles of the universe, and especially of the world in which he lives. He has learned to make his body perform the bidding of his mind. He knows something of the great expense of knowledge, but in his few years of school life he can hardly hope to have acquired all knowledge. He knows only the fundamental truths of the sciences, perhaps, or has only a limited acquaintance with French or German; but, most important of all, he has developed a capacity for acquiring knowledge, and his mind has been trained to give eager welcome to new ideas and new phases of thought. It seems hardly advisable to attempt to make any arbitrary decision in favor of one branch of learning as of greater educational value than any other, or to decide just what studies should qualify a person to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts, for it is certainly a question of no small difficulty, and one requiring much time and experience to decide satisfactorily. But lest I may be too indefinite, let me present the outline recently proposed by one of America's leading college presidents:

"The college aims to give only a liberal education and therefore grants only one degree, the degree of Bachelor of Arts; it assumes that this degree ought to imply in the holder some knowledge of antiquity, as secured by the study of at least one ancient language; a good deal of knowledge of English; a reading knowledge of both French and German; some knowledge of history; some knowledge of mathematics; some knowledge of philosophy; some knowledge of political economy; some laboratory knowledge of at least one natural science." We should add to this, I think, what almost every institution presupposes as already acquired, and therefore omits entirely, a comprehensive and clear understand-

ing of the whole Bible and of the principles of the Christian religion. A graduate of such a course knows enough of all branches to enable him to become a specialist in any department he chooses; and whatever he does choose will not exclude his breadth of thought and interest in all other directions. He has a symmetrical foundation upon which to build a lofty structure of later development. How welcome is such a mind to a world wearied by hobbyists, men of one idea, who have studied one subject to the exclusion of all others, until society loses patience with their tedious narrowness! The slaves of to-day are not bound with chains of iron, but of narrowness and prejudice What we need is some broad-minded men who have the strength to break our chains and give us glimpses of a larger, richer life.

Wherein lies the secret of their strength? Is it not that they have learned to think? The disciplinary studies of their college course have taught them to reason closely and logically and to express themselves in clear and concise terms. Such men are not content passively to receive impressions from outside influences, they analyze and weigh matters at their true value, and thus reach their own decisions with calm, cool judgment. How few real thinkers does the world possess, people who can make their own way into difficult and unexplored recesses without waiting for some one to lead the way with a torch! The thinkers must always be the leaders, and no man is liberally educated who has not learned to think independently.

But the man who has attained this mental culture must be ready to contribute his share to the good of humanity. His information and his judgment must be at the disposal of his fellow-citizens. He must act. With so many problems before us for solution, the man of broad culture should be ready to contribute his talents, and to take his part as a loyal citizen. His judgment will give him a sufficiently conservative spirit to prevent his blindly following every new reform, but yet to perceive the true lines of progress, and work earnestly to move along those lines. With this ready perception of truth goes hand-in-hand a truly broad and liberal sympathy for all mankind. No one can be too low for his notice, nor too far away for his interest.

Let us next turn to the question, Does a college education add to a person's happiness? It has been said that culture aims not at the mere gaining of a livelihood, but at the acquisition of those ideas and the training of those powers which conduce to the happiness of the individual. Who can doubt that it increases a man's happiness to have gained free access to the wealth of the world's great literatures; to have been made acquainted with science and scientific methods; to have had his eyes opened to the beautiful lessons which nature has to teach. If he is at home with books, he has friends who never quarrel nor complain; who leave him when he chooses, and return at his bidding. His mental training not only teaches him to reason, but gives him a keen perceptive power, the ability to see and appreciate what is good and

beautiful in the world about, both in nature and his fellow-beings. One who has acquired such a habit will soon learn with Bryant, that

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

A man who has attained happiness for himself naturally is in a position to benefit those about him. He can, out of his own abundant store, furnish help and inspiration to those less fortunate than himself. Who can calculate the benefit to any community of having for leaders men who earnestly desire the welfare of the greatest number, in contrast to the class of citizens who, restrained by narrow prejudice, works for party ends and in a partisan spirit.

A liberal education is sometimes contrasted with a practical education, but it seems to me it should not be so marked. A man who has had the advantage of college training should be in the best position for practical usefulness. His breadth of vision and sympathy should make him useful to a great number of people, while in the particular branch which he has made his specialty, he should be in a position to be eminently successful. A woman especially should make her liberal education include the most practical sides of life, or she may be placed in circumstances where she would give all her knowledge of Greek or science to know how to cook a dinner or cut a dress.

Above all does a liberal education increase a man's sense of personal responsibility, making him self-reliant and independent. A man who has studied science to any extent has learned above all things independence of authority and the value of personal investigation. If he applies this lesson to his after-life, we shall find him growing in individuality as he grows in mental power, and becoming not arrogantly self-sufficient but self-dependent and sustaining.

Finally, I think that a man or woman approaches most nearly the ideal state of happy, useful living who devotes some of his or her precious years to learning from nature, from books, and from men, those things which will contribute most to the perfect development of the individual and the greatest good to humanity. Such a person will have a broad store of information, a trained body, and a disciplined mind, capable of using to the utmost its God-given powers, and an ability to act in the wisest possible manner both for himself and those by whom he is surrounded. He will in this way secure the greatest happiness for himself, and the greatest usefulness to his friends. In short, he will have realized in some degree Spencer's definition of education: "The function which education has to discharge is—to teach us in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies; how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely."

THE BROADER FREEDOM.

THAT freedom which was the peculiar birthright of the great nations of history, was rooted in the most cruel slavery. It presided over the imagination in politics, narrowing itself to a

national privilege, guarded by the most jealous vigilance. It lifted some nations from conditions of savagery and barbarism, and made them masters of the world, giving them ample opportunities for the pursuit of happiness. It took from others every human privilege, giving them ignorance, the fruitful mother of atrocities. In one word, civil freedom, all down through the ages, has been a freedom of self-assertion, and hence the strongest only were free, while the weaker had to bow in servitude and slavery.

When Roman power was felt in all the world, freedom was the exclusive right of the Roman citizen, empowering him with authority to do to other nations whatever he would, and protecting him in all that he did by the armed power of Rome. And this Romal ideal, though checked in its prog ress by the slow growth of a broader liberty, has, nevertheless, extended down through eighteen centuries. In the colossal upheavals of social and political affairs in mediæval and modern Europe, it was trying to assert itself. Its chief expression since Roman times is found in the rights and privileges which it gave to kings, nobles, and priests, and the abject servitude which was the logical inheritance of the helpless masses. And the final fruit of such a freedom is the establishment of a system of caste as real and as potent as that existing under the laws of Brahma, a system which has not been destroyed even by the loud rebellions and revolutions which have swept over Europe. And such a freedom has, indeed, weakened the proudest boast of free America.

But freedom, in its broader significance, is an extended self-sacrifice. It resides chiefly in the possession of the strong and the independent, because these alone can sacrifice themselves. But this broader freedom will not rest on a selfish basis. It passes on, seeking the highest good for all mankind. In history freedom was first the proud inheritance of the children of Abraham; next it was a Grecian or a Roman right; then it coursed in Norman blood. The ease with which freedom has passed from one nation to another finds expression in the words, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" and if history proves anything it is that these words mean guarding earnestly the liberties of all. As Lowell defines it:

> "True freedom is to share
> All the chains our brothers wear;
> And with hearts and hands to be
> Earnest to make others free."

There can be no freedom where there breathes one man wrongfully oppressed.

It has always been a sacrifice to champion the cause of the lowly; yet in this rests the safety of society and the progress of the world. Who are the great benefactors of mankind, and to whom does the world owe the greatest debt of gratitude? It is to Luther, making a religious liberty possible for every man, and rendering each man accountable unto his Creator; it is to John Howard, giving his valiant life of sympathy and help to the unfortunate prisoners of Europe; it is to Mrs. Stowe, feeling the lash with the American slave; it is to Christ, taking upon

himself the infirmities of the weak. And the fruit of this broader ideal of freedom is fellowship in suffering, is brotherhood in all the world.

In this boundless universe, surely there is room enough for all. The fields of labor and of industry are so wide and so varied that all mankind ought to labor without let or hindrance. The standard of life is so high that man may never attain unto it, though there be ceaseless striving.

Underlying all this is the law of safety, by which freedom protects itself. Indeed, shackles are for the man of narrow soul. A just punishment this, that a man loses that freedom which he does not use aright, yet had the power to keep if he would. If all Europe could not contain Napoleon, if the Alps formed no boundary for his selfish ambition, he must be exiled to the lonely rock far out in the sea to pine his last sad years away in regret. If a man is dangerous to the truest principles of society, that freedom which he seems to have is taken away, and the man lives in the ever-narrowing confines of life's experiences.

The broadest freedom is not alone for kings, nobles, and priests, nor is it the peculiar birthright of Greek or Norman blood; but it is also for every man who will rise up to it—not as the anarchist who takes all law unto himself, but upon the principle of self-sacrifice for the good of all mankind; and the country that will protect every man in this is the "Land of the Noble Free," one whose name will be loved and perpetuated in all future ages.

THOMAS S. BRUCE, '98.

A FISH TALE.

I BELIEVE it was one of the dear old English poets who exclaimed, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" I don't remember who it was—whether it was Sir Isaac Crusoe or Robinson Newton—but the cold, bare fact remains that he had an inexpressible desire and an intolerable hankering to go off into the woods. Looking at these words critically, as every student of literature should, we are led to the conclusion that that old poet, whoever he was, was seized with a sudden longing to go fishing. That was why he wanted to retire into the wilderness; for going out into some vast wilderness fishing, where we can cuddle up close to the big, warm heart of Nature, is a great deal better than fishing in a mud-puddle or a frog-pond nearer home.

Now, gentle reader—and you who are not so gentle—there are two facts which I want to have twisted into the convolutions of your brains at the beginning, otherwise this philosophical treatise will be blind and meaningless to you. The first is this, that although I am to tell one or two fishing reminiscences, yet that does not impair the truth of this narrative in the least. The second is that the fact of its being a fish story does not in any way add to its truth. Having thus opened my heart to my readers I will say that a fondness for fishing has usually walked hand in hand with true genius. We know that Hawthorne liked to take his fish-pole in one hand, and throw away the cares of life with the other, and hie himself away to a rippling streamlet to fish. We remember that Daniel

Webster, as often as he could tear himself away from his humble occupation of writing declamations for future college students, would leave the busy haunts of men, if I may be permitted to coin a phrase, and putting on his old clothes, in which was a good, commodious pocket, he would plunge into the "forest primeval," there to lure the guileless fishes from their lairs.

Yes, it is true! All of us great men, at some period of our lives, have found pleasure in fishing; and we look back with longing eyes to those careless days of childhood, when we first went fishing with a bent pin tied to a twine string. Not all the fun of fishing is in getting the fish, however. I have fished all day and returned in the silent hush of eventide with nothing except one trout, a mud-turtle, several quarts of mosquito bites, and a great hungry longing for something to eat.

I well remember a little brook, shut in by woods that stretched away in all directions as far as the eye could reach, possibly farther, and upward as far as the height of the trees would allow. The forest is still there, with its damp moss and sombre shadows and lonely silence. There, as that old poet of antiquity has so well said:

> "The pines and ancient hemlocks
> Hide the sun's midsummer gleam,
> And the tuneful bird songs mingle
> With the music of a stream."

I can still seem to feel the music of that stream vibrating against the sensitive tympanum of memory—sometimes a gentle pianissimo, when it softly moves under the dark shadows; sometimes a fortissimo, where it plunges over the stones in anger. One beautiful morning in the spring-time long ago I gave an urgent invitation to a number of corpulent and influential angle-worms to sever their home ties forever and take a little journey with me to this stream.

The angle-worms regretted to leave their ancestral homesteads, but were induced to accede to my wishes, in order to add to my pleasure. It was quite late in the forenoon when I arrived at the brook, and a big, hungry mosquito immediately came up to me and delivered an address of welcome. His blood soon stained my cheek. When I took from my pocket the box of worms it seemed a pity to stick the hook into their quivering bodies.

"Poor, harmless worms," I said in soothing tones, "you have one consolation, for every time you die a fish must die, too. You must forget your own woes in thinking of the woes of the poor fish." The worms wept sympathetically, and as I dropped one into the brook his tears mingled with the damp moisture of the cool, wet stream. Soon I had a bite, and everything else was forgotten. Thus does a little excitement tip upside down the mind's full waste-basket, and thoughts of other things are turned out. When I found that I had a bite I commenced to tremble. I could wait no longer, but raised my hand and smote my cheek. The mosquito that had caused the bite fell dead.

Thus time wore on, as it usually does when unimpeded. The noon hour came and went; and with it came that

hungry feeling, but did not go away with it. I had forgotten to take my dinner with me, and this fact began to weigh upon my mind and my stomach.

It is unnecessary to speak of further experiences, of getting caught in thorn bushes, of hungry black ants, which crawled up on my anatomy and gnawed at my vitals, and of mosquitoes which, perhaps, I have forgotten to mention before. At last, however, we arrived at a place where an old road led away toward home, and shaking the dust of the brook from our feet, we started, dragging those weary feet along with us.

Trout are sometimes called speckled beauties, and as I gazed at my countenance in a small mirror which I had with me, and saw how it was spotted over with mosquito bites, mud, dirt, etc., the thought occurred to me that I was a speckled beauty, too.

Thus the day had worn away, and this calls up to my remembrance something which I do not recollect, so I will not mention it here, but will merely say that there is a moral in this little narrative, if any one can find it.

O. U. I., '9–.

"BOOKS OF THE HEART."

THOSE were delightful moments that I spent in reading "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne," and "Kate Carnegie." Ian Maclaren has moved the hearts and feelings of the people on both sides of the Atlantic with the humor and pathos of these simple Scotch stories.

The first two books are collections of short sketches picturing the life of the people of Drumtochty, a quiet country district in northern Perthshire, Logiealmond is its real name. The last, "Kate Carnegie," is a novel in which we are introduced to some new characters, mostly of a higher plane of life than those whom we have met before. Also we still find some of the old characters, those whom Ian Maclaren loves best, I like to think. For who can doubt that he loves Marget, Drumsheuch, and Dr. Davidson, and that Car Michael is a young man after his own heart?

We come to know each family of the glen as if we were living there ourselves. In fact, we know them better, for it is our privilege, as readers, to discover the little hopes and the disappointments, great and small, which are kept secret in the hearts of their possessors. The scenes and incidents are so vivid that we feel as if we were a part of their life. We share the hopes that Domsie has in his small scholars, also the delight and pleasure which he experiences when he hears of the triumphs of his lads at the University of Glasgow. And when George Howe comes home after his course is finished, with Marget his mother, we watch him wistfully as his life is swiftly passing away. And when it is ended we feel as if it were our own dead that they are carrying "yon to the kirkyard."

The dialect of Ian Maclaren's books is objected to by some people. However, to one who loves the Scottish dialect, it is one of the greatest charms of the sketches. For as one is brought nearer to the Greeks through a knowledge of their language, so one enters

more fully into the life of the Scotch people by reason of an acquaintance with their dialect.

The success of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and the others for which this paved the way, is due to the facts that Ian Maclaren chose material that was natural, simple, and unaffected, and that he did not assume the professional literary air. He is in immediate touch with the characters which he creates or represents, and to them he attaches a deep and genuine interest. These books have been called "books of the heart." And indeed they have proved to be such; in all probability "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" has been read as much as any book of fiction since the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." People were becoming weary of the fiction which deals with studies and problems, and they gladly welcomed and appreciated John Watson's productions, in which they found manners that are simple, heroes that are quiet, and humor and pathos that are touching because of their naturalness. It has been truthfully said—"What Burns did for the Scotch daisy, the type of the beauty with which rural Scotland is strewn, Dr. Watson has done for the lowly careers and simple lives of the men and women of Drumtochty."

Some of these characters are real. Peter Bruce, the guard of the Kildrummie train, is one of them. The true Peter or "Sandy" Walker, is readily recognized by the travellers who go to Drumtochty. Whether he enjoys the notoriety which the books have brought him or not, one cannot tell. He speaks as if he did not; but in such a way that one fancies that he does. Dr. MacLure had his origin in real life, too. The most of the characters, however, are creations of the author's own genius.

It is impossible to come in contact with these people without feeling elevated by them. The question may arise as to whether they are not a little above common humanity in goodness, as there is scarcely one whom we are not made to love, no matter how many mistakes he has made in life. But is not this due to the great soul of the author, who can find in every one, whether great or lowly, some good, some noble trait, something to respect and love?

Two lines are found at the beginning of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" which always come to my mind when my eye falls upon, or my ear catches, the name Ian Maclaren. They are not remarkable for any great thought in themselves. It is possible to see the whole feeling and beauty in them, only when one has read the story that follows them. They are these:

"There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
And white are the blossoms on't in our kail-yard."

EDITH I. IRVING, '99.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

To the Editors of the Student:

THE limits of this article are such as will confine me almost wholly to the realm of pure assertion; but as you merely wish me to say what I believe to be the best methods of arousing interest and enthusiasm in the society work of Bates, the boldness of my statements may be pardoned. It is better, perhaps, to leave out the question of the desirability or value of the society work—that proposition being, to my mind, too self-evident to merit extended notice—and confine the attention to the subjects of attendance and participation.

1. There is drill, of course, in facing a few people who are, as a matter of principle, interested in what you are to say; but the ideal discipline comes from addressing and dominating larger crowds who may or may not be interested in what you are to say. We are not always going to find ready listeners to our words; we must at times force ourselves and our convictions upon people. Consequently let us get as many into our society meetings as possible; let us get the splendid enthusiasm of numbers; and this is to be done, ostensibly by direct methods; in reality, by indirect methods. Invitation and exhortation are good and necessary, but after all, a public sentiment must be created; and this can be accomplished more by action, and less by talk. I mean that the man who is desirous of creating this public sentiment *must attend the meetings himself.* This would be my main proposition: Let the faithful be still more faithful. It is little use to talk to the disaffected; enthusiasm never comes from them. Further than this, he should talk of the meetings—not retrospectively altogether, but prospectively. He must let it be understood that he enjoys the society meeting, that it is an event in his life.

2. As regards getting men to use the privileges of the floor, the case may be different. A man may feel that, as a Bates student, he has a perfect right to attend these meetings, but when it comes to trespassing upon the time and patience of the audience with his crudities of thought and speech, he may, conscientiously or not, doubt his right to do so. Here direct and personal work must come into play, until he becomes satisfied by a sufficiency of invitations and assurances, from a sufficient number of persons, that the audience is willing and anxious to hear from him; to know his attitude upon questions of debate. The way thus opened seldom closes.

Such are the thoughts which come most pertinently to my mind. I would that I could indicate some short cut to such desirable ends; but in every enterprise the burden falls upon the few. Wherefore the above principle, let the faithful be still more faithful. However much we might wish it to be otherwise, this is the necessary method,

and the world moves, and institutions flourish; and the societies of Bates need be no exception.

A. B. HOWARD, '96.

HARTFORD, CONN., March 1, 1897.

CLASS REVIEW.

[CONTINUED.]

CLASS OF 1873.

Edmund Randall Angell, A.M. Tutor in Bates College, 1874–75. Principal of High School in Castine, 1875–76, and since 1876 has resided in Derry, N. H., where he was principal of Pinkerton Academy for many years. Chemical analyst to New Hampshire state board of health. Has been member of local board of health, trustee of town library, and representative to the legislature. Address, Derry, N. H.

James Hutchins Baker, A.M., LL.D. Principal of High School in Yarmouth, 1873–75; Denver, Col., 1875–91. Was elected president of Colorado University in 1891. Author of "Elementary Psychology." Very prominent in the educational circles of the West. Address, Boulder, Col.

Charles Davis. Has studied medicine, also at one time in the business of an apothecary. Now practicing medicine. Address, Sand Beach, Mich.

Charles Henry Davis. Graduated at Bates Theological School in 1876. Was ordained at Champlin, Minn., January, 1878. Has resided at Prescott, Wis., Pueblo, Col., San Bernardino, Cal., and Perris, Cal. Has preached when health would permit. Now a lodging-house keeper. Address, San Bernardino, Cal.

Anna Elizabeth Haley, A.M. Graduate student at Christian Biblical Institute, Stanfordville, N. Y., 1874–77; ordained in 1877. Resided in Tuftonboro, N. H., until 1883. Is now traveling as an evangelist. Address, 127 Gorham Street, Lowell, Mass.

Nathan Willard Harris, Ph.D. Graduate student at Yale, 1875. On the staff of the *Portland Daily Press*, 1875–76. Studied law in the office of Frye, Cotton, and White. Admitted to Androscoggin County bar in January, 1878. Has since practiced law in Auburn. Was admitted to practice in the U. S. Supreme Court in 1886. Has been president of the Maine Universalist state convention. Register of probate, city solicitor, and is now mayor. Address, Auburn, Me.

Freedom Hutchinson. Principal of High School in Topsham, Me., 1873–75. Studied law in the office of Hutchinson and Savage, Lewiston, 1874–76. Was admitted to the bar in Suffolk County, Mass., in May, 1876. Has continued in the practice of his profession since that time. Address, 23 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Leslie Clifton Jewell, M.D. Graduate student at Boston University. Physician in Cape Elizabeth, 1876–81; Chatham, Mass., 1881–88; Sabatis, 1888–89; Auburn, 1889-90; Cape Elizabeth, 1890–. Was president of the Public Library Association while in Chatham. Address, Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

John Piper Marston. Principal Oxford Normal Institute, South Paris, 1873–74. Principal of High School, Wiscasset, 1874–78. Teacher of Greek and Latin in Bath High School,

1878–84; Principal of High School in Rockland, 1884–89; Biddeford, 1889; Ipswich, Mass.,——. Address, Ipswich, Mass.

William Rynne, M.D. Graduate student at the Maine Medical School and at College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y. Has practiced law in Portland since 1876. Address, 235 Congress Street, Portland, Me.

Edwin Prescott Sampson, A.M. Principal High School, Oakland, 1873–74; Castine, 1874–75; Ellsworth, 1875–78; Foxcroft Academy, 1878–82; High School, Saco, 1882–89; Thornton Academy, 1889. Address, Saco, Me.

Edwin Augustus Smith. Was assistant editor of the *Morning Star*, Dover, N. H., 1875–80. Was admitted to the bar in Androscoggin County in 1884. Has been news editor of the *Lewiston Journal*. Address, Spokane, Wash.

George Edwin Smith. Principal High School, Gray, 1873–74. Read law in office of Frye, Cotton, and White, Lewiston, 1873–75. Graduate student at Boston University Law School. Was admitted to the Suffolk County bar in April, 1875. Since 1876 has continued practice in Boston. Has resided in Lynn and Everett. Member of Massachusetts House of Representatives, 1883–84. Address, 202–203 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

Luther Robinson White, M.D. Graduate student at Harvard Medical School. Has practiced medicine in Scandia, Kan., since 1878. Appointed U. S. examining surgeon January 1, 1882. Surgeon of Missouri Pacific Railroad. Address, Scandia, Kan.

CLASS OF 1874.

Hagop Harootun Acterian, Ph.D. Graduate student at Bates Theological School, Bangor Theological School, and Michigan University. Has been pastor of churches at North Anson and at Athens, Me. Lecturer on the history of philosophy at Adrian College, Mich., 1890–96. Now temporarily located in Portland, doing university extension work. Address, Portland, Me.

Henry Wilkins Chandler. Graduate student at the Law Department, Howard University, Washington, D. C., 1874–76. Has resided in Ocala, Marion County, since 1876. Has been city clerk, alderman, state senator, delegate to Republican national convention. Member state constitutional convention. Editor *Ocala Republican* and *Plain Dealer*. Address, Ocala, Fla.

Freeman Turner Crommett, A.M., LL.B. Principal Oxford Normal Institute, South Paris, 1874–77. Graduate student at Boston University Law School, 1877–79. Has practiced law in Boston since 1879. Resided in Somerville three years, and in Revere five years. Address, 15 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Andrew Jackson Eastman. Graduated at Bates Theological School, 1877. Pastor of Free Baptist Church, Steep Falls, 1877–78; Farnumsville, Mass., 1878–80; Worcester, Mass., 1880–82; Pittsfield, N. H., 1882–85; Ashland, N. H., 1885–89; Dover, N. H., 1889–94. Since then pastor of the Congregational Church in Bethlehem, N. H. Was the organizer of the church at Worcester. Address, Bethlehem, N.H.

Charles Samuel Frost. Graduated at Bates Theological School in 1878. Pastor Free Baptist Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt., 1878–81; Pawtucket, R. I., 1881–86; Somerville, Mass., 1886–87; Pawtucket, R. I., 1887–90. Is now supplying the Court Street Free Baptist Church in Auburn. Address, 51 Coburn Avenue, Lowell, Mass.

Robert Given. Has studied law in Lewiston and in Denver, Col. Lawyer in Denver since 1875. Address, 1,122 16th Street, Denver, Col.

William Henry Ham. Studied law in the office of Hutchinson and Record, Lewiston. Admitted to the Androscoggin County bar in 1877. Went to Illinois the same year, and has since resided in the West. Spent most of his time in teaching. Address, Jackson, Wash.

John Henry Hoffman. Studied at Andover and Bangor Theological seminaries. Pastor of Congregational Church in Henniker, N. H., 1877–85; Shelburne Falls, Mass., 1885–89; Peterboro, N. H., 1889. Now pastor of the First Congregational Church in Littleton, N. H. Was professor of elocution in Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass., for two years. Address, Littleton, N. H.

Josiah Fontaine Keene. Studied law with Hon. Percival Bonney in Portland. Has been in practice in Minneapolis since 1881. Address, Kasoto Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Frank Pierce Moulton, A.M. Studied chemistry at Bowdoin College Summer School and at Martha's Vineyard Summer School of Science. Principal of High School, Littleton, N. H., 1874–77. Teacher of classics, Literary Institute, New Hampton, N. H., 1877–85; High School, Waltham, Mass., 1885–90; High School, Hartford, Conn., 1890–. Spent the summer of 1892 in travel in Europe. Has published through Ginn & Co. a "Preparatory Latin Composition." Address, Hartford, Conn.

Alvah Ory Moulton, A.M. Has been a teacher and farmer in Parsonsfield since 1874. Member of school committee, 1881–84. Address, Parsonsfield, Me.

Reuel Willford Rogers. Studied law in the office of J. Libby, Jr., Unity, 1874–77. Admitted to the Waldo County bar in 1877. Practiced law in Burnham, 1877–78; Belfast, 1878–. Member of board of assessors, 1881. Deputy collector of customs, 1882–83. County attorney, 1884–86. Judge of police court, 1888. Address, Belfast, Me.

Augustine Simmons, A.M. Read law with E. W. and F. E. McFadden of Fairfield, Me. Admitted to the Kennebec County bar in August, 1877. Taught most of the time until 1881. Since that time has practiced law. Address, North Anson, Me.

Thomas Perkins Smith, M.D. Principal of Somerset Academy, Athens, 1874–76. Graduate student at Harvard Medical School, 1876–79. In practice in Saccarappa since 1879. Has been city physician and member of school board. Address, Westbrook, Maine.

Frederick Benjamin Stanford. Resided two years in Lewiston and

Auburn, two and one-half years in Philadelphia, and the remainder of the time in Brooklyn. Has been assistant editor *Lewiston Journal*, assistant editor *Financial Chronicle* of New York, literary editor *Sunday-School Times*, literary editor *Independent*. Now on the staff of the Brooklyn *Daily Citizen*. Visited Europe in 1883–84, 1887, 1892. Was the founder and first editor of the BATES STUDENT. Address, 60 Irving Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood gave an illustrated lecture on Egypt and the Nile, in the Elm Street Church in Auburn, on November 8th.

'68.—Joseph H. Freeman is deputy state superintendent of the public schools of Illinois. He retains his residence in Aurora, but his office is in Springfield.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford, D.D., editor of the *Morning Star*, has been recently bereft of his mother.

'75.—Forrest L. Evans of Salem, Mass., is attorney for the Boston & Maine Railroad.

'77.—Rev. Joseph A. Chase, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Houlton, has an article in the October number of the *Unitarian Review* on the question, "Does Death End All?"

'77.—Hon. M. P. Noble of Phillips served as president of the Franklin County Teachers' Association at its session in Farmington, October 4–6.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is mentioned as a possible candidate for mayor of Somerville, Mass.

'78.—Charles E. Hussey is superintendent of schools for Wakefield, Mass.

'79.—A sketch of the life of Thomas J. Bullin, who died some time since in Washington, D. C., will appear in the next number of the STUDENT.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle is principal of the High School in Milford, Mass.

'80.—Rev. Josiah H. Heald is pastor of the Congregational Church in Tucson, Arizona.

'82.—Lewis T. McKenney is superintendent of schools for Bedford, Mass.

'82.—Rev. J. C. Perham, pastor of the First Parish (Unitarian) Church in Portland, was elected president of the Maine Ministers' Association at its recent meeting held in Auburn.

'83.—Henry O. Dorr died October 30th, at his home in Gardiner.

'83.—R. W. Nutter is principal of a Grammar School in Lawrence, Mass.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee, formerly of the Glen House and Lookout Inn, will manage the Tampa Hotel, Florida, this winter, opening December 8th. This is one of the largest and finest houses of the Plants, whose names are synonymous with fast trains, superb steamers, and palatial hotels.

—*Lewiston Journal.*

'84.—J. W. Chadwick is principal of the Highland Avenue Grammar School in Gardiner.

'85.—C. A. Washburn has a year's leave of absence from the High School in Framingham, Mass. He is spending the time in study.

'85.—W. D. Fuller is pastor of the Baptist Church in Trinidad, Col.

'86.—E. A. Merrill, Esq., of Chicago, the originator of the Bates yell, made a short visit at the college recently.

'86.—F. E. Parlin, superintendent of schools, Natick, Mass., has been elected president of the Middlesex Teachers' Association, the largest of its kind in the country.

'89.—E. L. Stevens, M.D., of Belfast, has been recently visiting in Lewiston.

'90.—H. B. Davis is teacher of physics and chemistry in Wilbraham Academy, Wilbraham, Mass.

'90.—Miss Jennie L. Pratt is engaged in missionary and church work in connection with the Shawmut Congregational Church, Boston.

'90.—Arthur Peaslee received the degree of A.M. last year, and has taken charge of the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Haverhill, Mass.

'91.—H. J. Chase has accepted the position of master in the High School at Newton, Mass., with an important advance in salary over that received in his late position in the Cambridge Latin School.

'91.—C. R. Smith, M.D., is having a good practice at Livermore Falls.

'91.—F. W. Plummer is principal of the High School in Winchendon, Mass.

'92.—O. A. Tuttle is principal of the High School in Nahant, Mass.

'92.—Rev. A. P. Davis is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Newmarket, N. H.

'93.—E. C. Perkins, M.D., has begun practice at Mechanic Falls.

'93.—F. L. Hoffman spent a portion of the summer travelling in Europe. He is now having excellent success in the practice of law in Cincinnati.

'94.—A. J. Marsh is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Elmira Heights, N. Y.

'94.—At the meeting of the Sagadahoc Teachers' Association, held at Richmond on the 19th of this month, a paper was presented by Superintendent L. J. Graves of Augusta, on "Parents and the Schools."

'96.—A. B. Hoag is at present located in Lewiston.

'96.—Miss Flora A. Mason is teaching in Springfield, Me.

'96.—J. E. Roberts and Miss B. M. Whittum were united in marriage, November 17th.

'97.—A. L. Sampson is to teach at Brewster, Mass.

'97.—H. A. Childs was recently ordained at Gray, Me.

'97.—Miss Maud A. Vickery is teaching in the High School at Machias.

'97.—Miss C. Anna Snell is teaching in the High School at Whitman, Mass.

'97.—Among the members of the last graduating class who have been in town recently, are Burrill, Cunningham, Parker, and Miss Roby.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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ONE of the great failures which nearly all of us are likely to make in our college course is in respect of library work. We are accustomed to give all the time which we devote to study to the preparation of our curriculum duties. These of course come first, but they are not all. Recitation work at its best is set and mechanical; what we need is original investigation, work on our own responsibility. One hour each day given to careful study in a good library will be found of great permanent as well as immediate value.

* * *

A fact not generally known is that through cards held by the College Library the books of the City Library are easily available to our students. This makes quite a practical extension of our own library, especially in the line of fiction, and it would be well if this privilege were enjoyed by more of our students. Few of us would care to take out cards from the city library for our own private use, but as occasions arise, one of the college library cards may be obtained of our librarian and the books desired obtained.

The present condition of our library is in some respects better than ever before. Owing to the unselfish devotion to our college of our present librarian, many improvements are being made. The Dewey, or decimal system of classification, is rapidly being put in use. This, with the card catalogue and subject index, saves much time and energy. But the time required to bring about a change in an existing library system is enormous. When, moreover, we consider that in addition to this extra work of classifying, cataloguing, labeling, and arranging, our librarian has daily to attend to the charging and return of the books taken out—for the last two weeks the number was 728—we see something of the difficulties before her. Let every loyal student assist the librarian by prompt return of books and careful observance of rules.

* * *

But the number of students here swells with every incoming class, so the needs of the institution constantly increase. The college could do vastly better work with improved apparatus, funds for new buildings, and larger endowments

for professorships and scholarships. At present, however, we would call the attention of the friends of the college especially to the needs of its library.

The most pressing need in the line of books just now is that the partial magazine files on the shelves be completed, and that new ones be added. It is exasperating, to say the least, to find a reference that promises to be just what you want and then discover that the particular volume of the magazine in question is missing.

* * *

Then we need a reading-room in connection with the library. The young men maintain one for their own use in Parker Hall, but that does not benefit all the students. A well-conducted reading-room, supplied with the leading newspapers and periodicals, would be a privilege that every one would appreciate. We feel that the study of current topics—the keeping in touch with the great pulse of the active world—is too much neglected among students; and we would ask for these text-books for our daily use.

* * *

This question of the increase and improvement of our library is also of interest to the alumni, and in their hands lies the means of aiding us materially. The greater proportion of the libraries of the large colleges have been given by their alumni. We already have several shelves "given by the Bates alumni," and we are glad to see that there has been a growing appreciation of our need in this direction, and hope that the shelves may increase to alcoves. Neither expensive nor extensive individual gifts are necessary for the furthering of the cause, only a general response by the alumni body. Surely there is no better way of showing appreciation of and loyalty to *Alma Mater* than by aiding in the increase of her library, so necessary a department of an active, up-to-date college.

* * *

Another suggestion is that the society libraries should be donated to the college library. As they are now, locked behind glass doors, they are rarely used, and thus of no use to anybody, while the college has been duplicating many of the society volumes in its purchases for its own shelves. If the societies should loyally donate these books to the college, they, being placed upon the shelves for use, would be a valuable addition to our working library.

* * *

But above all there comes an imperative demand for a new library building, one that shall be sufficient for the present needs of the college, and that shall accommodate the growth in the coming years. Such a building might be planned so that a main part be built now, and wings added later, when necessary. In that case a fund of fifteen to twenty thousand dollars would be sufficient for the present; while fifty thousand would erect such a building as would be a pride to the college and an honor to the state. Here is an opportunity for some loyal Bates man or woman to place their money where it would return true honor to the giver, and where its fruitage would be a constant power for good through the long years of student life at Bates.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Captain Pulsifer attended the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge.

Miss Maxim, '99, was recently called home by the illness of her mother.

Miss Garcelon, '98, has completed her term of school at Wells, and returned to college.

The Piærians have made a decided improvement in their room by putting in a new mantel with fire-place and gas-log.

Friday evening, November 5th, President Chase gave an address before the Franklin County Teachers' Convention at Farmington.

The Seniors were pleasantly entertained Wednesday evening, November 3d, at the home of Mr. A. P. Pulsifer, in New Auburn.

Thursday, November 11th, the Freshmen, under the protection of Professor Stanton, took a trip to Lake Auburn, the fish hatchery, and Mt. Gile.

The Ladies' Glee Club are making plans for a trip the first week of vacation, giving concerts at Portland, Kennebunk, South Berwick, and Somersworth, N. H.

Many of the students have had a severe attack of golf fever this fall. The disease was introduced by Coach Hoag, and spread rapidly, sparing neither great nor small, Senior nor Freshman.

Professor Geer delivered an address before the Maine Ministers' Association, in the High Street M. E. Church, Auburn, Wednesday afternoon, November 10th. His subject was, "What is the Simple Gospel?"

The prize division of the Freshman declamations came on Wednesday afternoon, November 10th. Music was furnished by the College Orchestra. The programme was:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

A Military Steeple-Chase.	W. B. Pierce.
True Reformers.	J. E. Wilson.
Evon Cameron.	Miss Ethel B. Vickery.
Mice at Play.	Miss Lizzie M. Baldwin.

MUSIC.

Flying Jim's Last Leap.	Miss Kathrine Shea.
The Second Trial.	Miss Gertrude B. Libbey.
The Swan Song.	Miss Bertha A Besse.
A Soldier of the Empire.	Frank Halliday.

MUSIC.

Grattan's Reply to Mr. Corry.	A. C. Clark.
Patriot and Traitor.	J. S. Bragg.
The Old Minstrel.	Miss May H. Smith.
Nations and Humanity.	E. K. Jordan.
Treatment of the American Colonies.	A. E. Davis.

MUSIC.

AWARDING OF PRIZES.

The judges, Mayor N. W. Harris of Auburn, Hon. Joel Bean, Jr., and Mrs. A. W. Anthony, awarded the prize for ladies to Miss Gertrude B. Libbey, and for gentlemen, to Mr. A. E. Davis.

Example given in the Psychology class, of difference inferred: Mr. S.—"I caught a fish one day. Mr. Blank also caught one. I infer that mine was larger than his, for mine furnished lunch for three, and Blank ate all of his himself."

The mystic rites of Hallowe'en were observed by the Juniors, at the home of Miss Coan in Auburn; the Sophomores had their festivities in the society rooms; and the Freshmen were pleasantly entertained by Mr. Moulton at his home on College Street.

One bright forenoon, not long ago, the editors of this paper, together with the business managers, wended their way down town and sought a photographer's studio. The family wore their best bibs and tuckers and sweetest smiles. The result will appear next month.

As we go to press, active preparations are being made for a concert to be given by college talent. The entertainment is to be given in Main Street Free Baptist Church, Wednesday evening, November 24th, the proceeds going to the Athletic Association. The programme follows:

Bridal Chorus.—Cowen. Mixed Chorus.
Vocal Solo—By the Waters.—Adams.
H. W. Fernald.
Glee—Three Maidens Went Sailing.—Macy.
Ladies' Glee Club.
Darkey's Cradle Song.—Wheeler. Quartette.
Cornet Solo—Selected. F. H. Miller.
Yachting Glee.—Culbertson. Male Glee Club.
Vocal Solo—Selected. S. C. Lary.
Reading—Selected. D. M. Stewart.
"Won't You be My H'm."—Dorè. Quartette.
Soldiers' Chorus.—Gounod. Mixed Chorus.

Dr. Kelley, from the Sargent Gymnasium at Harvard, has recently been here and given physical examinations to many of the young ladies. She said she had never been in an institution where the general health was so good, and she found no girl whom she examined unable to take gymnasium work.

The Debating League held its annual business meeting Thursday, November 18th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Merrill, '99; Vice-President, Catheron, 1900; Secretary, Miss Jordan, '99; Treasurer, Hamlin, 1901; Executive Committee, Costello, '98, Tukey, '98, Palmer, '99, Packard, 1900, Jordan, 1901. The advisability of joining the other Maine colleges in forming a state league was discussed, and Mr. O. H. Toothaker was appointed to confer with the other colleges with a view to the early formation of a state league.

The wedding of Miss Blanche Whittum, Bates, '99, and Mr. Junius E. Roberts, principal of Monson Academy of Monson, Me., was attended at the residence of J. Frank Boothby of College Street, Lewiston, on Wednesday at noon. Rev. A. C. Keith of New Hampton, N. H., a personal friend of the groom and a graduate of Cobb Divinity School in 1896, the same year that the groom graduated from Bates, officiated at the ceremony. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and a group of young ladies from the bride's class in college attended. The bridesmaid was Miss Georgie Knapp of Lewiston, and the groom's best man was Mr. Cheney Boothby, Bates, '96. A party of about fifty attended the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts received many beautiful gifts. They will leave at once for Monson, where they will visit. The bride is one of a well-known Lewiston family, and an accomplished and charming young lady.

—*Lewiston Journal.*

PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

SINCE the introduction of physical examinations in the fall of 1896, great interest has been manifested in the physical condition of the different men examined. The comparative standing of the best men in the two lower classes may be of interest to some. The following is the list of the condition of the ten best men in each of the two lower classes:

1900.

	Condition.
Ernest Call,	+190
R. D. Purington,	+122.4
A. M. Jones,	+113.2
L. G. Staples,	+97.8
R. S. M. Emrich,	+69.2
R. I. Morse,	+53.1
D. L. Richardson,	+42.3
C. P. Dennison,	+41.8
W. A. Robbins,	+24.3
J. Willis,	+18.6

1901.

J. H. Nason,	+292.6
W. R. Ham,	+219.5
H. A. Putnam,	+207.4
A. C. Clark,	+163.4
A. W. Russell,	+139
W. R. Buker,	+135.6
A. E. Davis,	+124.5
E. K. Jordan,	+112.5
H. I. Smith,	+105
F. Halliday,	+102

The term condition means the difference between a man's development and his total strength. The development is found by adding together the girths of head, chest, chest full, waist, thighs, upper-arms, and forearms. The total strength is the sum of the five strength tests taken, and includes strength of lungs, back, legs, upper-arms, and forearms. There is a plus condition when the total strength exceeds the development; a minus condition when the development exceeds the total strength. The reason for this is that muscles of a certain size or girth should possess a corresponding strength. A person to be in good condition should have a total strength equal to or greater than his development, with heart, lungs, etc., in good working order.

The following is a list of the best men in both classes who registered the highest in the different tests given, with the record of each:

WEIGHT.

B. E. Packard, 1900, 83 kilos—182.6 lbs.
C. W. Clark, 1901, 81.9 kilos—180.2 lbs.

HEIGHT.

A. W. Lowe, 1900, 187.1 cm.—74.8 in.
E. S. Stevens, 1901, 185 cm.—74 in.

*CHEST EXPANSION.

R. S. M. Emrich, 1900, 7.5 cm.—3 in.
C. W. Clark, 1901, 10 cm.—4 in.
W. M. Marr, 1901, 9.5 cm.—3.8 in.

*CHEST EXPANSION, NINTH RIB.

H. C. Griffin, 1900, 10 cm.—4 in.
A. W. Russell, 1901, 10 cm.—4 in.

DEPTH OF CHEST.

M. G. Sturgis, 1900, 21.7 cm.—8.7 in.
C. W. Clark, 1901, 25.3 cm.—10 in.

CAPACITY OF LUNGS.

H. C. Griffin, 1900, J. M. Rogers, 1900, W. A. Robbins, 1900, R. S. Roberts, 1900, A. W. Wing, 1900, 325 cu. in.
W. M. Marr, 1901, 390 cu. in.

STRENGTH OF LUNGS.

W. S. Jones, 1900, 12.9
Frank Halliday, 1901, 17

BACK LIFT.

C. P. Dennison, 1900, 198 kilos—435.6 lbs.
J. H. Nason, 1901, 215 kilos—473 lbs.

LEG LIFT.

A. M. Jones, 1900, 340 kilos—748 lbs.
J. H. Nason, 1901, 365 kilos—803 lbs.

UPPER-ARMS.

Ernest Call, 1900, 220 kilos—484 lbs.
H. I. Smith, 1901, 186 kilos—409 lbs.

DEVELOPMENT.

B. E. Packard, 1900,	603.7
C. W. Clark, 1901,	622.1

CONDITION.

Ernest Call, 1900,	+190
J. H. Nason, 1901,	+292.6

TOTAL STRENGTH.

Ernest Call, 1900,	759.4 kilos—1,670.7 lbs.
J. H. Nason, 1901,	851.7 kilos—1,873.7 lbs.

*The chest expansion varies from that taken by most life insurance companies in that it is taken without expelling the tidal air, *i.e.*, is the difference between the normal condition and its greatest expansion.

W. W. BOLSTER, JR.

FOOT-BALL.

Bates, 10; Bowdoin, 6.
Bates, 8; University of Maine, 6.
Bates, 5; University of Maine, 4.
Bates, 6; Colby, 6.
Bates, 30; Phillips-Exeter, 0.

Bates, 6; Colby, 6.

October 23d we met Colby on Lee Park. Captain Brooks won the toss and took the south end of the field. Hinkley opened the game by kicking off to Colby's 40-yard line. Colby immediately put into execution the "guardsback" play, which was very effective. Steadily the ball went up the field, Colby making short gains on nearly every down. At the end of ten minutes Rice carried the ball across the goal line. Brooks kicked the goal.

Again Hinkley kicked off, sending the ball to the five-yard line. Colby advanced it 15 yards before the man with the ball was downed. Colby made several gains, was given 15 yards on an off-side play, then lost the ball on downs. Bates went into the game with a new vim, and from this point Colby's mass plays were no longer effective. Hinkley went around the end for a 15-yards gain. Saunders followed suit for 15 more. Several short gains were made through the line, and then Bruce took the ball down to Colby's 30-yard line. The ball was kept advancing through tackles and around the ends. On the 13-yard line Pulsifer took the ball to go through the line, but Colby stood firm. In the resulting scrimmage the ball was passed to Call, who darted between Colby's goal posts for a touchdown. The referee, however, claimed that the ball was down in the scrimmage, and the touchdown was not allowed. Forty-four seconds were left to play. When the whistle blew the ball was on Colby's three-yard line.

In the second half Colby kicked. Hinkley received the ball at the 15-yard line and advanced it 15 yards before being downed. By fierce rushes Bates soon carried the ball to Colby's 20-yard line. Here Colby got the ball on downs, but was unable to make her distance, and Bates again got possession of the ball. Halliday punted and Sturgis fell on the ball. On Colby's two-yard line Bates again lost the ball. Colby made a few short gains and then was compelled to punt to make their distance. The ball went about 15 yards. Pulsifer advanced it five yards, and in the next play, took it to the five-yard line. Halliday gained all but a foot, and then Call went through Colby's line for a touchdown. Halliday kicked the goal.

Colby kicked off to Bates's 10-yard line. Pulsifer caught the ball and

advanced it 20 yards. Colby held for two downs and Halliday punted. He followed and fell on the ball. It was claimed that the ball touched Bruce before Halliday got it, making an offside play. The officials gave the ball and ten yards to Colby. Bates got the ball again on downs. Bates had made one short gain and was lining up for the second down when the whistle blew. The ball was in Bates's possession on her 15-yard line.

In this game Sturgis played rushline halfback on the defensive, and end on the offensive; Hinkley fullback on the offensive, and end on the defensive; Halliday halfback on the offensive, and fullback on the defensive. The summary:

BATES.		COLBY.
Richardson.	Left End.	Buneman.
Sprague.	Left Tackle.	Putnam.
Saunders.	Left Guard.	Brooks, Capt.
Hoag.	Center.	Allen.
Bruce.	Right Guard.	Scannell.
Call.	Right Tackle.	Rowell.
Sturgis. / Hinkley.	Right End.	Cotton.
Purington.	Quarterback.	Tozier.
Pulsifer, Capt.	Left Halfback.	Hooke.
Halliday. / Sturgis.	Right Halfback.	Allen.
Hinkley. / Halliday.	Fullback.	Rice.

Score—Bates 6, Colby 6. Touchdowns—Call, Rice. Goals from touchdowns—Scannell, Halliday. Umpires, first half—E. G. Edwards, Lafayette; second half, Sinkinson. Referees, first half—J. D. Sinkinson, Bowdoin; second half, Edwards. Linesmen—J. H. Bates, Colby; W. W. Bolster, Jr., Bates. Timekeepers—H. A. Wing and W. T. Veazie of Bowdoin. Time—20-minute halves.

Bates, 30; Exeter, 0.

November 6th Bates played Phillips Exeter Academy, at Exeter, N. H. Bates had things her own way from start to finish, making gains around both ends and at every point in the line. Only twice could Exeter hold her opponents for downs, and except at the kick-off the ball was never in Bates's territory. The summary:

BATES.		EXETER.
Richardson.	Left End.	Gordonier.
Sprague.	Left Tackle.	Hogan.
Saunders.	Left Guard.	Greene.
Hoag.	Center.	Greene.
Bruce.	Right Guard.	Higley. / Robertson.
Call.	Right Tackle.	Jones.
Hinkley.	Right End.	Sears.
Purington.	Quarterback.	Baldwin.
Pulsifer.	Left Halfback.	Hersey.
Sturgis.	Right Halfback.	Syphax.
Russell. / Halliday.	Fullback.	Lynd.

Score—Bates 30. Touchdowns—Sprague, Pulsifer 2, Russell, Hinkley. Goals from touchdowns—Halliday, Hinkley 4. Umpire—McCormack. Referee—Griffin. Linesmen—Shaw, A. P. Pulsifer. Time—20-minute halves.

College Exchanges.

DID you ever sit in a library and gaze on the bindings of the many books around you, until from very sympathy with the author's weariness, you sighed; weariness because you felt that every book represented faithful labor? Each one of those cold, lifeless appearing volumes contains just so much of the author's vitality as there is good in the book itself. True life in a child of the brain must come from life within that brain—genius creates works of genius. If this man writes a society or character novel, and marks every page of it with the stamp of his own individuality, that novel must be a success. It may be that one person out of ten will not find that mark to

distinguish it, it will be so printed between the lines amidst the words and at the ends of the tiniest rootlets of thought; nevertheless it is there, and gives to that page such a tinge of reality, sympathy, and completeness, that it satisfies. The lack of just this element makes the similar novel dull, "stupid," we say.

Occasionally we read something from a student's pen that came into being, we feel, not because the writer's standing depended on it, but because he loved it, believed in it, and was willing to sacrifice for it. Such writers have in them the beginning of true authorship, and their sacrifice of to-day will bring them in a hundred-fold in the coming years. Their personality will deepen and broaden with each new giving, and enrich more and more the pages of their work.

True literary talent is a noble gift, and requires careful nurture. America's twentieth century authors are in our colleges now, and are filling the columns of our numerous magazines. What our literature shall be depends somewhat on the standard maintained in our college journals. Is this a small factor in our nation's life? Shall we have whole-hearted reality in the work or half-hearted sham?

The amount of poetry this month is a minimum, although jingles and rhymes on such themes as the summer girl, etc., are abundant.

In the *Sibyl* we find a bright article, "The Higher Education of Women," written by the editor-in-chief. "The Spirit of Nemesis," in the same number, is also good.

The College Rambler's "Window Seat" is entertaining, in this number; probably because we have the best interest of the Freshmen at heart, we would advise them to read it. We are persuaded, from its perusal, that a Freshman is a Freshman the world over.

George H. Martin, supervisor of the Boston public schools, offers an article in *Education*, "How Can a Teacher Become Master of His Business?" that well deserves the attention of all students who intend to make teaching their profession.

The University Monthly appears in a new cover. It contains an interesting description and diagnosis of the new disease, "Klondicitis." "The Practical Side of Literary Work" reveals some truths generally appreciated only by editors.

The Brunonian is a sample number. "The Kinship of Creeds," the medal essay from the Peabody Girls' Chapter, is excellent, both for thought and expression. "The Poetry of Edgar Allan Poe" seems to have caught some of Poe's own spirit, and the style is well adapted to the thought. As a critical study it is above the average. These two articles combine to make the *Peabody Record* unusually interesting.

A Chat About New Books.

THE snow has come, evidently planning to stay awhile. Very persistently its soft, clinging bits of whiteness work on, trying to hide the dry grass and barren branches. You and I, certainly, cannot but be drawn close to Nature by this transformation which she is accomplishing under our eyes. There is a little book just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., which will draw us yet closer to Mother Earth. It is "Nature's Diary,"[1] a gift book to be appreciated by all those who care for birds or flowers or poetic prose. The arrangement of the book is excellent. The days of the year each occupy half of two opposite pages. On one page is a quotation from a nature-lover, as Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whittier, Olive Thorne Miller, Edith Thomas. These quotations are carefully chosen so as to fit the date under which they appear. On the opposite page is a record of the coming of the birds, the opening of the flowers, and the ripening of the nuts. Beneath this scientific record is a blank space for the owner's own notes.

The book is attractively bound, yet strongly, so that it may be carried in the pocket while camping out, or on a bicycle tour. The notes taken thus will be useful as a reminder of your outing and a guide to the next year's observations. The illustrations add much to this pretty calendar. It is also a birthday book, giving the birth-year of noted lovers of nature under the appropriate day.

Stories told by Indians concerning the superstitions of their tribes are always interesting, both as a study in the development of the race and because of their originality. Abby L. Alger has collected several legends told her by Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, and Micmac Indians. The title of her collection is "In Indian Tents."[2]

On the cover of the book is a picture of a famous story-teller in the Passamaquoddy tribe, a woman eighty-seven years of age. An old man, almost in his dotage, related to her, in a kind of chant, the curious myth of the creation, as believed by good Indians.

Two volumes of poems lie on my table. "Selected Poems,"[3] by the novelist, George Meredith, contains a fine portrait of the author who supervised the selection.

Careful reading is necessary, as the author is often obscure, but you are likely to stumble across a poetic conception that repays the effort expended. There is too great a sacrifice of clearness to sound and imagery. Exempt from this criticism, however, is his dainty song of "Mother to Babe," his "Woodland Peace," and his "Ballad of Past Meridian." Meredith delights in long sentences and mystic colorings that remind one of Keats.

Stedman's "Poems Now First Collected"[4] are a contrast to Meredith's in many ways. They lack the sensual beauty of the latter poet, but they do not fail in clearness. Many of the ballads have an irresistible lilt, as "Provençal Lovers," "Witchcraft," and

"Cousin Lucrece." "The Constant Heart" is a beautiful poem. He expresses his feelings toward Helen Keller in a poem addressed to her, of which I quote the last verse:

"Pity thy unconfined
Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
Use not their grosser sense?
Ah, no! thy bright intelligence
Hath its own Paradise,
A realm wherein to hear and see
Things hidden from our kind.
Not thou, not thou—'tis we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind!"

"A Norway Summer"[5] is one of those books which every one likes to read. Three girls go a-travelling together in a foreign land, always finding friendly strangers of both sexes to enliven the days. A love affair or two is mixed in for conscience' sake. The girls visit Bergengaard, Christiania, Throndhjem, sail across the Arctic circle, around Norway, stop at Begen, and are back at Christiania again. The simple and natural way in which they write home of Norway scenery, and the details of their journey, is pleasing. The illustrations are numerous and clear. The authors' style is faulty, however.

If you want to be soothed and delighted by a really graceful style, read Elbert Hubbard's series of "Little Journeys."[6] In his last book he takes us to the homes of many famous women, such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Madame De Staël, Madame Guyon, the Empress Josephine, and Elizabeth Frye. The author's culture and experience, his wit and good judgment, enrich every page. And then the glimpses he gives us, into the lives of these women! We are thrilled and uplifted and taken out of ourselves. Madame Guyon and Harriet Martineau bravely standing for their vision of the truth, Mary Lamb and Mary Shelley living only for love, Rosa Bonheur with her single purpose, art,—yes, even Madame De Staël with her equally absorbing purpose of leading the great society world—all are types of womanhood with traits worthy our admiration and imitation. The portraits are valuable. There is a fac-simile letter of Mary Lamb, and an interesting extract from a letter written by Josephine concerning Napoleon's proposal of marriage. There are also extracts from the authoresses, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, and others.

The charm of the book lies in the author's rare power of putting us in possession of just those details of environment which will best help us to appreciate his character. The style is conversational and easy; yet the characteristic moods of each woman are vividly impressed upon us, as distinct and never again to be confounded with any other.

[1] Nature's Diary. Arranged by Francis Allen. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $1.25.

[2] In Indian Tents. By Abby L. Alger. Roberts Brothers, Boston; $1.00.

[3] Selected Poems. By George Meredith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; $1.75.

[4] Poems Now First Collected. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $1.50.

[5] A Norway Summer. By Laura D. Nichols. Roberts Brothers, Boston; $1.25.

[6] Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women. By Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; $1.75.

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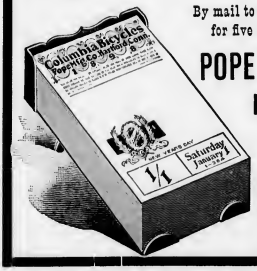
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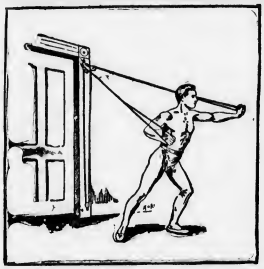
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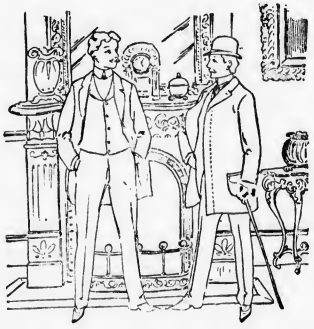
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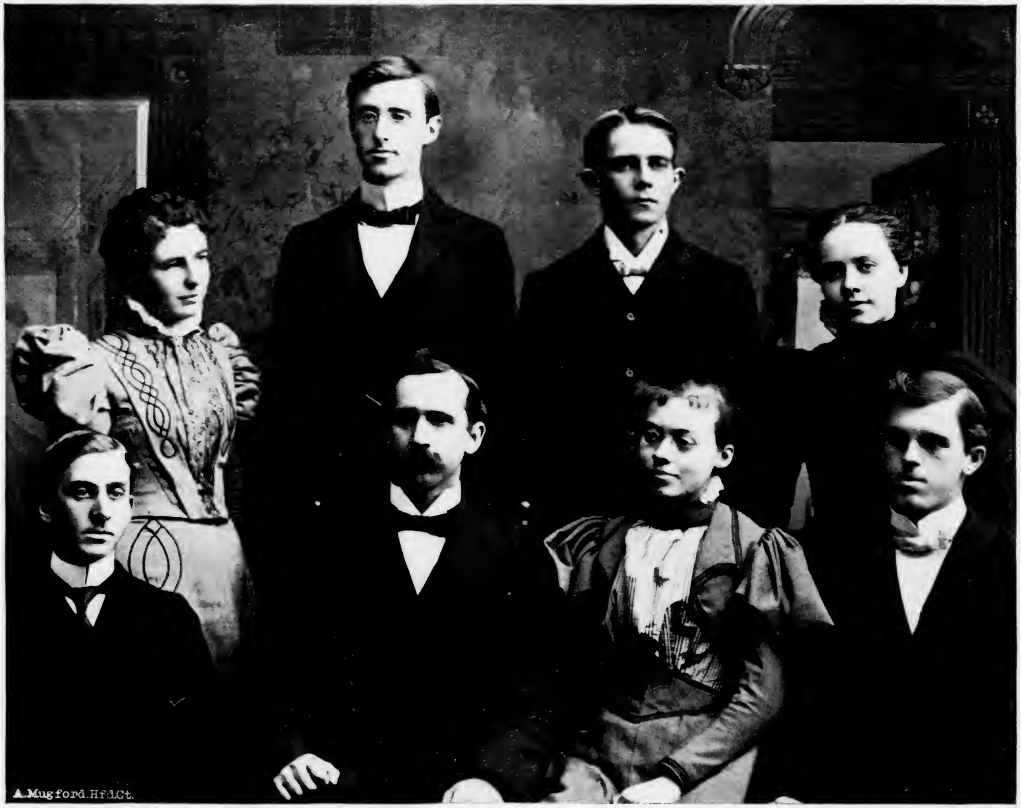
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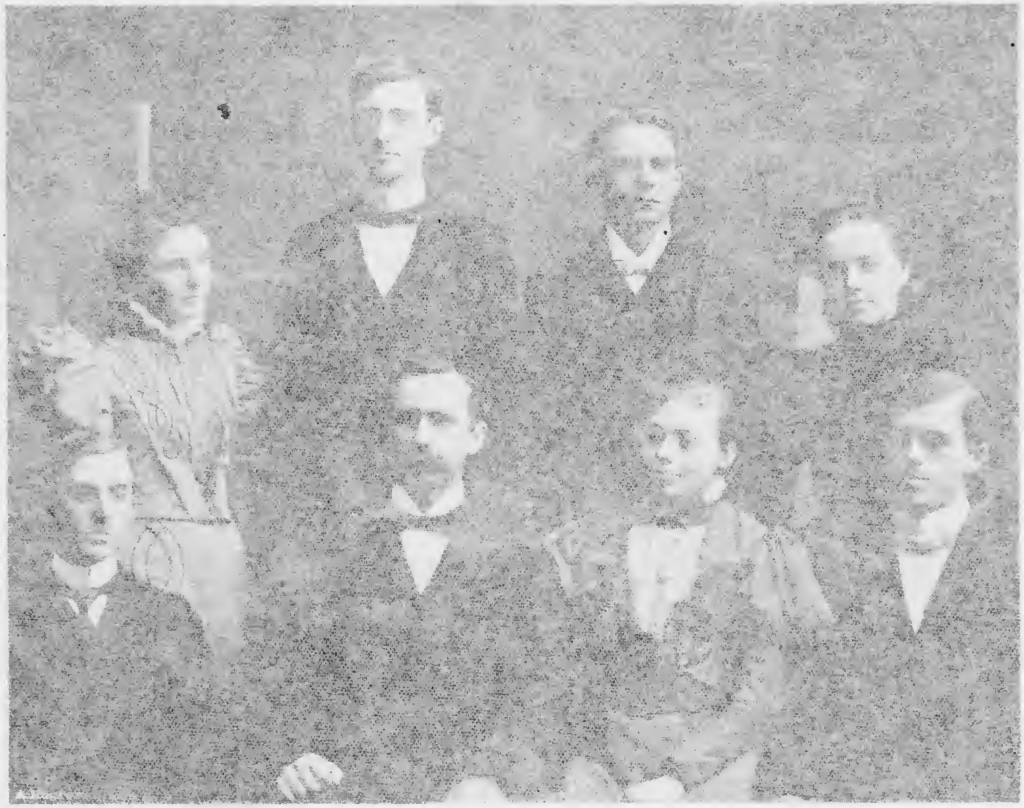
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV. DECEMBER, 1897. NO. 10.

A WAYSIDE LESSON.

'Twas an unsightly wayside flower
That none to pluck would care,
Yet all day long the honey-bees
Were softly murmuring there.

I found a tiny hidden cup
Beneath its bristling top,
From which the busy workers drained
A clear ambrosial drop.

A lesson for my daily use
That lowly plant revealed—
The humblest duties bravely done
Ever some sweetness yield.

M. B. M., '98.

THE FLORENTINE MARTYR.

THREE scenes tell the story of Savonarola's tragic life. The curtain rises on the first. We see a solitary youth with head bowed as by the weight of years, wandering along the green banks of the Po. From the gay Italian city behind him comes the sound of revelry and wild bacchanalian songs. What cares he for this, or even for the quiet beauty of his surroundings? Tears are in his great eyes; his gaunt, rugged features are moved; his young heart is wrung with pity for suffering and ignorance, and with horror for the wickedness of "the blinded people of Italy."

The scene changes. We are in a Florentine cathedral, dark, majestic, mystical, here and there a beam of light straying in through the painted windows. The vast area is filled with an eager throng, who sit as though carved from stone, with faces upturned toward the pulpit. A Dominican friar stands at the sacred desk, a black-mantled figure with cowl partly pushed back, revealing an intense face and eyes luminous with the glow of passionate feeling. The crowd hangs breathless on the words of the preacher, or sways and vibrates with the contagion of uncontrollable emotion. Now, in a voice of sudden thunder, he hurls out fiery denunciations of the wrath to come; now in tones trembling with anguish he entreats his people to repent and pray.

The scene changes to the great square of Florence. On one side is a narrow platform and a heap of fuel placed in the circular area at its end. A gibbet, from which three halters are suspended, rises above the pile of wood. The piazza is thronged with a fierce, blood-thirsty mob. Ribald shouts and jeers and curses are heard on every hand. Three men walk firmly out upon the platform. From their lips triumphant hymns of praise arise. We see the flicker of torches and the mad fury of the people. The curtain falls. The tragedy is over.

Girolamo Savonarola—the priest, prophet, reformer, statesman, and mar-

tyr! Against the dark background of corruption of the fifteenth century, he stands out the champion of purity and truth. He represents the awakening of the soul of his age and one of the elements of humanity's renaissance.

When he entered the convent gate of San Marco, solitary and unknown, Florence was one of the most luxurious, dissolute cities that ever the blue Italian sky smiled down upon. The liberty of the people was gone, and they, dumb and helpless, were solaced by the magnificent shows and festivals given by their tyrant, Lorenzo de Medici. The monk cried out in despair that the world was—

> . . . "In wild confusion tost,
> The very depth and essence lost
> Of all good ways and every virtue bright;
> Nor shines one living light,
> Nor one who of his vices feels the shame.
>
> Those souls shall now be thought most rare and good
> Who most by fraud and force can gain,
> Who heaven and Christ disdain,
> Whose thoughts on others' harm forever brood."

In a few years the inspired preaching and the powerful individuality of the man had completely changed pleasure-loving Florence; the streets resounded with sacred hymns instead of drunken orgies; and the people fasted rather than feasted. The unknown monk of St. Mark's had become the absolute dictator of the city, politically and religiously.

This influence upon the famous Florentines who lived after him is remarkable. One writer says: "He was the tree with vigorous roots in the earth, and these followers the branches, the leaves, and the fruit. Savonarola was the star, and these the rays reflected in troubled waters. From this spot the three sister shapes—Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting—went forth to beautify the world." The Dominican friar taught that life is not idle ore, but metal to be bent to useful ends."

To the historian, the career of Savonarola is interesting because of the nature of the mark left by him upon his time and his influence in shaping succeeding events. The student of character is impressed by the strongly marked lines and shadows and the picturesqueness of the man, as well as by the fascination of his terrible fate. He finds in him a most remarkable example of a great soul balancing itself on the perilously uncertain line which divides self-deception from conscious imposture, high prophetic fervor from low fanaticism, the noble zeal of the patriot and philanthropist from the selfish ambition of the politician.

Whatever may have been his faults, his life teaches us the great lesson of devotion to duty. Self had no place in his heart. Through obscurity and fame, through honor and degradation, he labored ever for Florence and for mankind. His reward was what has fallen to Christian reformers since the beginning of time—scorn, obloquy, and suffering during life, but at death the crown of immortality.

As long as Florence sits in her valley by the silver Arno and the vine-clad hills encircle her dark palaces and towers, so long will a shadow lie across her sunny squares and speak the name of Girolamo Savonarola.

M. B. Maxim, '98.

NATIONAL PARTIES AND MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

MR. BRYCE, in his "American Commonwealth," tells us that the greatest evil in our system of government is our management, or rather mismanagement, of municipal affairs.

In the last few months this truth has been brought home to the American public more forcefully than ever before. The utter rottenness of municipal control is a fact now so evident that it cannot be overlooked by respectable and well-wishing citizens. Conditions, bad as they have been in the years past, have lately taken on a far more serious aspect. City amalgamation and the centralization of power has complicated the problem. New York City, the national metropolis, is the real storm center for the gradually darkening clouds of ring rule and boss control. This one giant commonwealth, with its three and one-half millions of people, almost invariably sways the nation. Hence it is but natural that here should be the objective point for the mightiest efforts of the two great, controlling parties; and that here, also, in the very stronghold of the nation's diabolical schemers and aggrandizing party managers, there should have arisen the most potent movement for the purification of the governmental system.

The Citizens' Union of the Greater New York have struck at the root of the evil and dealt it a staggering, if not a well-nigh deadly blow. They have broken loose from the general plan of reform by converting the party leaders, and have adopted the only true method of procedure, namely, the independent movement; or, in other words, they have entirely eliminated national party lines from municipal elections. And why should they not be eliminated? What has a man's views on the currency problem or the sugar tariff to do with the management of a city's affairs?

It is high time that the respectable citizens of all parties should look about them and observe how powerless they are and how little they have to do or to say in respect to choosing the manipulation of the reins of government. And this is just what has taken place.

When the plan first assumed definite form there was great hope that an alliance might be made between the Reformers and the Republican machine. But such could not be accomplished, and it is well that it could not. The reform movement, to a great extent at least, would have at once lost its significance if it had called upon the "party boss" for aid. Even the election of the Citizens' candidate, if supported by the party organization, would have been a result far short of absolute success.

And yet, on the other hand, what has the failure to concur cost the people of the great metropolis? Instead of having four years of government by an honorable, non-partisan, and progressive administration, they have taken a step backward. They have repudiated the action of the last administration in its campaign for a cleaner government, and have said that they prefer the "good old rottenness."

Although the Reformers failed to elect their candidate, yet they accomplished much. That they massed, in round numbers, one hundred and fifty thousand votes on the side of advancement, is a fact of great significance. It shows what might be accomplished if a general and determined effort were made. It shows that there are men who are in sympathy with good government and will keep along with it if some one else will furnish the motive power. It shows what a campaign of education can accomplish in a great city where a large proportion of the population cannot speak the English language.

The largest city in the western hemisphere is now in the hands of a great political party committed to a certain code of *national* issues. It is ruled by men nominated upon this *national* platform and elected solely because of party affiliations. No heed was paid to their qualifications for the positions to which they were elected. The party machine, managed by the party boss, nominated the men and elected them.

The fact that national politics are allowed to figure in municipal elections is responsible for nine-tenths of the political corruption and governmental mismanagement in this country to-day. Party lines in municipal affairs increase the evils of the spoils system many fold. They render the cities the strongholds of the corrupt politicians; they strengthen the allegiance to party rather than to principle; and they render the government of our American cities a cause of shame to any respectable citizen. G., '98.

HARVEST TIME.

All hail to the gleam of the bright autumn sunshine
That dwells on the wheat and the ripening corn.
All hail to the process of nature's completion,
When summer and roses are faded and gone.

Far out in the woods the wild cherries are ripening.
The beech-nuts await the first frosts of the fall,
And from out of the branches, fast changing their garments,
The song-birds' last messages chirrup and call.

No longer the light, fleecy clouds of the summer
Scud over the delicate tints of the sky.
Deep azure instead tells of oncoming winter,
And warns us that autumn is fading to die.

And nature in hand taking up her light brushes
Sets out a picture of beauty to paint,
Turns tall trees and woodlands to flashes of color
With harmonic blending of beauty so quaint.

The trees are all turning to russet and yellow,
To orange and crimson, to copper and red,
While out in the fields the great yellow pumpkins
Lie ripe on their vines, so withered and dead.

The great purple asters stand out in full beauty,
The golden-rod, emblem of national pride,
And the great bottle gentian, blue-lidded and dainty,
Grow now where the violet blossomed and died.

The granaries are filling with mother earth's products,
And the great horn of Plenty is full running o'er,
While wreaths of bright maple leaves bound close together
Are thrown in confusion on the treasure in store.

So all hail to fair nature, our dear foster-mother,
Who gives us these fruits for the uses of man,
Who brings by her aid one step nearer completion
Great problems of life which our Father did plan.

—L. H. S.

IN THE LAP OF NATURE.

A Sketch.

I.

IN the joy of wild freedom the boy runs through the fields and woods. He throws himself down beside the brook and delights in the birds around him. He catches the speckled trout and chases the squirrel. Unknown to him, nature is satisfying a something within him. Sometimes, in his sober moments, there steals silently into his mind a questioning, a wondering, "what is this great world about?" But it is only for a moment, then joyous life that cannot long be subdued rises up and dispels the wondering like mist before the sun. By day, he runs through nature breathing the pure air, and at night he lies down to sweet sleep.

II.

The boy has grown to young manhood. His college days are nearing their close. Again, in summer, he wanders through the fields and woods near his home. Again he lies by the running brook and listens to the soft, dreamy rustling of the leaves and the gentle noonday twittering of the birds about him. A satisfaction is felt, a hunger is appeased. The youth feels dormant powers within him, and he dreams dreams of his future out in the great world. Boyhood is fading away. Manhood is right before him. He is at the threshold, looking, in his dreams, out onto life.

III.

The youth has reached sober manhood, and the cares of life weigh heavily upon him. For a few days he has left the busy world and sought the boyhood home. He goes to the old scenes, and again amid the fragrant pines and hemlocks, by the running brook, the peace and calm of youth's dreamy days falls on him. He has reached some of the heights he dreamed of years ago in this same spot, but success and honors now fade away, in the presence of nature pouring balm upon the tired spirit.

IV.

The man has come down to old age. His life work is done, and well done. With whitened head and tottering step he comes back to his old home town, and as in boyhood's days, so now at the end of life he sits in the lap of nature. He listens to her music and drinks deep of her sweet wine. She who was a friend to the wild boy, the dreamy youth, and the tired man, is alike a friend to him who is awaiting the setting of his sun.

'9—.

IN THE SUMMER.

On the crest of a rock-strewn hill-side,
Near the close of a summer day,
I paused and looked back o'er the meadow
Stretching far from my sight away.

Dark shadows athwart the green landscape,
The forerunner of darkness, lay,
And the patient horses moved slowly
Toward the hill with their last load of hay.

All was still, save the meadow lark's whistle,
Wafted up from the new-mown sward,
And the far-away bell's measured ringing
That told of the home-coming herd.

The barn-swallows flew swiftly homeward
To the waiting brood in the nest;
Now the light of day was extinguished,
And the weary earth sank to rest.

—'98.

FROM HER DIARY.

May 15, 189–.

DEAR old Diary,—Three days have passed and I haven't written a word. Well! the first day of my first school is over, and I am ill and tired and homesick. I feel just like pouring out my heart to you.

On Saturday afternoon, the agent's brother met me at the depot in a clumsy spring-board with enormous wheels. My valise was tied on behind by ropes, and I climbed up to the narrow board seat beside the driver, feeling rather nervous. My manner was dignified, for I wished to make a favorable impression on this representative from the "deestrict." He remarked that the roads were "putty bad." After we left the village and travelled some distance with two wheels on a snow bank and two sinking as far as the hub in the mud, after my valise had burst open on account of the sudden changes in position, and I had escaped several ignominious tumbles into the soft slush by clutching my companion's arm, I decided that his remarks were not unfounded.

In four hours we reached a little gray house with large barns at one side. An old man in shirt sleeves, with a pipe in his mouth, came to the door. It was my agent. He shook my hand very cordially and introduced me to his third bride, a young woman about my own age. There were twin daughters in the family named after the first two wives, Emily and Mahala.

After supper we sat down together in a long, low sitting-room, and the agent entertained me with stories of bad boys and the experiences of former teachers.

Sometimes they carried the stove funnel out and sometimes they carried the teacher out. He pulled his bushy eyebrows down over his twinkling blue eyes and watched me while he talked. "There was a girl come up here ter teach from your school, two or three year ago. She felt mighty important, an' when Jet Springer sassed her she took out a ferrule an' set out ter lick him then an' thar; but Jet he jest took holt of her wrists an' backed her up agin the desk an' made her agree ter let him alone. She didn't stay long.

Last winter the fellers got ter foolin' at noon time an' tossed a little chap right up through the ceiling, plaster an' all. He was ailing fer a week. You'll have ter carry your dinner, if you do board near; so as ter keep your eye on 'em, school-marm."

About half-past eight I was conducted into a musty room adorned with faces of deceased members of the family. Black bows of ribbon, crepe rosettes, and dried flowers were attached to these pictures. On a shelf was a row of black memorial cards and a glass case containing a collection of human hair. The young wife pointed out one shade of brown as belonging to the head of Emily, the first wife. My nerves are strong, but the stories of unfortunate teachers had excited me during the evening, and these surroundings were not quieting. The bed was high, and I tossed about upon the best feather-bed (I hate feather-beds), quite unable to sleep.

On Sunday morning, after a delicious

breakfast of maple syrup and hot biscuit, I felt refreshed. A little boy appeared, to conduct me to my boarding place. He was about nine years old, small of his age, with a pinched look.

The agent tried to frighten him by expounding on my strength, stern nature, and hidden sticks. The boy eyed me cautiously, and then—grinned. I felt humbled, but couldn't help laughing with him. The little boy was a staunch friend after that. My boarding place was pleasant, but I suffered from a severe cold caught in the agent's best room.

On Monday morning I was called very early, and after breakfast sat shivering in the kitchen until school time. Then, taking my books and a large school-house key, I set out.

The rain poured down drearily upon the red school-house. It was not far from my boarding place and was situated in a grove of maple trees. One door was open, as some small boy had climbed through a window and unbolted it from the inside. I stopped in the doorway, wishing that I could turn my back on it all. A large piece of plastering lay on the floor in the midst of torn bits of paper, spit-balls, dust, and the remnants of broken seats. There was no fire in the cracked stove. All the wood was out of doors, well soaked. A group of girls were huddled together in a corner with their dinner pails in their hands, and a dozen boys were scuffling in the back part of the room. Two or three others were kicking at a mark on the scarred blackboard. They stopped on seeing me and an awkward silence followed, broken only by whispered comments among the girls.

After the first shyness wore off, some of the larger boys willingly helped me to start a fire with the broken seats, and carry out the dirt and plaster. I rang my bell and watched the scholars go to their seats. Some of them tiptoed, and some of them scuffed along; some pushed, and some pulled. I felt much like a Freshman as the numbers before his declamation are rendered and his turn approaches.

I had a little speech prepared, but I was too frightened to give it. After reading in the Bible I busied myself with learning the names of the pupils, distributing books, and assigning lessons, just as Miss A— told me to do.

The fire went out three times. Three times a big boy stalked solemnly down the aisle, drew a huge jack-knife from his pocket and whittled away at a broken seat. Somebody found some barrel hoops which they twisted, and broke with their feet. Once the situation amused me so much that I laughed aloud. The scholars smiled solemnly.

The second session was more tiresome for both teacher and pupils. The rain prevented much exercise and the children were noisy. The stove smoked, and we could not get much heat from the wet wood. My cold increased so that I could scarcely speak aloud.

Glancing out of the window I saw the chairman of the school committee approaching. A weakness crept into my knees, but I managed to appear tolerably composed as I ushered him in. He was wet and decidedly cross—

an old-time school teacher with iron-clad rules in regard to discipline. He supposed the school had been in session a week.

I called out a class in geography. Their lesson was a half column of questions on California. "What is the chief city?" I asked in a trembling voice. There was an awed silence. One little fellow, not counting diffidence among his virtues, raised his hand. At the same time he snapped his fingers with a sound like the explosion of a pistol. "Boston," he cried exultantly.

After sitting a short time, watching the nervous pupils trying to understand a still more nervous teacher, the august "committee-man" arose and addressed the school. He said it was the noisiest in the town, that the agent should have seen that the school-house was in better condition, that the teacher needed to be much more strict; and, in general, the work was far from satisfactory.

I thought my cup of misery was full as I dismissed the school and went back to my boarding place in the rain. At tea-time the head of the household, a stern, reserved man, inquired of his youngest boy, "Well, my son, what have you learned to-day?" "Northin'," replied the young hopeful.

Thus endeth the first day.

May 18.—My cold is better. I have a real pleasant boarding mistress. On account of the school committee's speech, the pupils are staunch friends of mine. My big boys are the best behaved part of the school. Teaching isn't so bad, after all!

S. M. B., '98.

BURNT COOKIES.

THE oven door came open with a slam. A cloud of smoke poured out. Dismay was written on Aunt Dinah's face. "Neber see de beat. Sho' an' dem cookies am all burnt to a crisp." She turned the huge pan upside down on the white kitchen table, and then gazed ruefully at the black bottoms of the spicy-smelling snaps. "Ain' it jis like that fool nigger ter call the chief cook awa' from her wurk ter look at his ole black pig. Here, yo' ninny, car' dese cookies down to 'Unc' Billy's—an' min' yo' don' spill 'em, kase marsa 'd see 'em an' den I'd hear from it, sho' nuff. Look to it lively, now."

Down the dusty road scampered two little brown legs, and two little black pig-tails bobbed frantically up and down, and a shrill little voice sang, "I wan' ter be an' angel."

Soon she came to a brown, winding path that led to a little hut built down close to the water, just below a long, gently-sloping hill. The one door was closed, and through the cobwebbed window no sign of life appeared. Thump! thump! thump-e-ty thump! went the hard little fists on the door; then there was a series of shuffling sounds within. Meantime the humble cause nearly tumbled over backward in several vain attempts to avail herself of the extra height that the rickety steps afforded and to lean back far enough to peep in at the much-abused window. The last attempt had been unusually dangerous, and her small body had barely recovered its equilibrium, and her mouth had scarcely

ceased from its contortions, before the door was opened and an old man, with a straggling gray beard and shaggy eyebrows, half hiding a pair of very sleepy eyes, half dressed, shoeless, and partially sockless, looked stupidly at her.

"Here, Unc' Billy, mammy don' sen' dese to yer wif her respec's," said the child, proffering the bright tin pan with its smutty contents. "Dey's good," and Uncle Billy passed the pan to an old woman who had been peeking curiously out from behind him, first helping himself to some of its contents. She turned them out without ceremony into the middle of a cracked board table and drew two wooden chairs to either side, and Uncle Billy and Aunt Huldy began their morning meal, and the sun four hours high.

The little pickaninny stood on the shaking step, first on one foot and then on the other, curiously watching the two old people. "I 'clar' to gracious, I done see no crack in Unc' Billy's head," she said, shaking her head solemnly as she slowly retraced her steps, thrumming a jingle on the tin pan as she went.

I. N. HASTE, '98.

A BATES PRAYER.

Eternal God!
Before thy throne
We bow our loyal hearts;
And in this sacred hour
Petition Thee.
From vast resources of thy boundless power
Upon thy Christian college, now, O shower
Unmeasured good.

Endow us now,
Most gracious God,
With living fire of love.
We, penitent, adore.
Oh, hear our ardent prayer as we implore
That thou, Omnipotent, once more
Our college bless!

S. M. B., '98.

CHIMERA.

There's mony an' mony a thing I see
Wi' a clearer sight than e'er is free;
An' nature's heart beats wi' mony a sob,
That finds in my heart an answering throb.

But I canna tell what I think or feel,
An' my tongue is poor, for woe or weal;
Within myself the beauty falls—
As strange as the light on prisoners' walls.

An' it a'most seems as if there came
Down from the Heavenly Faether's hame,
An' 'twere His love that wud tell me how
To live in the fulness wi' Him just now.

Alumni Department.

CLASS REVIEW.

[CONTINUED.]

Class of 1875.

James Raymond Brackett, A.M., Ph.D. Principal of Academy, Foxcroft, 1875–79. Graduate student at Yale, 1879–81. Principal of High School in Montpelier, Vt., 1881–83. Principal of Drury High School in North Adams, Mass., 1883–84. Professor of Comparative and English Literature at University of Colorado since 1884. Address, Boulder, Col.

Henry Sumner Cowell, A.M. Principal of Clinton Grove Seminary, Weare, N. H., 1875–76. Principal of Academy, Francestown, N. H., 1876–83. Principal Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass., 1883–87. Principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., since 1887. Has been an occasional lecturer and preacher. Address, Ashburnham, Mass.

Forrest Leroy Evans. Principal of Seminary at Northwood, N. H., 1875–77. Read law with J. A. Gillie, Salem, Mass., 1877–79. Admitted to Essex County bar in 1879. Has been city solicitor for many years. Address, Salem, Mass.

Frank Boutelle Fuller, A.M., M.D. Graduate student at Harvard Medical School, 1875–78. Medical and Surgical Interne, Rhode Island Hospital; house-officer, Boston Lying-in Hospital. Has been in practice in Providence since 1880. Medical examiner eighth district, Providence County. Address, Providence, R. I.

Horace Franklin Giles. Has been a manufacturer of lumber in Sanbornton, N. H., 1875–80; in Franklin Falls since 1880. Address, Franklin Falls, New Hampshire.

Frank Henry Hall, LL.B., LL.M. Graduate student at Columbian University. Home in Washington since 1875. In government service, 1875–78. Has practiced patent law since 1879; associated with G. W. Dyer, 1879–81, and since 1881 without a partner. Address, Washington, D. C.

Joseph Herbert Hutchins, A.M. On the editorial staff of the *Morning Star*, 1875–77. Principal Seminary and superintendent of schools at Northwood, N. H., 1875–89. Principal Free Academy, Glastonbury, Conn., 1889.

George Oak. Studied law in the office of Cheney & Smith, and later in that of G. E. Smith (Bates, '73), Boston, 1875–78. Has been in practice there since 1878. Address, Boston, Mass.

Lewis Merritt Palmer, A.M., M.D. Principal High School, Hopkinton, Mass., 1875–78. Graduate student at Harvard Medical School, 1878–81. House physician and surgeon, Rhode Island Hospital, 1881–82. In practice in South Framingham, Mass., since 1882. Member of Framingham school board six years. Took a post-graduate course in New York in 1894. Spent 1896 abroad studying in foreign hospitals. Address, South Framingham, Mass.

Nathan Sanford Palmeter. Gradu-

ated at Bates Theological School, 1880. Pastor of Free Baptist Church, Meredith, N. H. Has resided in Newton Center, Mass. Taught in South Woodstock, Vt., and Francestown, N. H. Address, Stoneham, Mass.

Ashmun Thompson Salley, A.M., D.D. Graduated at Bates Theological School in 1879. Pastor Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I., 1879–83. Student of Hebrew in Germany, 1892–94. Professor of Sacred Literature, Hillsdale Theological School, and pastor of the Free Baptist Church. Address, Hillsdale, Mich.

Frank Hartford Smith. Read law in Winthrop, Me., and Stockton, Cal. Teacher, 1875–79. Has resided in Stockton since 1878. Clerk of Courts, San Joaquin County, three years. City attorney four terms. Trustee Free Public Library, two terms. Address, Stockton, Cal.

Albert Moore Spear. Principal Academy, North Anson, 1875–77. Studied law in the office of Hutchinson & Savage, 1877–78. Admitted to Androscoggin County bar in 1878. Practiced law in Hallowell, 1878–85; Gardiner, 1885. Was on the school board in Hallowell seven years, city solicitor six years, and alderman four years. Has been in Maine House twice, in Senate twice—last term president of the Senate. Mayor of Gardiner four years. Address, Gardiner, Me.

Charles Godfrey Warner, A.M. Engaged in farming in Naumburg, Lewis County, N. Y.

Frank Leslie Washburn. Read law with Horace R. Cheney, Boston. Resided in Boston, 1875–76; in Melrose, 1876. Admitted to the Suffolk County bar in 1878. Has been associated in the practice of law with Hon. Benjamin F. Butler. Address, 6 Ashburton Pl., Boston, Mass.

George Willard Wood, Ph.D. Graduate student at Yale, 1875–77. Read law with Frye, Cotton & White, Lewiston, 1877–81. Lawyer and agent for Lewiston Steam Mill Co., Boston, Mass., 1881–87. Instructor in Greek and Librarian, Bates College, 1889–91. Editor of *Maine Statesman*, 1897. Address, Lewiston, Me.

CLASS OF 1876.

Enoch Case Adams, A.M. Studied at Harvard Summer School. Traveled in Europe. Teacher in High School, Bloomfield, N. J., 1876–78. Principal High School, Beverly, Mass., 1878–85. Principal High and Putnam Schools, Newburyport, Mass., 1885–96. Principal High School, New Britain, Conn., 1896–97; 1897–. Principal of High School, Newton, Mass. Address, Newton, Mass.

George Fish Adams, M.D. Graduate student at Dartmouth and University of Vermont. Physician and surgeon in Lunenburg, Vt., 1879–83; Livermore, Me., 1883–87; West Derby, Vt., 1887. Address, West Derby, Vt.

Wendell Holmes Adams, A.M., M.D. Graduate student at Bowdoin Medical School. Physician in Franklin, Mass., two years; Oxford, Me., one year; Kingston, Mass., five years.

Dennis Joseph Callahan. Read law with Hon. M. T. Ludden, Lewiston. Admitted to the Androscoggin County bar in 1878. Has practiced in Lewiston since 1878. Alderman, 1877–80,

and president of the board, 1878; city solicitor, 1883–84; member of school board, 1883, and president of the board, 1885–87. Appointed by Governor Burleigh, commissioner to the World's Fair from Maine, April 25, 1891. Address, Lewiston, Me.

William Orville Collins, A.M., M.D. Resided in Harrison, Me., 1876–77. Principal of High School, Norway, Me., 1877–84. Physician and superintendent of schools, South Framingham, since 1884. Graduate student at Harvard. Address, South Framingham, Mass.

John William Daniels, A.M. Principal High School, Lonsdale, R. I., 1876–78. Teacher of Latin, Mathematics, and Elocution, Seminary, Westbrook, Me., 1878–80. Principal and superintendent of city schools at Boise City. Now practicing law in same place. Address, Boise City, Idaho.

Marion Douglass. Traveled in Europe, 1876–77. Read law with Hutchinson & Savage, Lewiston, 1877–79. Principal Normal School, Lee, Me., 1877–79. Lawyer in Columbia, Brown County, Dak., 1880–87; Duluth, 1887. Was probate judge in Dakota. Address, Duluth, Minn.

James Oscar Emerson, B.D. Principal High School, Milton Mills, N. H., 1876–77. Graduate student at Yale Divinity School, 1877–80. Home missionary at Wahpeton, Richland County, North Dakota, and Breckenridge, Wilkins County, Minn., 1880–83. Pastor of Congregationalist Church, Bunker Hill, Ill., 1883–87; Pittsfield, Ill., 1887. Organized a church at Wahpeton and erected a church building at Breckenridge. Address, Pittsfield, Ill.

Frederick Ernest Emrich, A.M., D.D. Graduated at Bates Theological Seminary, 1877. Pastor of Congregationalist Church, Mechanic Falls, 1877–82; Chicago, Ill., 1882–89; South Framingham, Mass., 1889. Was supervisor of schools in Minot, Me. Address, South Framingham, Mass.

Reuel Jefferson Everett, A.M. Read law with Hanson & Libby, Mechanic Falls. Resided in Poland, 1876–77. Principal High School, South Paris, 1877–86. Has resided in Poland since 1886. Address, East Poland, Me.

Edward Rollins Goodwin. Principal Academy, Yarmouth, Me., 1876–80. Principal High School, Dover, N. H., 1880–84; Manchester, N. H., 1884–87; Lawrence, Mass., 1887–1895. Principal Classical High School, Worcester, Mass., 1895–.

James Holman Huntington. Taught school and was engaged in newspaper work, first in the office of the *Republican Observer*, White River Junction, Vermont, then as associate editor of the *Haverhill Morning Gazette*, and later as proprietor of *Ocean Breeze*, Hampton Beach, N. H. Since 1883 has been city editor of *Northampton Daily Herald*, correspondent of *Boston Herald* and *New York World*. Address, Northampton, Mass.

Charles Sumner Libby. Read law with Frye, Cotton & White, Lewiston. Resided in Lewiston, 1876–80. Attorney-at-law in Buena Vista, Chaffee County, Col., 1880; city attorney of Buena Vista two terms; mem-

ber of city council; prosecuting district attorney of fourth judicial district; member of House of Representatives. Died in 1895. Remains brought to Maine and interred in cemetery at Stroudwater.

Irving Cushing Phillips. Studied law in the office of Hutchinson & Savage in Lewiston, and at Boston University. Principal Academy at Wilton, Me., eleven years; superintendent of schools, Hopkinton, Mass., two years; superintendent of schools in Bath, Me.; superintendent in Lewiston since 1895. Address, Lewiston, Maine.

IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY OSSIAN DORR, son of Daniel H. and Isabella (Hildreth) Dorr, was born in Gardiner, Me., May 23, 1863, and his youthful days were spent in that city. He was graduated from the Gardiner High School in the Class of 1879, and in the fall of that year entered Bates College, graduating from that institution in the Class of 1883, having first honors in "Modern Languages." After graduating from college, Mr. Dorr chose teaching as a profession, and was principal of the Highland Avenue Grammar School in Gardiner for two years, meeting with excellent success. He resigned his position in the fall of 1865, to take charge of the Camden High School. At the close of his first year there, he was compelled to resign and to relinquish teaching, on account of ill health. Mr. Dorr then secured a position as clerk in the office of the C. M. & St. Paul Railroad, in Minneapolis, where he remained three years. In the fall of 1889 he was elected principal of Patten Academy, but was compelled to resign at the close of the fall term on account of ill health. In the spring of 1890 he engaged in mercantile business at Dresden Mills, Me., where he remained two years. He then returned to Gardiner, where he was engaged in farming. In 1893 and 1894 he was a member of the common council of that city, and took an active interest in city affairs.

While Mr. Dorr had been in failing health for several months, no material change was noticed until about three months before his decease, when he began to fail rapidly, and died at his parents' home, October 30, 1897.

Mr. Dorr naturally was a man of great energy, and very industrious. He was a great reader and an interesting conversationalist. If his health had allowed him to have followed his chosen occupation of teaching, he would have taken a high rank in that profession.

He was of most exemplary character, well liked and much respected by all who knew him.

Besides a father and mother he leaves a brother, Dr. Linwood Hildreth Dorr (Bates, 1890) of Dresden Mills, Me., who have the sympathy of all in their great loss. O. B. C.

GARDINER, ME., December 6, 1897.

THOMAS JAMES BOLLIN, son of James Madison and Rachel Bollin, was born in Lexington, Va., April 23, 1847, and died in the Freedman's Hospital, Washington, D. C., on Jan-

uary 19, 1897, after a four days' illness of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

He was liberated from slavery by the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, and in 1867, through the influence of teachers from the Home Missionary Society, Miss Z. R. Harper of Limerick, Me., in particular, he went to Limerick and entered the Academy there, living in the family of one Mrs. Burbank. After a few years he went to Lewiston and entered Nichols Latin School to complete his preparation for admission to college.

He was regularly admitted to Bates College in 1875, and completed the course creditably in 1879, having lost very little time from his classes, but being obliged to earn all the money necessary for his support as he went along.

He was a faithful and conscientious student, a favorite with all who knew him—his classmates especially. After graduation he was chosen class president, which position he held until his death.

After leaving college, he went to Washington, D. C., where he found employment in the Riggs Market. His purpose was to teach or secure a government position. Disappointments were many, but his courage remained good. If he had been spared a little longer his great desire would have been realized, for only a few days after his death, papers arrived at his home appointing him to a responsible position in the new Congressional Library.

He is survived by two brothers and three sisters—two of whom are wives of Methodist clergymen.

President Chase, who knew him well and long, says of him: "Bollin always seemed to me warm-hearted and generous—thoroughly manly. I never saw in him a trace of that vanity thought by some to be almost a characteristic of his race. He was appreciative of kindness and had a very tender heart. He carried himself with pluck amid toils and hardships, and manfully worked his way through college. He took his place among the students, asking no special sympathy and adjusting himself to the situation, not through hiding or holding back his personality, but by entering appreciatively into all the life of the institution. He was not self-assertive, and he preferred to toil in a comparatively humble position rather than solicit favors that might have brought him better opportunities. He was modest—almost gentle—but he was manly."

Many people, both North and South, will realize that in his death a spirit has been set free, fairer and finer than many that abide beneath a whiter skin.

He was a Master Mason, belonging to Felix Lodge, No. 3, of Washington, and was also a member of a Congregational church in that city. He was buried under Masonic auspices in Lexington, Va.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Professor J. H. Rand visited the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, during the vacation.

'68.—G. C. Emery has resigned his position in the Boston Latin School and has removed to California.

'68.—President G. C. Chase is in

Boston and vicinity. He will probably be absent from the college nearly all winter.

'71.—Hon. John T. Abbott has completed his fourth year as Judge of Probate at Keene, N. H.

'72.—George E. Gay of Malden, Mass., was recently elected president of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association.

'73.—The presidency of the Massachusetts State Senate has been conceded to Hon. George E. Smith of Everett. The Senate meets the first Wednesday in January.

'76.—D. J. Callahan, Esq., has been re-elected as director of the Central Maine General Hospital.

'82.—Hon. S. A. Lowell, of the Supreme Bench of Oregon, delivered one of the principal addresses at the meeting of the Oregon Bar Association recently.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy reports that the work on his church at Boston is nearly completed.

'84.—Lieutenant Mark L. Hersey, of the U. S. Army, is now stationed at Niobrara, Neb.

'90.—George F. Garland is completing his medical course at the Baltimore Medical College. He played at fullback on the college foot-ball team and made some sensational runs. Garland was fullback on the first Bates foot-ball team which played Bowdoin in 1889. He was also the champion mile runner in the early days of track athletics at Bates.

'90.—Dr. H. V. Neal, Professor of Biology at Knox College, has instituted and is leading a series of cross-country runs, which have become very popular among the students. An interesting appeal for spirit and enthusiasm in physical training, by Dr. Neal, has just been published in the *Coup d'Etat*, the college monthly.

'90.—H. J. Piper is at Smithfield, Me.

'90.—C. S. F. Whitcomb, M.D., has removed to Levant, Me.

'94.—Rev. E. Judson Hatch was ordained on November 9th at Wheelock, Vt. The sermon was preached by Rev. Edwin Blake of South Strafford. The council consisted of Revs. G. C. Waterman, F. A. Palmer, J. W. Burgin, C. E. Tedford, and E. C. Harmon. Brothers Waterman and Tedford could not attend. Others were added, and the examination proceeded and was found satisfactory. Mr. Hatch read a clear, distinct, and elaborate statement of faith, in which he showed a knowledge of, and faith in the teachings of the Bible as set forth in the Free Baptist Treatise. He also gave such reason for his faith as proved his knowledge of the scriptures. . . . We bespeak for him a successful career among the people where God may in His providence call him to labor.

Morning Star, Nov. 18, 1897.

'95.—Rufus F. Springer, principal of the High School and superintendent of schools in Bowdoinham, is studying law with R. W. Crockett of Lewiston.

'95.—E. G. Campbell is principal of the Lyndon Grammar School at Malden, Mass.

'95.—B. L. Pettigrew has entered the Harvard Law School.

'95.—C. S. Webb is principal of the High School at Sherburne, Mass.

'96.—H. L. Douglass is teaching at Columbia Falls, Me.

'96.—O. E. Hanscom is teaching at Georgetown, Me.

'96.—J. P. Berryman, who graduated from Bates College in the Class of '96, was united in marriage to Miss Harriet Hewins of Augusta, on November 24th. L. J. Graves, superintendent of schools in Augusta, was best man. Mr. Berryman is studying law in the office of Attorney Leigh of Augusta.

—*Lewiston Daily Sun.*

'97.—J. F. Slattery is taking the census of ward three in Lewiston.

'97.—Miss Susan Merrill is teaching in Waterville.

'97.—E. F. Cunningham has been recently elected to a position as teacher in Lunenburg, Mass.

'97.—A. W. Foss is at work in Roxbury, Mass.

'97.—P. W. Brackett is teaching at Bradford, Me., for the winter.

'97.—Rev. J. S. Durkee, of Cobb Divinity School, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the Court Street Free Baptist Church in Auburn.

'97.—A. P. D. Tobien has charge of the High School at Agawam, Mass.

'97.—Miss Mabel W. Winn is principal of the High School at Greenville, Me.

ALUMNI DINNER.

Boston, December 7, 1897.

The fourteenth annual dinner of the Alumni of Bates College will occur at Young's Hotel on Thursday, December 30, 1897; business meeting at 5 P.M., and dinner at 6 P.M.

All graduates of the college are entitled to a seat in the convention. The gentlemen are invited to bring their wives or lady friends, so that the sweet girl graduates may not be in a hopeless minority.

It is earnestly requested by the hotel steward that he know as nearly as possible how many plates to provide for, and for that reason, all who intend to be present should notify the Secretary. The members have been slightly forgetful of this matter for the last two years, many more coming than we had notice of, and thereby causing some little confusion in getting seats for all at the dinner tables.

The speakers of the evening will be selected from all ranks, colors, conditions, classes, and parties. A large number of the best and poorest speakers among the graduates have already tendered their services to the President, and he is now considering which ones not to have.

For further information, come to the dinner.

E. C. Adams, *President.*
C. C. Smith, *Secretary.*

68 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

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THE old Board of Editors with this issue of the STUDENT lays down its duties and responsibilities and extends a hearty greeting, full of good wishes, to the incoming Board.

The year now past has not been without its progress gained from discouragements as well as from successes. Each Board must go through the same experience to a greater or less degree of efficiency. But through it all the STUDENT should grow with the college, reflecting the college life and thought, and ever presenting a high standard of literary and scholarly work.

If the present Board has attained to any measure of success in increasing the value of our magazine, the thanks are due to the unity and hard work of the editors, the practical zeal of the business managers, and the hearty sympathy and active co-operation of the student body.

Thanks are due also from the editor-in-chief to his fellow-editors, not only for their readiness and enthusiasm in their own departments, but also for their interest in the STUDENT as a whole; and also for their kindly performing many of the duties of the chief during his absence and in his stress of other duties.

BECAUSE of certain occurrences in the past few weeks we are again led to mention the tendency of the public press to devote its columns to sensationalism even at the expense of truth.

The college news in some of the leading dailies we find to be wonderfully incorrect, and the cause is apparent. Just so long as the news of the college are reported by the city local reporter they will continue of their present tenor. One reporter gets a greatly embellished account of an occurrence, and then, after a few additions from his own fertile brain, forwards the same to his paper. Then another reporter finds that the first mentioned gentleman has edified the public with a wondrous tale as yet untold, and he goes and does likewise. And so the good work goes on. Now what, pray, do these gentlemen know about the affairs as they exist at the college? Plainly, nothing. Some of them admit as much. None but the persons intimately connected with the college

and the life of the college are competent to announce college news.

A decided advance has been made in the line of college reporters, and we hope that it may go on.

STRONGEST of all the sacred college ties is that which binds together "our class." There is never but one class in college for most of us. We look with ill-concealed pity on those unfortunates who entered just a year or so too early or too late. To be sure, we very seldom recognize the presence of genius in "our class;" but then it is composed of such strong, wide-awake fellows, and such jolly girls!

Of course there is friction occasionally—what is that old saw about the "best regulated families?"—but class frictions are soon forgotten. The sweet remembrance which will go with us all our lives long and brighten many a dreary hour is of a happy, enthusiastic roomful of friends, our friends, ready with laughter and song and mischief to celebrate anything.

And the class prayer-meetings! their spirit will never leave us. Perhaps it was through their holy influence that we first gained courage to stand for the Truth. After all, the dearest memory of our class will be of that little circle up in one of the society rooms, at the last meeting of the term, singing with tremulous lips, "Blest be the tie that binds."

WHAT do we owe to our literary societies? The question can be answered readily in words. Let us during the next term answer it by our work. The comparatively small attendance at the opening of the winter term, and the making-up which burdens those who return late, usually render the work less satisfactory than at other times in the year. Our society meetings are too valuable to be slighted for a single night. There will be increased responsibilities, increased opportunities, and whoever will, may obtain increased benefits.

If what Samuel Harris says is true—"The object to be aimed at in education is the development of the person to the mastery of himself and of his resources, and to the realization of the highest possibilities of his being"—then there is no agent, no study in college which is more potent than careful, painstaking work in any one of the literary societies.

WITHIN the past few years our Christian Associations have become two of the strongest organizations in college. Over two-thirds of the students are members of either the Y. M. or Y. W. C. A., and are thus united for the common purpose of developing in themselves and others a well-rounded Christian character. It is not merely necessary to train the mind along purely intellectual lines and the body in physical culture, in order to give the young man or woman of to-day the training he or she will need in active life. Spiritual development must be added to these. Practical, trained Christianity is always needed. Through their Bible classes and organized work in other departments the associations afford the opportunity for obtaining just this thing.



College News and Interests.

A REVIEW OF THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

THE record of this year's games is as follows: The first game of the season was played at Brunswick with the Bowdoin eleven on October 2d. The marked superiority of the Bates team over Bowdoin was the most noticeable feature of this game; holding Bowdoin's line at will and scarcely ever failing to make the required distance. The best gains were made by Call and Pulsifer when they secured touchdowns; Call making a run of forty-five yards through Bowdoin's line, and Pulsifer a run of sixty yards around Bowdoin's left end. Score, 10 to 6.

The following week Bates went to Orono and played University of Maine a very close and exciting game, which resulted in Bates's favor by a score of 8 to 6.

Again, on the 16th of October, Bates played University of Maine in Lewiston. This game was by far the best of the season—the most evenly matched and the most exciting, the score being 4 to 0 against Bates at two seconds from the end of the game, when, with a drop kick from the field by Halliday, Bates won by a score of 5 to 4.

The fourth and last State game played was with Colby at Lewiston, on October 23d. The Bates team out-played the Colby team in both offensive and defensive play; but, owing to the referee's partiality or ignorance of foot-ball rules, the game resulted in a tie.

The last game for the season was played at Exeter with Phillips Exeter. Owing to Bates's previous work she expected to win by a good score; but considering the fine showing which Exeter had made against Bowdoin, Dartmouth, and Tufts, Bates hardly looked for a score of 30 to 0, which was the result of this game. At the close of the game an Exeter man said Bates was the strongest team they had played during the season.

It is interesting to note that on the "all Maine team" several competent authorities have given Bates five men; left half-back, Captain Pulsifer; center, Hoag; left guard, Saunders; left end, Putnam; quarter-back, Purinton.

The success of the team is largely due to the hard work of the men and the excellent coaching of Mr. W. Hoag of Harvard. I consider Mr. Hoag the best coach Bates ever had. His coaching has been progressive; every man on the team gained not only in knowledge of the game but also in weight during the season. It is the wish of every member of the team that Mr. Hoag coach the Bates team for the year 1898.

The following is a list of the foot-ball team, giving the physical condition of each:

J. P. Sprague, Right Tackle; age 22; Class '98.

Weight, 79.2 kilos—174.2 lbs.
Height, 172.7 cm.—5 feet 9 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 310 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 23 kilos—50.6 lbs.
Strength of back, 315 kilos—693 lbs.
Strength of legs, 468 kilos—1,029.6 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 190 kilos—418 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 63.5 kilos—139.7 lbs.


'97

College News and Interests.

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Strength of legs, 468 kilos—1,029.6 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 190 kilos—418 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 63.5 kilos—139.7 lbs.

Strength of left forearm, 63.5 kilos—139.7 lbs.
Total strength, 1,122.5 kilos—2,465.6 lbs.
Development, 580.2 cm.
(T) condition, + 542.8.

N. Pulsifer, Captain and Left Half; age 21; Class '99.

Weight, 72.6 kilos—159.7 lbs.
Height, 177.4 cm.—5 feet 10.9 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 310 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 19 kilos—41.8 lbs.
Strength of back, 280 kilos—616 lbs.
Strength of legs, 380 kilos—836 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 194.4 kilos—427 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 67.2 kilos—157.8 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 67.2 kilos—157.8 lbs.
Total strength, 1,008.3 kilos—2,228.2 lbs.
Development, 554.3.
Condition, + 454.

E. V. Call, Left Tackle; age 21; Class 1900.

Weight, 75 kilos—165.3 lbs.
Height, 177.4 cm.—5 feet, 8.5 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 300 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 10 kilos—22 lbs.
Strength of back, 275 kilos—606.3 lbs.
Strength of legs, 360 kilos—793.7 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 225 kilos—496.1 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 63.6 kilos—141.1 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 63.6 kilos—141.1 lbs.
Total strength, 997.2 kilos—2,198.3 lbs.
Development, 557.
Condition, + 440.2.

R. D. Purinton, Quarter-Back; age 19; Class 1900.

Weight, 68.6 kilos—151 lbs.
Height, 170 cm.—5 feet, 6.9 inches.
Capacity of Lungs, 275 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 13 kilos—28.7 lbs.
Strength of back, 265 kilos—584.3 lbs.
Strength of legs, 400 kilos—882 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 185.2 kilos—407.9 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 55.7 kilos—122.4 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 55.7 kilos—122.4 lbs.
Total strength, 974.6 kilos—2,148.7 lbs.
Development, 550.8.
Condition, + 423.8.

W. A. Saunders, Left Guard; Class '99.

Weight, 78.7 kilos—173.1 lbs.
Height, 178.5 cm.—5 feet, 10.1 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 330 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 17 kilos—37.5 lbs.
Strength of back, 248 kilos—546.8 lbs.
Strength of legs, 448 kilos—987.8 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 157 kilos—346.1 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 79 kilos—174.2 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 79 kilos—174.2 lbs.
Total strength, 1,028.4 kilos—2,267.6 lbs.
Development, 585.5.
Condition, + 442.9.

D. L. Richardson, Left End; age 18; Class 1900.

Weight, 71 kilos—156.5 lbs.
Height, 176 cm.—5 feet, 9.3 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 300 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 14 kilos—30.9 lbs.
Strength of back, 260 kilos—573.3 lbs.
Strength of legs, 370 kilos—815.8 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 163.3 kilos—369.4.
Strength of right forearm, 57.2 kilos—125.7 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 57.2 kilos—125.7.
Total strength, 921.7 kilos—2,031.9 lbs.
Development, 550.
Condition, + 371.7.

T. S. Bruce, Right Guard; Class '98.

Weight, 80.5 kilos—177.5 lbs.
Height, 186.8 cm.—6 feet, 1.2 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 310 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 16 kilos—35.3 lbs.
Strength of back, 240 kilos—529.2 lbs.
Strength of legs, 357 kilos—787.2 inches.
Strength of upper arms, 92.8 kilos—203.9 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 66 kilos—145.5 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 66 kilos—145.5 lbs.
Total strength, 837.8 kilos—1,846.7 lbs.
Development, 560.6.
Condition, + 277.2.

H. A. Putnam, Right End; age 20; Class 1901.

Weight, 69 kilos—152.1 lbs.
Height, 172.7 cm.—5 feet, 7.7 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 310 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 12 kilos—26.5 lbs.
Strength of back, 200 kilos—441 lbs.
Strength of legs, 325 kilos—716.9 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 165 kilos—363.8 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 59 kilos—130.1 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 59 kilos—130.1 lbs.
Total strength, 820.7 kilos—1,809.2 lbs.
Development, 554.3.
Condition, + 266.4.

M. Sturgis, Right End and Sub. Tackle; age 20; Class 1900.

Weight, 79.5 kilos—175.3 lbs.
Height, 175.2 cm.—5 feet, 8.9 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 300 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 15 kilos—33.1 lbs.
Strength of back, 240 kilos—529.2 lbs.
Strength of legs, 295 kilos—650.4 inches.
Strength of upper arms, 119 kilos—262.3 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 53.4 kilos—117.9 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 53.4 kilos—117.9 lbs.
Total strength, 776 kilos—1,711.1 lbs.
Development, 557.5.
Condition, + 218.5.

A. W. Russell, Right Half; age 19; Class 1901.

Weight, 69.4 kilos—153.1 lbs.
Height, 175.1 cm.—5 feet, 8.9 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 350 cu. inches.

Strength of lungs, 10 kilos—22 lbs.
Strength of back, 215 kilos—474.1 lbs.
Strength of legs, 340 kilos—743.7 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 74.9 kilos—165.3 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 51.8 kilos—112.4 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 51.8 kilos—112.4 lbs.
Total strength, 743.4 kilos—1,639.4 lbs.
Development, 551.8.
Condition, + 191.2.

Frank Halliday, Fullback; age 21; Class 1901.

Weight, 62.2 kilos—136.7 lbs.
Height, 167.3 cm.—5 feet, 5.7 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 300 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 17 kilos—37.5 lbs.
Strength of back, 208 kilos—458.6 lbs.
Strength of legs, 250 kilos.
Strength of upper arms, 105.4 kilos—551.2 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 48.8 kilos—106.9 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 48.8 kilos—106.9 lbs.
Total strength, 678.1 kilos—1,495 lbs.
Development, 527.3.
Condition, + 150.8.

*A. B. Hoag, Center; Cobb Divinity School.

Weight, 82.5 kilos—181.8 lbs.
Height, 177.8 cm.—5 feet, 9.7 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 300 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 16 kilos—35.3 lbs.
Strength of back, 230 kilos—507.1 lbs.
Strength of legs, 300 kilos—661.5 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 41.2 kilos—90.4 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 57 kilos—125.7 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 57 kilos—125.7 lbs.
Total strength, 601.2 kilos—1,325.2 lbs.
Development, 579.8.
Condition, + 21.4.

A. P. Pulsifer; age 21; Substitute; Class '98.

Weight, 67.6 kilos—148.8 lbs.
Height, 172.2 kilos—5 feet, 7.7 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 270 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 16 kilos—35.3 lbs.
Strength of back, 240 kilos—523.2 lbs.
Strength of legs, 320 kilos—705.6 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 101.4 kilos—223.8 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 70.5 kilos—155.4 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 70.5 kilos—155.4 lbs.
Total strength, 818.4 kilos—1,804.7 lbs.
Development, 548.9.
Condition, + 269.5.

A. C. Wheeler; age 20; Substitute; Class '99.

Weight, 67.8 kilos—148.8 lbs.
Height, 173.8 cm—5 feet, 8.1 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 260 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 8.5 kilos—18.7 lbs.
Strength of back, 195 kilos—429.9 lbs.
Strength of legs, 380 kilos—837.9 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 67.8 kilos.
Strength of right forearm, 55.7 kilos—148.8 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 55.7 kilos—148.8 lbs.
Total strength, 762.7 kilos—1,681.3 lbs.
Development, 534.8.
Condition, + 227.9.

E. H. Prescott; age 23; Substitute; Cobb Divinity School.

Weight, 75.2 kilos—165.3 lbs.
Height, 169 cm.—5 feet, 6.5 inches.
Capacity of lungs, 250 cu. inches.
Strength of lungs, 6 kilos—13.2 lbs.
Strength of back, 200 kilos—441 lbs.
Strength of legs, 305 kilos—672.5 lbs.
Strength of upper arms, 165.4 kilos—363.8 lbs.
Strength of right forearm, 63.6 kilos—139.9 lbs.
Strength of left forearm, 63.6 kilos—139.9 lbs.
Total strength, 803.6 kilos—1,771.7 lbs.
Development, 564.7 lbs.
Condition, + 238.9.

*Owing to a lame side at the time Mr. Hoag's physical examination was taken, his total strength, as here given, is less than it should be.

(T) The term condition means the difference between a man's development and his total strength.

W. W. Bolster, Jr.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Morituri salutamus.

The winter term of the Latin School begins December 21st.

The Divinity School closes at Christmas for a recess of ten days.

Owing to President Chase's absence, the Seniors will be obliged to give up their work in Logic for next term.

In the Sophomore debates the prize winners were Emrich, Staples, Miss Marr, Miss True, Dennison, and Wagg.

Palmer, '99, has been elected manager of the foot-ball team for next season, and Hutchinson, '99, takes his old position as treasurer of the Athletic Association.

The foot-ball team has unanimously re-elected Pulsifer, '99, captain of the team. Captain Pulsifer has played

three years on the 'varsity team, and is a very popular and efficient captain.

Thanksgiving evening the Faculty of the college, the Divinity School, and the Latin School gave a pleasant reception to the students of the three institutions, in Roger Williams Hall.

The Latin School will begin again Tuesday, December 21st, after a two weeks' vacation. Thirty-six new students entered during the fall term, and there is a good prospect of more for the winter term.

The last catalogue gives the total number of students in college as 261. In 1896 there were 246; in 1895, 218; and in 1894, 190. At present there are 42 Seniors, 65 Juniors, 73 Sophomores, and 81 Freshmen.

The new board of STUDENT editors and their departments are as follows: O. C. Merrill, Literary; C. S. Calhoun, Alumni; Miss M. E. Chase, Poetry and Exchanges; F. E. Pomeroy and Miss L. B. Albee, Locals; Miss S. L. Rounds, Book Reviews.

The Ladies' Glee Club, with Miss Bonney as reader, made a successful and pleasant trip the first week of vacation, giving concerts at North Berwick, Me., Rochester, Sanbornville, and Somersworth, N. H. In spite of unfavorable weather, good audiences greeted them everywhere. Miss Bonney's readings were very favorably received, and at Somersworth she was recalled four times on her last selection.

The college library has recently been enriched by the addition of sixty new books. Twenty-eight volumes, most of them educational works, were presented by Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co., of Boston. Twenty-nine volumes were purchased. Among these latter are: Froude's History of Ireland, 2 vols.; "The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre," 2 vols., Baird; "The Rise of the Huguenots of France," 2 vols., Baird; "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers," Edwards; "The Life and Works of G. E. Lessing," Adolph Stahr; "The Four Georges," 2 vols., McCarthy; History of Latin Literature, 2 vols. Mr. J. G. Elder, of Lewiston, has also presented four valuable and interesting books. They are specimens of early printing and binding, published in 1611 and 1612.

At the meeting of delegates from the Maine colleges to consider the formation of a State Debating League, held in Lewiston, November 27th, Bowdoin was not represented; and as she afterwards declined to enter the league, it was thought best not to form a triangular league, and a debate was arranged between Colby and Bates. This debate is to be held at Waterville, February 18th. Colby was given the choice of the question, and Bates the choice of side. President Butler is to select the three judges from a list prepared by President Chase. The award is to be determined by the merits of the argument and the manner of presentation. Colby selected the following question: "Resolved, that municipalities in the United States of twenty-five thousand or more inhabitants should own and operate plants for supplying water, light, and surface transportation. Bates

has the negative of the question, and has chosen for its disputants: L. B. Costello, '98, F. U. Landman, '98, and F. P. Wagg, '99.

The Freshmen have chosen subjects for debates next year as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.

Is it probable that within fifty years the United States will have a claim equal to that of Great Britain to be considered a nation of the first rank?
Affirmative—Siegars, Felker, Miss Libbey, Nash, Moulton, Miss Besse, Miss Towle.
Negative—Miss Dennison, Miss Smith, Miss Parker, Miss Neal, Marr, Miss Dow, Miss Cartland.

SECOND DIVISION.

Is there danger that the separate interests of the several states will finally destroy our government?
Affirmative—Holman, A. C. Clark, Miss Vickery, Smith, Miss Bailey, Miss Mills, Rand.
Negative—Ham, Hardy, Goss, Roys, Miss Irving, Dennett, Densmore.

THIRD DIVISION.

Was the civilization of Athens at any period of her history equal to that of Boston at the present time?
Affirmative—Miss Brett, Moore, Ellingwood, Miss Purinton, Pierce, Channell, Buker.
Negative—Deane, Crossman, E. B. Stevens, Holmes, Garcelon, Russell, Phillips.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Is the United States doing more for civilization than is Great Britain?
Affirmative—H. Stevens, Jordan, Hamlen, Miss Perkins, Miss Fisher, Guptill.
Negative—Halliday, C. E. Wheeler, Stuart, H. G. Wheeler, Miss Varney, Damack, Nason.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Ought Canada to be annexed to the United States?
Affirmative—Murphy, Miss Bennet, Chick, Miss Small, Miss Noyes, Miss Estes.
Negative—Wilson, Daicy, Burke, Miss Shea, C. W. Clark, Miss Blanchard, Miss Towne.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Ought the United States to become a great naval power?
Affirmative—E. F. Davis, Miss Williams, Pendexter, Williams, Miss Landman, Lang.
Negative—Trickey, Bragg, A. E. Davis, Maerz, Miss Baldwin, Putnam, Miss Osborne.

The following is a list of students who are teaching school this winter:

SENIORS.

H. W. Blake, Ossipee, N. H.
J. F. Brackett, Limington, Me.
Florence S. Farnum, New Gloucester, Me.
Henry Hawkins, Sullivan, Me.
Abner T. Hinckley, Bar Harbor, Me.
Fred U. Landman, Latin School.
Percie L. Morrison, Harrison, Me.
Affie D. Weymouth, Livermore Falls, Me.

JUNIORS.

Edith S. Blake, Somersworth, N. H.
Muriel E. Chase, Livermore Falls, Me.
Herbert C. Churchill, Franklin, Me.
Bertha Donnocker, Brooksville, Me.
Milton P. Dunton, The Forks, Me.
Ina V. Flanders, Groveton, N. H.
Emma G. Gay, Harrisville, N. H.
Bessie L. Hight, Groveton, N. H.
Allen C. Hutchinson, Paris, Me.
Eva A. Maxim, Limington, Me.
Oscar C. Merrill, Latin School.
Ernest L. Palmer, Harrington, Me.
Everett Peacock, Andover, Me.
Thomas A. Roberts, Turner, Me.
Susie L. Rounds, Boothbay, Me.
Oscar A. Stevens, St. George, Me.
Delbert M. Stewart, Monticello, Me.
Wildie Thayer, Lowell, Mass.
Alton C. Wheeler, Paris, Me.

SOPHOMORES.

Frank P. Ayer, Cornish, Me.
Willard K. Bachelder, Effingham, N. H.
Clara E. Berry, West Paris, Me.
Welbee Butterfield, Mercer, Me.
Charles P. Dennison, Paris, Me.
Harry E. Dunham, Phillips, Me.
Horace W. Fernald, Mercer, Me.
George L. Griffin, Loudon Center, N. H.
Guy E. Healey, Wayne, Me.
Albert M. Jones, Brooks, Me.
Mabelle A. Ludwig, Vinalhaven, Me.
Josiah S. McCann, Mechanic Falls, Me.
Bertram E. Packard, Hartford, Me.
Harriet D. Proctor, Brooksville, Me.
Justin N. Rogers, Buckfield, Me.
Ferris Summerbell, Lewiston.
Helen White, Wiscasset, Me.
A. W. Wing, Latin School.

FRESHMEN.

Delia M. Blanchard, Guilford, Me.
Jesse S. Bragg, Pittsfield, Me.
Winfield F. Buker, Pittsfield, Me.
Wilfrid I. Burke, Lyman, Me.
Mittie A. Dow, Plymouth, Me.
Ivan I. Felker, Pittsfield, Me.
William R. Ham, Dixfield, Me.
Frank Halliday, Pittston, Me.
George S. Holman, Jr., Dixfield, Me.
Nina F. Landman, Lakeside, Me.
Ivan E. Lang, Bowdoinham, Me.
William A. Marr, Boothbay, Me.
Harry L. Moore, New Sharon, Me.
Vernie E. Rand, Dexter, Me.
Lincoln Roys, Windham, Me.
Albert J. Siegars, Bowdoinham, Me.
Harry I. Smith, Newport, Me.
Bertha M. Varney, Bowdoinham, Me.
Annie E. Williams, Topsham, Me.
Leroy E. Williams, Bowdoinham, Me.

College Exchanges.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
. The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

—*Tennyson.*

THIS world-wide cry—"Ring out the old, ring in the new," comes to us with peculiar emphasis, for with the passing of the year these pages pass into the care of others. It is with a curious feeling of relief and regret that we take up our pen to fill these columns for the last time. During the past year we have felt a deep interest in our Exchanges—they have meant to us, labor, pleasure, and profit. We have done what we could, and tried to be true to the best, and now—farewell!

E. Benjamin Andrews advances some pithy thoughts in his address, "Forward Steps in Education," published in *The Brown Magazine*. He emphasizes the new conception of the nature and ends of education as an evidence of educational progress, saying: "The constituents of a sound education are, first, character; second, culture; third, critical power, including accuracy and also sympathy with all the various ages, nationalities, and moods of men; and fourth, power to work hard under rule and pressure." He is a strong advocate of the elective system, and claims that the stepping-stone to thoroughness is exhaustive study in some one field. "The question of Summer Base-Ball" presents the arguments for and against a student becoming a professional during his vacations, fairly and squarely. "Threnenia" is above the average.

As a whole *The Tennessee University Magazine* is good. Of especial merit are the two short tales, "The Mistletoe" and "The Chronicles of Hetty," the latter of which is decidedly modern in plot and treatment.

The writer of "English Fiction of the Present Day," in *The Smith College Monthly*, characterizes some of our recent novelists, viz: DuMaurier, Hardy, Meredith, Stevenson, Kipling, etc. "Last Chance," the story of a western horse race, in some places shows skill in vivid description—and pathos and humor are not lacking. In "A County Fair" the spirit of good humor is infectious, and the experiences of the truly ingenious small boy are well summed up in the closing—

"An' they waz a swing where ye rode—an' I rode,
An' a thing-um-a-jig 'at ye blowed—an' I blowed;
An' they was a game 'at ye played—an' I played,
An' a hitch in the same wher' ye paid—an' I paid."

The Yale Literary Magazine is up to its usual standard. Several poems are worthy of mention, among them, "Rubaíyat" and "Schubert." Other magazines for the month that rank well, are *The Buff and Blue*, *The Mountaineer*, *The Brunonian*, *The Colorado Collegian*, and *The Bowdoin Quill*.

A Chat About New Books.

AN interesting coincidence is the fact that two of the books lying on my table this month are lives of people who figured prominently on opposite sides in the events surrounding the Civil War.

Harriet Beecher Stowe[1] will always be dear to our hearts. The story of her literary achievements, her devotion to her country and her home, is intensely interesting. Mrs. Annie Fields tells us, with tact and grace, just the particulars which we most wish to know. When we read of her interruptions from domestic cares and private philanthropies, together with her physical weakness, we are compelled to wonder how she found strength or time to write. But when the inspiration came she could write anywhere. An amusing scene is recounted by one of her friends who saw her writing in her kitchen. Her ink bottle was on the tea-kettle cover, her paper on a book in her lap. Instructions to an ignorant house girl were mingled with a tragic situation in her story. Her youngest baby was fastened in a clothes-basket on the floor.

Mrs. Stowe possessed an unfailing store of mirth, and her humorous speeches relieve many a trying situation. We learn of her absent-mindedness, and many other traits. She was not a student of the best literature, but through this work of Mrs. Fields we come to understand how her great love for suffering humanity drew her inseparably to the truth and gave such fire to her pen as to cause critics to forget faults in her style and diction.

No one reading her works can doubt the depth of her religious nature. This is shown, also, in her letters to her friends. In regard to "Dred," she writes to her husband, "God, to whom I prayed night and day while I was writing the book, has heard me."

Letters from George Eliot, Lady Byron, Charles Kingsley, J. R. Lowell, The Duchess of Argyll, etc., are valuable as throwing side lights on their lives.

[2]Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy is the twenty-second book in the "Heroes of the Nations Series," issued by Putnam's Sons, including lives of Sir Philip Sidney, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, U. S. Grant, etc. These men are chosen as representing, in a sense, types of national ideals.

The story of Lee's life is written by a Southerner and colored somewhat by his prejudices. It is valuable because it gives us clearly the national conditions surrounding this man and depicts his character as seen by that half of our country whose ideal and hero he was during the war. It is well to hear both sides of so important a struggle. Many interesting extracts from Lee's letters are given.

A neat little volume of sermons by Ezra Hoyt Byington, D.D., is sent out by Roberts Brothers. The volume is named from the first: "The Christ of Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever."[3] The work is strong and spiritual.

The sermon on "The Danger and Safety of Young Men" shows sound common sense and a clear insight into character. "The Gospel of Rest" is a helpful discourse drawn from Christ's visits to Bethany. The preacher bids us be "cheerful enough to go to Bethany, and brave enough to go to Calvary."

"Gloria Victris"[4] is a strange book, as was the author's "Amos Judd." He seems to delight in dealing with improbabilities in so realistic a manner as to bewilder our judgment. The motive of Gloria Victris is to prove that Christ appears on earth to-day in bodily form to guide and comfort. The characters to whom the writer represents Christ as appearing, contrast greatly. The one is a noble Christian clergyman whose whole life seems to be an exposition of the beauty of Christian charity. The other character is that of a boy of ten, born of wicked parents with no sense of right or wrong.

The last scene presents many incongruities. The hero and heroine, both circus performers, an insane mother, and the devout and respectable clergyman, are the actors. The master strokes by which the author introduces a modern Christ and causes him to raise the heroine to life again, excite our admiration though not our approval.

That the author of "Gates Ajar" and "Come Forth" should conceive of so noble a work as the "Story of Jesus Christ"[5] is not strange. The character of the sailor's "Christman" in "A Singular Life" could not have been developed except by one who had long studied the one perfect life and absorbed His teachings.

All the beauty that a vivid and cultured imagination can weave about the gospel incidents is to be found in this book. The surroundings of Christ's life, gleaned from heathen historians and other sources, and careful descriptions of natural scenery, are used as a background to the Gospel records which are carefully adhered to.

The writer's style is pure and beautiful. Her work has often thrilled us before, but into this book she has poured her whole heart-strength. The story cannot be read without new emotions and stronger appreciation of the character of Jesus.

The chapters on "The Wilderness," "The Five Thousand Guests," and on the last days of his life, are especially rich in scenic effect and dramatic power. Her closing words are: "Ideal of sacrifice, Master of suffering, the grandest intellect, the purest heart that this low world has known—its Supreme Soul—he passed.

"He has left us the faith which bears his name. He has left us the august opportunity of everlasting life."

[1] Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Edited by Annie Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $2.00.

[2] Robert E. Lee and the Southern Confederacy (1807–1810). By Henry Alexander White, M.A., Ph.D., D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; $1.50.

[3] The Christ of Yesterday, To-day, and Forever. By Ezra Hoyt Byington, D.D. Roberts Brothers, Boston; $1.50.

[4] Gloria Victris. By J. A. Mitchell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; $1.25.

[5] The Story of Jesus Christ. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $2.00.

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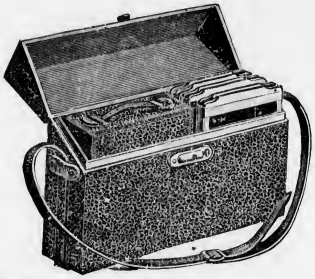
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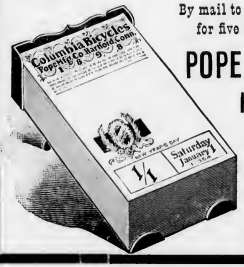
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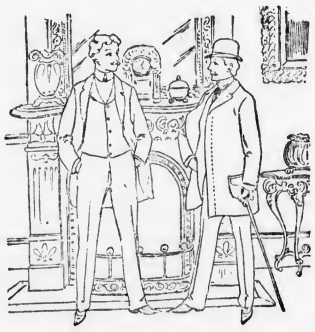
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